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Among the mass of our early literature there are many books which particularly illustrate the character and sentiments or the history of the age in which they were written; while others are in themselves monuments of literary history, possessing beauties which entitle them to revival. If they have fallen into oblivion, it is only from the antiquity of the language, the various allusions which are not now understood by general readers, or other causes for which it was imagined there would not be a sale sufficient to make their republication profitable, while, in their original forms, they are too rare or too expensive to be generally accessible.

In the series now offered to the public, a careful selection will be made of such works, whether from manuscripts or rare printed editions, as seem, from their interest as illustrations of manners, literature, or history, or as having had a once merited reputation, more especially to deserve republication at the present day; and these will be carefully edited, with introductions and notes; and when necessary, with glossaries and indexes.

Although each work will form a distinct publication, the series will be issued uniformly, in foolscap octavo, and the price will be so moderate (from 3s. to 6s. a volume) as to bring them within the reach of all who take any interest in the study of our older literature.

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The following works are already published, or in preparation; several others are in contemplation, and the Publisher will gladly receive any further suggestions.

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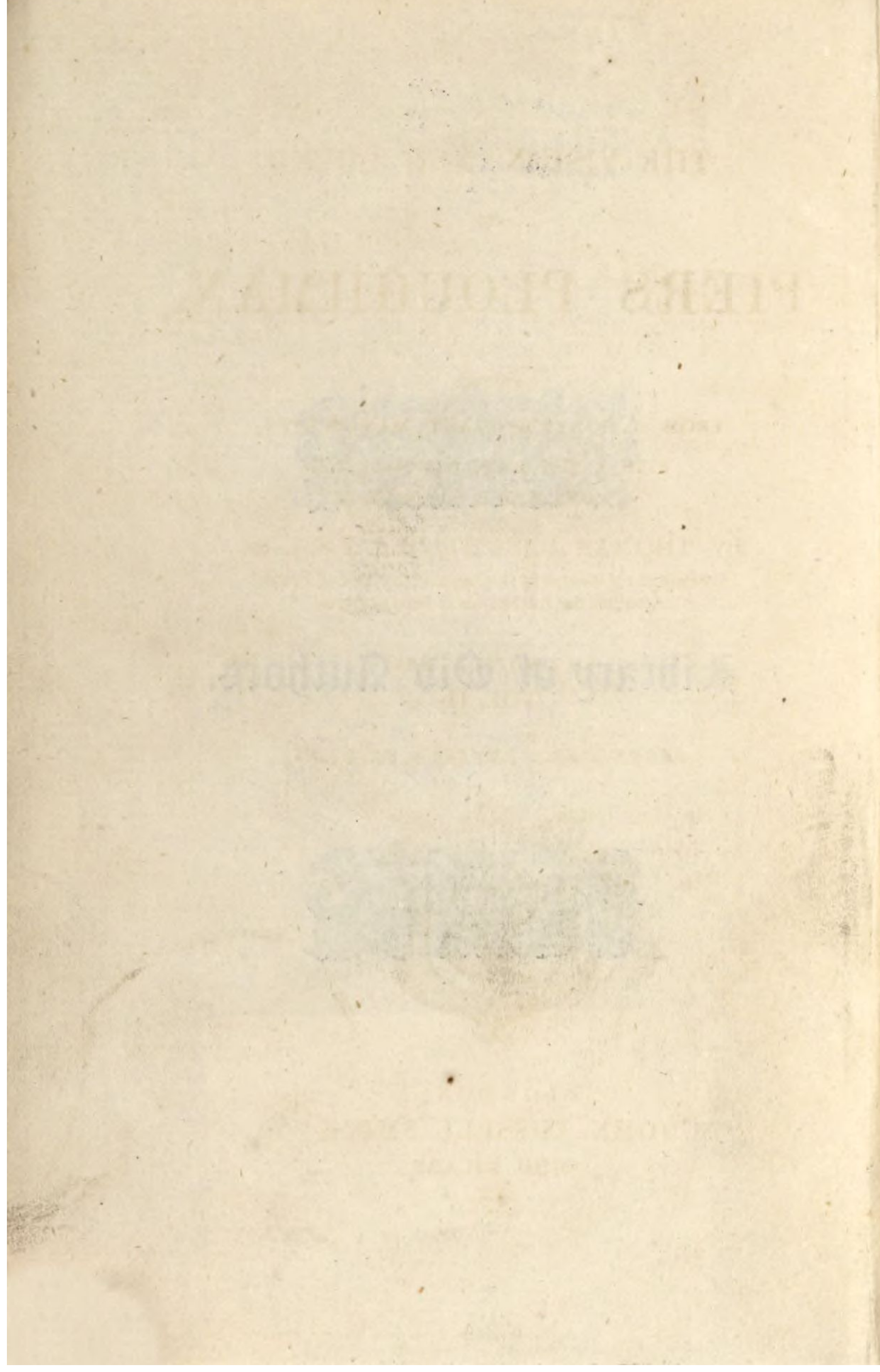
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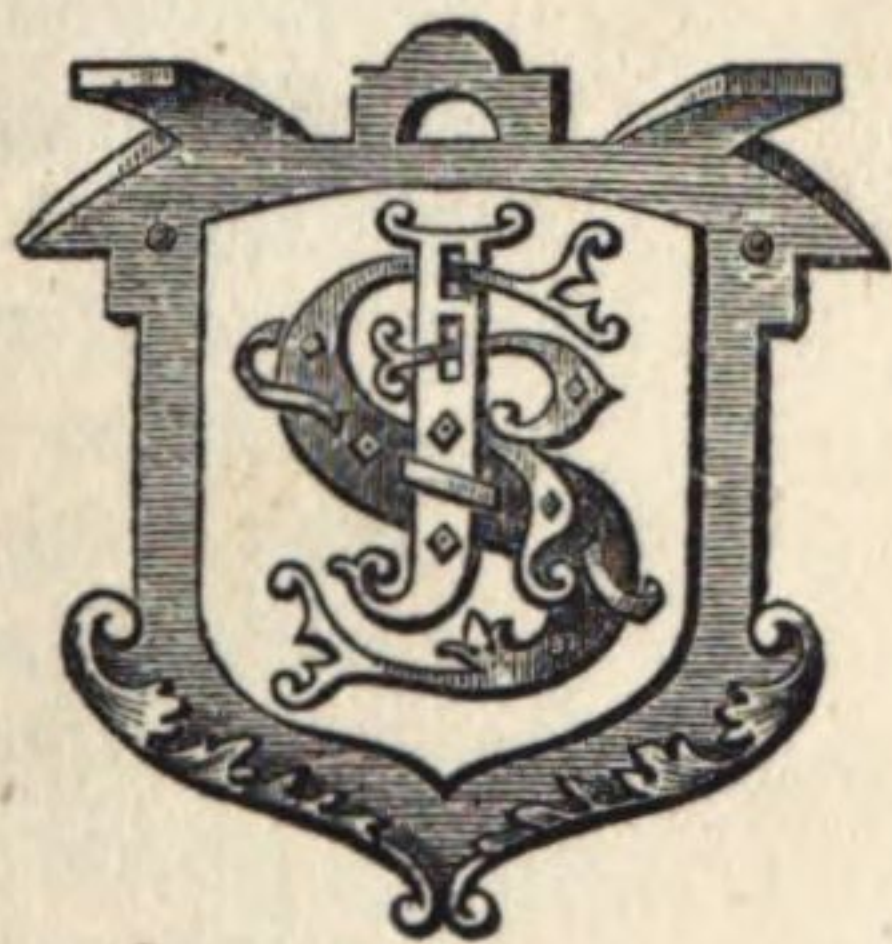
THE VISION AND CREED
OF
PIERS PLOUGHMAN.

EDITED,
FROM A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT,
WITH A HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION,
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARY,
By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. F.S.A. &c.
Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France.
Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

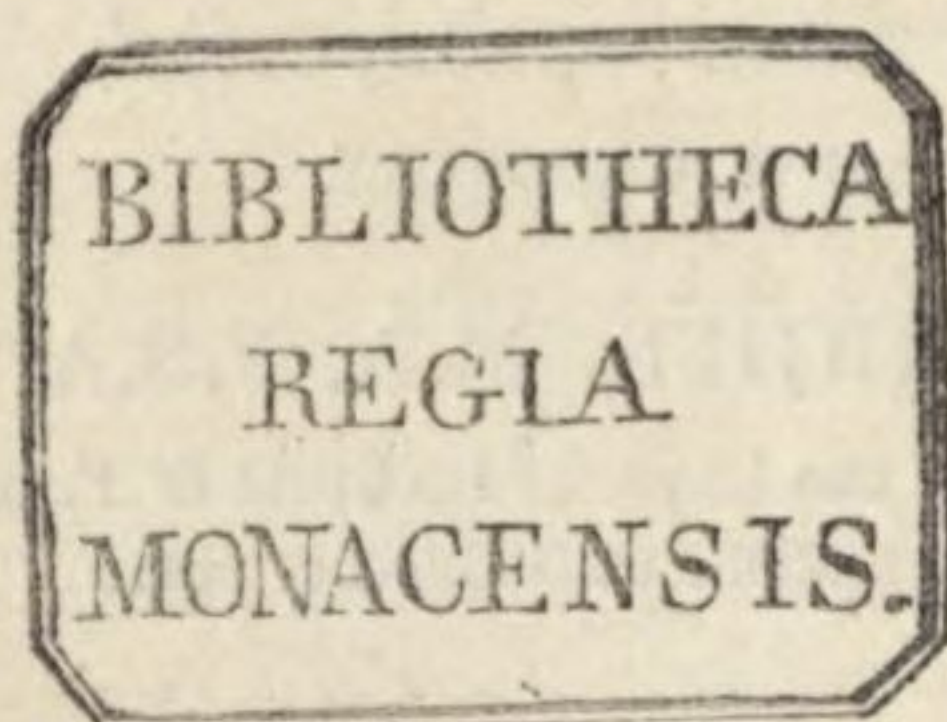
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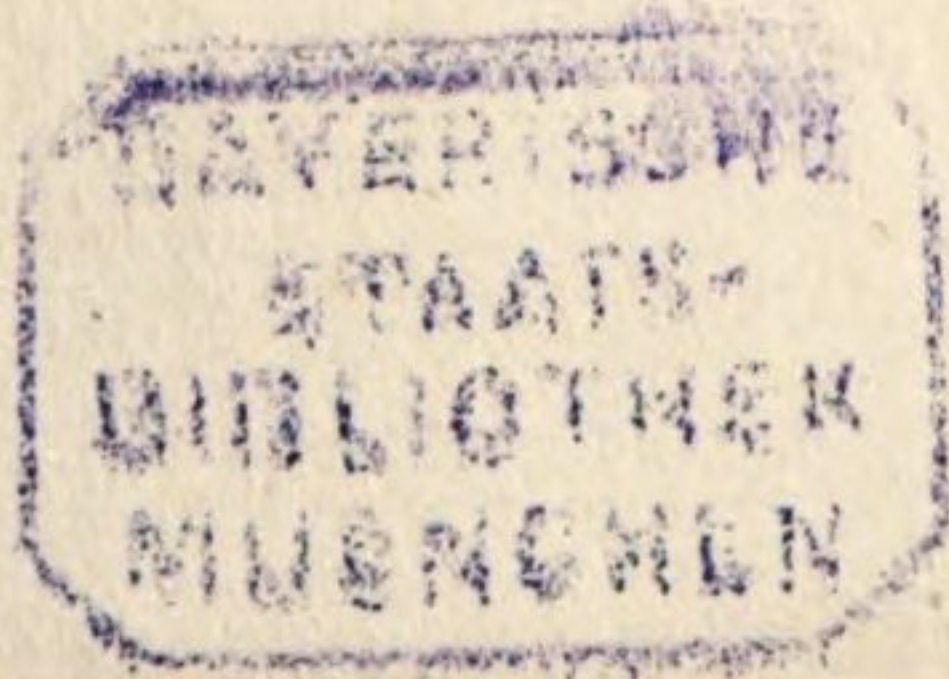


Passus Decimus Quartus, etc.

“**I** HAVE but oon hool hater,”
quod Haukyn ;
“ I am the lasse to blame,
Though it be soiled and selde
clene :

I slepe therinne o nyghtes.
And also I have an houswif,
Hewen and children,—
*Uxorem duxi, et ideo non possum
venire.—*

That wollen by-molen it many tyme,
Maugree my chekes.
It hath be laved in Lente
And out of Lente bothe, 8910
With the sope of siknesse,
That seketh wonder depe,
And with the losse of catel,
Looth for to a-gulte
God of any good man,
By aught that I wiste ;
And was shryven of the preest
That gaf me for my synnes
To penaunce pacience
And povere men to fede,
Al for coveitise of my cristendom
In clenness to kepen it. 8922



And kouthe I nevere, by Crist !
 Kepen it clene an houre,
 That I ne soiled it with sighte
 Or som ydel speche,
 Or thorough werk, or thorough word,
 Or wille of myn herte,
 That I ne flobre it foule
 Fro morwe til even." [Conscience,

"And I shal kenne thee," quod
 "Of contricion to make
 That shal clawe thi cote
 Of alle kynnes filthe. 8934

Cordis contritio, etc.

Do-wel shal wasshen and wryngen it
 Thorough a wis confessour.

Oris confessio, etc.

Do-bet shal beten it and bouken it
 As bright as any scarlet,
 And engreyven it with good wille
 And Goddes grace to amende the,
 And sithen sende thee to satisfaccion
 For to sowen it after.

Satisfactio Do-best. 8945

"Shal nevere cheeste by-molen it,
 Ne mothe after biten it,
 Ne fend ne fals man
 Defoulen it in thi lyve.
 Shal noon heraud ne harpour
 Have a fairer garnement
 Than Haukyn the actif man,
 And thow do by my techyng;
 Ne no mynstrall be moore worth
 Amonges povere and riche,
 Than Haukyns wif the wafrer, 8956

With his *activa vita*." 8957

"And I shal purveie thee paast,"

quod Pacience,

"Though no plough eryl,
And flour to fede folk with
As best be for the soule,
Though nevere greyn growed,
Ne grape upon vyne.

To alle that lyveth and loketh

Liflode wolde I fynde,

And that y-nogh shal noon faille

Of thyng that hem nedeth, 8967

We sholde noght be to bisy

Abouten oure liflode."

Ne solliciti sitis, etc. Volucres cœli

*Deus pascit, etc. Patientes
vincunt.*

Thanne laughed Haukyn a litel,
And lightly gan swerye,

"Who so leveth yow, by oure Lord !
I leve noght he be blessed."

"No," quod Pacience patiently ;
And out of his poke hente 8978

Vitailles of grete vertues

For alle manere beestes,

And seide," Lo here liflode y-nogh !

If oure bileve be trewe.

For lent nevere was lif,

But liflode were shapen,

Wher-of or wher-fore

Or wher-by to libbe.

"First the wilde worm

Under weet erthe,

Fissh to lyve in the flood, 8989

And in the fir the criket, 8990
 The corlew by kynde of the eyr
 Moost clennest flessch of briddes,
 And bestes by gras and by greyn
 And by grene rootes,
 In menynges that alle men
 Myghte the same
 Lyve thorough leel bileve
 And love, as God witnesseth."

*Quodcunque petieritis a patre in
 nomine meo, etc. Et alibi:
 Non in solo pane vivit homo,
 sed in omni verbo quod proce-
 dit de ore Dei.*

But I lokede what liflode it was
 That Pacience so preisede;
 And thanne was it a pece of the
Fiat voluntas tua. [pater-noster,
 "Have, Haukyn," quod Pacience,
 "And et this whan the hungreth,
 Or whan thou clomsest for-cold,
 Or clyngest for-drye;
 Shul nevere gyves thee greve, 9012
 Ne gret lordes wrathe,
 Prison ne peyne;
 For *patientes vincunt.*
 By so that thou be sobre
 Of sighte and of tonge,
 In etynges and in handlynges,
 And in alle thi fyve wittes,
 Darstow nevere care for corn,
 Ne linnen cloth ne wollen,
 Ne for drynke, ne deeth drede,
 But deye as God liketh, 9023

Or thorough hunger or thorough hete,
At his wille be it.

For if thow lyve after his loore,
The shorter lif the bettre.

*Si quis amat Christum,
Mundum non diliget istum.*

“For thorough his breeth beestes
And a-brood yeden. [woxen

Dixit et facta sunt, etc.

Ergo thorough his breeth mowen

Men and beestes lyven,

As holy writ witnesseth, 9035

Whan men seye hir graces.

*Aperis tu manum tuam, et imples
omne animal benedictione.*

“It is founden that fourty wynter
Folk lyvede withouten tulying ;

And out of the flynt sprong the flood
That folk and beestes dronken ;

And in Elyes tyme

Hevene was y-closed,

That no reyn ne roon ;

Thus rede men in bokes 9046

That many wyntres men lyveden,

And no mete ne tulieden.

“Sevene slepe, as seith the book,
Sevene hundred wynter,

And lyveden withouten liflode,

And at the laste thei woken.

And if men lyvede as mesure wolde,

Sholde nevere moore be defaute

Amonges cristene creatures,

If Cristes wordes ben trewe.

“Ac unkyndenesse *caristiam*
maketh 9056

Amonges cristen peple ; 9057
And over plentee maketh pryde
Amonges poore and riche.
Therefore mesure is muche worth,
It may nought be to deere ;
For the meschief and the mes-
chaunce

Amonges men of Sodome,
Weex thorough plentee of payn,
And of pure sleuthe.
Otiositas et abundantia panis pec-
catum turpissimum nutrit.
For thei mesured noght hemself
Of that thei ete and dronke,
Thei diden dedly synne
That the devel liked, 9071
So vengeaunce fil upon hem
For hir vile synnes ;
Thei sonken into helle,
The citees echone.

“ For-thi mesure we us wel,
And make oure feith oure sheltrom ;
And thorough feith cometh contri-
Conscience woot wel, [cion,
Which dryveth away dedly synne,
And dooth it to be venial. [speke,
And though a man myghte nought
Contricion myghte hym save,
And brynge his soule to blisse ;
For so that feith bere witnesse,
That whiles he lyvede, he bilevede
In the loore of the holy chirche.
Ergo contricion, feith, and conscience
Is kyndeliche Do-wel, 9089

And surgiens for dedly synnes 9090
 Whan shrift of mouthe failleth.
 Ac shrift of mouth moore worthi is,
 If man be y-liche contrit ;
 For shrift of mouthe sleeth synne,
 Be it never so dedly.

Per confessionem to a preest
Peccata occiduntur.

“Ther contricion dooth but dry-
 Into a venial synne, [veth it down
 As David seith in the Sauter,
Et quorum tecta sunt peccata ; 9101
 Ac satisfaccion seketh out the roote,
 And bothe sleeth and voideth,
 An as it nevere hadde y-be
 To noghte bryngeth dedly synne,
 That it nevere eft is sene ne soor,
 But semeth a wounde y-heeled.”

“Where wonyeth Charité?”

quod Haukyn,

“I wiste nevere in my lyve
 Man that with hym spak,
 As wide as I have passed.” 9111

“Ther parfit truthe and poore
 And pacience of tonge, [herte is,
 Ther is Charité the chief chaum-
 For God hymselfe.” [brere

“Wheither paciente poverte,”

quod Haukyn,

Be moore plesaunt to our Drighte
 Than richesse rightfulliche wonne,
 And resonably despended?”

“Ye, *quis est ille?*” quod Pacience;

“Quik *laudabimus eum.* 9121

Though men rede of riches 9122
 Right to the worldes ende,
 I wiste nevere renk that riche was,
 That whan he rekene sholde,
 Whan he drogh to his deeth day,
 That he ne dredde hym soore,
 And that at the rekenyng in arrerage
 Rather than out of dette. [fel
 Ther the poore dar plede,
 And preve by pure reson,
 To have allowance of his lord,
 By the lawe he it cleymeth; 9133
 Joye, that nevere joye hadde,
 Of rightful jugge he asketh,
 And seith "Lo! briddes and beestes
 That no blisse ne knoweth,
 And wilde wormes in wodes,
 Thorugh wyntres thow hem grevest;
 And makest hem wel neigh meke,
 And mylde for defaute;
 And after thow sendest hem somer,
 That is hir sovereyn joye,
 And blisse to alle that ben, 9144
 Bothe wilde and tame.'

"Thanne may beggeris as beestes
 After boote waiten,
 That al hir lif han lyved
 In langour and in defaute,
 But God sente hem som tyme
 Som manere joye
 Outher here or ellis where,
 Kynde wolde it nevere;
 For to wrotherhele was he wroght
 That nevere was joye shapen. 9155

Aungeles that in helle now ben 9156
 Hadden joye som tyme ;
 And Dives in the deyntees lyvede,
 And in *douce vie*.

Right so reson sheweth
 That the men that were riche,
 And hir makes also,
 Lyvede hir lif in murthe.

“Ac God is of wonder wille,
 By that kynde wit sheweth,
 To gyve many man his mede
 Er he it have deserved. 9167

Right so fareth God by some riche,
 Ruthe me it thynketh ;
 For thei han hir hire heer,
 And hevene, as it were,
 And greet likynge to lyve
 Withouten labour of bodye :
 And whan he dyeth, ben disallowed,
 As David seith in the Sauter :
Dormierunt, et nihil invenerunt.

And in another stede also : 9178
*Velut somnium surgentium, Domine,
 in civitate tua, et ad nihilum
 rediges, etc.*

“Allas ! that richesse shal reve
 And robbe mannes soule
 From the love of oure Lord,
 At his laste ende.

“Hewen, that han hir hire afore,
 Arn evere moore nedy ;
 And selden deyeth he out of dette,
 That dyneth er he deserve it,
 And til he have doon his devoir

And his dayes journée. 9190
 For whan a werkman hath wroght,
 Than many men se the sothe
 What he were worthi for his werk,
 And what he hath deserved;
 And noght to fonge bifore,
 For drede of disallowyng.

“ So I seye by yow riche,
 It semeth noght that ye shulle
 Have hevene in youre here dwellyng,
 And hevene also therafter; 9200
 Right so as a servaunt taketh his
 salarie bifore,
 And siththe wolde clayme moore,
 As he that noon hadde,
 And hath hire at the laste.
 It may noght be, ye riche men,
 Or Mathew on God lyeth:
Væ! deliciis ad delicias difficile est
 transire.

“ Ac if ye riche have ruthe,
 And rewarde wel the poore,
 And lyven as lawe techeth, 9211
 And doon leauté to hem alle,
 Crist of his curteisie
 Shal conforte yow at the laste,
 And rewarden alle double richesse
 That rewful hertes habbeth.
 And as an hyne that hadde
 His hire er he bigonne,
 And whan he hath doon his devoirwel
 Men dooth hym oother bountee,
 Gyveth hym a cote above his cove-
 naunt, 9221

Right so Crist gyveth hevene 9222
Bothe to riche and to noght riche
That rewwfulliche libbeth ;
And alle that doon hir devoir wel
Han double hire for hir travaille,
Here forgifnesse of hir synnes,
And hevene blisse after.

“ Ac it is but selde y-seien,
As by holy seintes bokes,
That God rewarded double reste
To any riche wye. 9232
For muche murthe is amonges riche,
As in mete and clothyng ;
And muche murthe in May is
Amonges wilde beestes,
And so forth while somer lasteth
Hir solace dureth.

“ Ac beggeris aboute Midsomer
Bred-lees thei slepe.
And yet is wynter for hem worse,
For weet shoed thei gone,
A-furst soore and a-fyngred,
And foule y-rebuked, 9244
And a-rated of riche men
That ruthe is to here.
Now, Lord, sende hem somer,
And som maner joye,
Hevene after hir hennes goyng,
That here han swich defaute,
For alle myghtestow have maad
Noon mener than oother,
And y-liche witty and wise,
If thee wel hadde liked.
But, Lord, have ruthe on thise riche
men, 9254

That rewarde noght thi prisoners.
 Of the good that thow hem gyvest
Ingrati ben manye ;
 Ac, God, of thi goodnesse
 Gyve hem grace to amende.
 For may no derthe be hem deere,
 Droghte ne weet hem greve,
 Ne neither hete ne hayll ;
 Have thei hir heele,
 Of that thei wilne and wolde
 Wanteth hem noght here. 9265

“ Ac poore peple thi prisoners,
 Lord, in the put of meschief,
 Conforte tho creatures,
 That mucche care suffren
 Thorugh derthe, thorough droghte,
 Alle hir dayes here,
 Wo in wynter tymes
 For wantynge of clothes,
 And in somer tyme selde
 Soupen to the fulle.
 Conforte thi carefulle,
 Crist, in thi richesse ; 9277
 For how thow confortest alle crea-
 Clerkes bereth witnesse : [tures,
Convertimini ad me, et salvi eritis.

“ Thus *in genere* of gentries
 Jhesu Crist seide,
 To robberis and to reveris,
 To riche and to poore,
 Thou taughtest hem in the Trinité
 To taken bapteme, [nyng
 And to be clene through that crist-
 Of alle kynnes synne ; 9288

And if us fille thorough folie 9289
 To falle in synne after,
 Confession and knowlichynge
 In cravyng thi mercy,
 Shulde amenden us as manye sithes
 As man wolde desire.

And if the pope wolde plede ayein,
 And punyssh us in conscience,
 He sholde take the acquitaunce as
 And to the queed shewen it. [quyk,
Pateat, etc. per passionem Domini.

And putten of so the pouke, 9300
 And preven us under borwe.
 Ac the parchemyn of this patente
 Of poverte be moste,
 And of pure pacience,
 And parfit bileve.

“ Of pompe and of pride
 The parchemyn decourreth,
 And principalliche of al the peple,
 But thei be poore of herte ;
 Ellis is al on ydel,

Al that evere writen 9311
 Pater-nostres and penaunce,
 And pilgrymages to Rome ;
 But oure spences and spendynge
 Sprynge of a trewe wille,
 Ellis is al our labour lost,
 Lo ! how men writeth
 In fenestres at the freres,
 If fals be the foundement.

For-thi cristene sholde be in com-
 mune riche,
 Noon coveitous for hymselfe. 9321

“ For sevene synnes ther ben,
 That assaillen us evere ;
 The fend folweth hem alle,
 And fondeth hem to helpe.
 Ac with richesse that ribaud
 He rathest men bigileth.
 For ther that richesse regneth,
 Reverence folweth ;
 And that is plesaunt to pride,
 In poore and in riche.
 And the riche is reverenced
 By reson of his richesse, 9333
 Ther the poore is put bihynde,
 And peraventure kan moore
 Of wit and of wisdom,
 That fer away is bettre
 Than richesse or reautee,
 And rather y-herd in hevene.
 For the riche hath muche to rekene ;
 And many tyme hym that walketh
 The heighe wey to hevene-ward,
 Richesse hym letteth,—
Ita impossibile diviti, etc.— 9344
 Ther the poore preesseth bifore the
 With a pak at his rugge,— [riche,
Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.—
 Batauntliche, as beggeris doon,
 And boldeliche he craveth,
 For his poverte and his pacience,
 A perpetuel blisse.

*Beati pauperes, quoniam ipsorum
 est regnum cælorum.*

“ And pride in richesse regneth
 Rather than in poverte ; 9355

Arst in the master than in the man
Som mansion he haveth.
Ac in poverte, ther pacience is,
Pride hath no myghte,
Ne none of the sevene synnes
Sitten ne mowe ther longe,
Ne have power in poverte,
If pacience folwe.
For the poore is ay prest
To plesse the riche,
And buxom at hise biddynges,
For his broke loves ; 9367
And buxomnesse and boost
Arn evere moore at werre,
And either hateth oother
In alle maner werkes.

“If wrathe wrastle with the poore,
He hath the worse ende ;
And if thei bothe pleyne,
The poore is but feble ;
And if he chide or chatre,
Hym cheveth the worse. [poore,

“ And if coveitise cacche the
Thei may noght come togideres ;
And by the nekke namely 9380
Hir noon may hente oother.
For men knowen wel that coveitise
Is of kene wille,
And hath hondes and armes
Of ful greet lengthe ;
And poverte nys but a petit thyng,
Apereth noght to his navele ;
And lovely layk was it nevere
Bitwene the longe and the shorte.

“And though avarice wolde angre
 the poore, 9390
 He hath but litel myghte;
 For poverte hath but pokes
 To putten in hise goodes,
 Ther avarice hath almaries,
 And yren bounden cofres.
 And wheither be lighter to breke,
 And lasse boost maketh,
 A beggeris bagge
 Than an yren bounde cofre?

“Lecherie loveth hym noght,
 For he gyveth but litel silver,
 Ne dooth hym noght dyne delicatly,
 Ne drynke wyn ofte.

A straw for the stuwes!
 Thei stode noght, I trowe, [men,
 Hadde thei no thyng but of poore
 Hir houses stode untyled. [verte,

“And though sleuthe suwe po-
 And serve noght God to paie,
 Meschief is his maister,
 And maketh hym to thynke 9411
 That God is his grettest help,
 And no gome ellis;
 And he is servaunt, as he seith,
 And of his sute bothe;
 And wheither he be or be noght,
 He bereth the signe of poverte,
 And in that secte oure Saviour
 Saved al mankynde.

For-thi every poore that pacient is,
 May cleyment and asken
 After hir endynge here 9422

Hevene riche blisse. 9423

“Muche hardier may he asken,
That here myghte have his wille
In lond and in lordshipe,
And likynge of bodie,
And for Goddes love leveth al,
And lyveth as a beggere ;
And as a mayde for mannes love
Hire moder forsaketh,
Hir fader and alle hire frendes,
And folweth hir make.

Muche moore is to love 9434

Of hym that swich oon taketh,
Than is that maiden
That is married thorough brocage,
As by assent of sondry parties,
And silver to boote,
Moore for coveitise of good
Than kynde love of bothe.

So it fareth by ech a persone

That possession forsaketh,

And put hym to be pacient,

And poverte weddeth, 9445

The which is sib to God hymself,

And so to hise seintes.”

“Have God my trouthe !” quod

Haukyn,

“Ye preise faste poverte, [he ;

Whatis poverte with pacience,” quod

“Proprely to mene ?”

“*Paupertas*,” quod Pacience, “*est*

odibile bonum, remotio cura-

rum, possessio sine calumnia,

donum Dei, sanitatis mater,

*absque sollicitudine semita,
sapientiæ temperatrix, nego-
tium sine damno, incerta for-
tuna, absque sollicitudine feli-
citas."*

"I kan noght construe al this,"
quod Haukyn, [lissh."

"Ye moste kenne me this on Eng-

"In Englissh," quod Pacience,

"It is wel hard wel to expounen ;

Ac som deel I shal seyen it,

By so thow understonde : 9466

Poverté is the firste point

That pride moost hateth ;

Thanne is it good by good skile,

Al that agasteth pride.

Right as contricion is comfortable

Conscience woot wel, [thyng,

And a sorwe of hymself,

And a solace to the soule,

So poverté propreliche,

Penaunce and joye,

Is to the body 9477

Pure spiritual helthe.

Ergo paupertas est odibile bonum.

And contricion confort,

And *cura animarum*.

"Selde sit poverté,

The sothe to declare ;

For as justice to jugge men,

Enjoyned is no poore,

Ne to be mair above men

Ne mynystre under kynges ;

Selde is any poore y-put 9488

To punysshyn any peple. 9489

Remotio curarum.

Ergo poverte and poore men
Perfournen the comaundement,
Nolite judicare

Quemquam the thridde,"

"Selde is any poore riche,
But of rightful heritage ;
Wynneth he noght with wightes false,
Ne with unseled mesures,
Ne borweth of hise neighebores,
But that he may wel paie. 9500

Possessio sine calumnia.

"The ferthe is a fortune
That florissbeth the soule,
With sobretee fram alle synne,
And also yit moore
It afaiteth the flessch
Fram folies ful manye,
A collateral confort,
Cristes owene gifte.

Donum Dei. 9510

"The fifte is moder of helthe,
A frend in alle fondynges,
And for the land evere a leche,
A lemman of alle clenness.

Sanitatis mater.

"The sixte is a path of pees,
Ye, thorough the paas of Aultone
Poverte myghte passe
Withouten peril of robbyng.
For ther that poverte passeth,
Pees folweth after ;
And ever the lasse that he bereth,

The hardier he is of herte. 9523

For-thi seith Seneca,

*Paupertas est absque sollicitudine
semita.*

And an hardy man of herte,

Among an heep of theves.

*Cantabit paupertas coram latrone
viatore.*

“The seventhe is welle of wisdom,
And fewe wordes sheweth;

Therefore lordes alloweth hym litel,

Or listneth to his reson, 9534

For he tempreth the tonge to truthe-

And no tresor coveiteth. [ward,

Sapientiæ temperatrix.

“The eightethe is a lele labour,

And looth to take moore

Than he may wel deserve,

In somer or in wynter. [losse,

And if he chaffareth, he chargeth no

Mowe he charité wynne.

Negotium sine damno. 9544

“The nynthe is swete to the soule,
No sugre is swetter.

For pacience is payn

For poverté hymselfe,

And sobrete swete drynke

And good leche in siknesse.

Thus lered me a lettred man,

For oure Lordes love of hevene;

Seint Austyn a blessed lif

Withouten bisynesse ladde

For body and for soule,

Absque sollicitudine felicitas. 9556

Now God, that alle good gyveth, 9557
Graunte his soule reste
That this first wroot to wissen men
What poverte was to mene !”

“ Allas !” quod Haukyn the actif
man tho,

“ That after my cristendom
I ne hadde be deed and dolven
For Do-welis sake !
So hard it is,” quod Haukyn,
“ To lyve and to do no synne.
Synne seweth us evere,” quod he,
And sory gan wexe, 9568
And wepte water with hise eighen,
And weyled the tyme
That he evere dide dede
That deere God displesed ;
Swound and sobbed
And siked ful ofte,
That evere he hadde lond outhur
Lasse other moore, [lordshipe,
Or maistrie over any man
Mo than of hymselfe. 9578

“ I were noght worthi, woot God !”
quod Haukyn,

“ To werien any clothes,
Ne neither sherte ne shoon,
Save for shame one
To covere my careyne,” quod he ;
And cride mercy faste,
And wepte and wailed ;
And therwith I awakede. 9586



Passus Decimus Quintus, etc. finit
Do-wel, et incipit Do-bet.

AC after my wakyng, 9587
It was wonder longe
Er I koude kyndely
Knowe what was Do-wel.
And so my wit weex and wanyed,
Til I a fool weere ;
And some lakkede my lif,
Allowed it fewe,
And lete me for a lorel,
And looth to reverencen
Lordes or ladies,
Or any lif ellis ;
As persons in pelure, 9599
With pendauntz of silver ;
To sergeauntz ne to swiche
Seide I noght ones,
“ God loke yow, lordes ! ”
Ne loutede faire ;
That folk helden me a fool,
And in that folie I raved.
Til reson hadde ruthe on me,
And rokked me a-slepe,
Til I seigh, as it sorcerie were,
A soutil thyng withalle ; 9610

Oon withouten tonge and teeth 9611
 Tolde me whider I sholde,
 And wherof I cam, and of what
 kynde;
 I conjured hym at the laste,
 If he were Cristes creature
 Anoon me to tellen.

“I am Cristes creature,” quod he,
 “And cristene in many a place,
 In Cristes court y-knowe wel,
 And of his kyn a party.
 Is neither Peter the porter, 9621
 Nor Poul with his fauchon,
 That wole defende me the dore,
 Dyngge I never so late;
 At mydnyght, at mydday,
 My vois so is knowe,
 That ech a creature of his court
 Welcometh me faire.”

“What are ye called,” quod I,
 “in that court,
 Among Cristes peple?” [quod he,
 “The whiles I quikne the cors,”
 “Called am I *Anima*; 9632
 And whan I wilne and wolde,
Animus ich hatte;
 And for that I kan knowe,
 Called am I *Mens*;
 And whan I make mone to God,
Memoria is my name;
 And whan I deme domes,
 And do as truthe techeth,
 Thanne is *Ratio* my righte name,
 Reson on Englisshe; 9642

And whan I feele that folk telleth,
 My firste name is *Sensus*,
 And that is wit and wisdom,
 The welle of alle craftes.
 And whan I chalange or chalange
 Chepe or refuse, [noght,
 Thanne am I *Conscience* y-called,
 Goddes clerk and his notarie;
 And whan I love leelly
 Oure Lord and alle othere,
 Thanne is lele Love my name,
 And in Latyn *Amor*; 9654
 And whan I flee fro the flesshe,
 And forsake the careyne,
 Thanne am I a spirit specheless,
Spiritus thanne iche hatte.
 Austyn and Ysodorus,
 Either of hem bothe,
 Nempnede me thus to name,
 And now thow myght chese
 How thow coveitest to calle me,
 For now thow knowest my names."

*Anima pro diversis actionibus di-
 versa nomina sortitur; dum
 vivificat corpus, anima est;
 dum vult, animus est; dum
 scit, mens est; dum recolit,
 memoria est; dum judicat,
 ratio est; dum sentit, sensus
 est; dum amat, amor est;
 dum negat vel consentit, con-
 scientia est; dum spirat, spi-
 ritus est.*

"Ye ben as a bisshope," quod I,

Al bourdyng that tyme ; 9677
 “ For bisshopes y-blessed,
 Thei bereth manye names,
Præsul and *pontifex*,
 And *metropolitanus*,
 And othere names an heep,
Episcopus and *pastor*.”

“ That is sooth,” seide he ;
 “ Now I se thi wille ;
 Thow woldest knowe and konne
 The cause of alle my names,
 And of me, if thow myghtest, 9688
 Me thynketh by thi speche.”

“ Ye, sire,” I seide,
 “ By so no man were greved,
 Alle the sciences under sonne,
 And alle the sotle craftes,
 I wolde I knewe and kouthe
 Kyndely in myn herte.”

“ Thanne artow inparfit,” quod he,
 “ And oon of Prides knyghtes ;
 For swich a lust and likyng
 Lucifer fel from hevene.” 9699

*Ponam pedem meum in aquilone, et
 similis ero altissimo.*

“ It were ayeins kynde,” quod he,
 “ And alle kynnes reson,
 That any creature sholde konne al,
 Except Crist oone :
 Ayein swiche Salomon speketh,
 And despiseth hir wittes,
 And seith, *Sicut qui mel comedit
 multum, non est ei bonum ; sic
 qui scrutator est majestatis,
 opprimitur a gloria.*

“ To Englisshe men this is to
 mene,
 That mowen speke and here,
 The man that muche hony eteth,
 His mawe it engleymeth;
 And the moore that a man
 Of good matere hereth,
 But he do therafter,
 It dooth hym double scathe.
Beatus est, seith seint Bernard,
Qui scripturas legit,
Et verba vertit in opera 9722
 Fulliche to his power.
 Coveitise to konne
 And to knowe sciences,
 Putte out of Paradis
 Adam and Eve.

*Scientiæ appetitus hominem immor-
 talitatis gloria spoliavit.*

“ And right as hony is yvel to defie,
 And engleymeth the mawe;
 Right so he that thorough reson
 Wolde the roote knowe 9733
 Of God and of hise grete myghtes,
 Hise graces it letteth.
 For in the likynge lith a pride,
 And licames coveitise,
 Ayein Cristes counseil
 And alle clerkes techynge;
 That is *Non plus sapere quam oportet sapere.*

“ Freres and fele othere maistres,
 That to lewed men prechen,
 Ye moeven materes unmesurable

To tellen of the Trinité, 9745
That ofte tymes the lewed peple
Of hir bileve doute.

Bettre it were to manye doctours
To leven swich techyng,
And tellen men of the ten com-
aundmentz,

And touchen the sevene synnes,
And of the braunches that burjon-
eth of hem,

And bryngen men to helle,
And how that folk in folies 9754

Misspenden hir fyve wittes,
As wel freres as oother folk
Foliliche spenden

In housynge, in haterynge,
And in to heigh clergie shewynge,
Moore for pompe than for pure cha-
The peple woot the sothe, [rité,
That I lye noght, loo!

For lordes ye plesen,
And reverencen the riche

The rather for hir silver. 9765

*Confundantur omnes qui adorant
sculptilia. Et alibi: Ut quid
diligitis vanitatem, et queritis
mendacium.*

“Gooth to the glose of thise vers,
Ye grete clerkes ;
If I lye on yow to my lewed wit,
Ledeth me to brennyng.

For as it semeth, ye forsaketh
No mannes almesse ;

Of usurers, of hoores, 9776

Of avarouse chapmen ; 9777
And louten to thise lordes
That mowen lene yow nobles,
Ayein youre rule and religion,
I take record at Jhesus,
That seide to hise disciples,
Ne sitis personarum acceptores.
Of this matere I myghte
Make a long bible !
Ac of curatours of cristen peple,
As clerkes bereth witnesse,
I shal tellen it, for truthes sake,
Take hede who so liketh. 9789

Ne fair leef be greene. 9811
 For-thi wolde ye, lettrede, leve
 The lecherie of clothynge;
 And be kynde, as bifel for clerkes,
 And curteise of Cristes goodes,
 Trewe of youre tonge,
 And of youre tail bothe,
 And hatien to here harlotrie;
 And noght to underfonge
 Tithes, but of trewe thyng,
 Y-tilied or chaffared;
 Lothe were lewed men, 9822
 But thei youre loore folwede,
 And amendeden hem that mysdoon
 Moore for youre ensaumples,
 Than for to prechen and preven it
 Ypocrisie it semeth; [noght,
 The which in Latyn
 Is likned to a dongehill
 That were bi-snewed with snow,
 And snakes withinne;
 Or to a wal that were whit-lymed,
 And were foul withinne; 9833
 "Right so manye preestes,
 Prechours and prelates, [paroles,
 Ye aren enblaunched with bele
 And with clothes also;
 Ac youre werkes and youre wordes
 Aren ful unloveliche. [ther under,
 Johannes Crisostomus
 Of clerkes speketh and preestes;
Sicut de templo omne bonum pro-
greditur, sic de templo omne
malum procedit. Si sacerdo-

tium integrum fuerit, tota floret ecclesia; si autem corruptum fuerit, omnis fides marcida est. Si sacerdotium fuerit in peccatis, totus populus convertitur ad peccandum. Sicut cum videris arborem pallidam et marcidam, intelligis quod vitium habet in radice. Ita cum videris populum indisciplinatum et irreligiosum, sine dubio sacerdotium ejus non est sanum.

9857

“ If lewed men wiste
 What this Latyn meneth,
 And who was myn auctour,
 Muche wonder me thinketh,
 But if many a preest beere,
 For hir baselardes and hir broches,
 A peire of bedes in hir hand,
 And a book under hir arme.
 Sire Johan and sire Geffrey
 Hath a girdel of silver. 9867
 A baselard or a ballok-knyf,
 With botons over gilte;
 Ac a porthors that sholde be his plow
Placebo to sigge,
 Hadde he nevere service to save silver
 Seith it with ydel wille. [therto.

“ Allas! ye lewed men,
 Muche lese ye on preestes.
 Ac thing that wikkedly is wonne,
 And with false sleighes,
 Wolde nevere the wit of witty God

But wikkede men it hadde, 9879
The whiche arn preestes inparfite,
And prechours after silver,
Executours and sodenes,
Somonours and hir lemmannes ;
That that with gile was geten,
Ungraciousliche is despended ;
So harlotes and hores
Arn holpe with swiche goodes,
And Goddes folk, for defaute therof,
For-faren and spillen.

“ Curatours of holy kirke, 9890
As clerkes that ben avarouse,
Lightliche that thei leven,
Losels it habbeth,
Or deieth intestate,
And thanne the bisshope entreth
And maketh murthe thermyd,
And hise men bothe,
And seyen he was a nygard
That no good myghte aspare
To frend ne to fremmed,
The fend have his soule ! 9901
For a wrecchede hous held he
Al his lif tyme ;
And that he spared and bisperede,
Dispende we in murthe ;
By lered, by lewed,
That looth is to despende.
Thus goon hire goodes,
Be the goost faren.
Ac for goode men, God woot !
Greet doel men maken,
And bymeneth goode mete gyveres,

And in mynde haveth, 9913
 In preieres and in penaunces,
 And in parfit charité."

"What is charité?" quod I tho.
 "A childysse thyng," he seide.
"Nisi efficiamini parvuli, non in-
trabitis in regnum cœlorum.

Withouten fauntelté or folie,
 A fre liberal wille."

"Where sholde men fynde swich
 With so fre an herte?" [a frend,
 "I have lyved in londe," quod he,
 "My name is Longe-wille; 9925
 And fond I nevere ful charité
 Byfore ne bihynde.

Men beth merciabile
 To mendinauntz and to poore,
 And wollen lene ther thei leve
 Lelly to ben paied.
 Ac charité that Poul preiseth best,
 And moost plesaunt to oure Lord,
 Is *Non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, non*
querit quæ sua sunt, etc.

"I seigh nevere swich a man,
 So me God helpe! 9937
 That he ne wolde aske after his,
 And outhere while coveite
 Thyng that neded hym noght,
 And nyme it, if he myghte.

"Clerkes kenne me
 That Crist is in alle places;
 Ac I seigh hym nevere soothly,
 But as myself in a mirour:
In ænigmate tunc facie ad faciem.

And so I trowe trewely, 9947
 By that men telleth of charité,
 It is noght chaumpions fight,
 Ne chaffare, as I trowe. [noght,

“Charité,” quod he, “ne chaffareth
 Ne chalangeth, ne craveth;
 As proud of a peny,
 As of a pound of golde;
 And is as glad of a gowne
 Of a gray russet,
 As of a tunycle of Tarse,
 Or of trie scarlet. 9958

He is glad with alle glade,
 And good til alle wikkede,
 And leveth and loveth alle
 That oure Lord made.
 Corseth he no creature,
 Ne he kan bere no wrathe,
 Ne no likynge hath to lye,
 Ne laughe men to scorne;
 Al that men seyn, he leet it sooth,
 And in solace taketh,

And alle manere meschiefs 9969
 In myldenesse he suffreth.
 Coveiteth he noon erthely good,
 But hevene riche blisse,
 Hath he anye rentes or richesse,
 Or anye riche frendes.

“Of rentes nor of richesse
 Ne rekketh he nevere;
 For a frend that fyndeth hym,
 Failed hym nevere at neede.

Fiat voluntas tua

Fynt hym evere moore; 9980

And if he soupeth, eteth but a sop
 Of *spera in Deo*. [ter,
 He kan portreye wel the paternos-
 And peynte it with aves ;
 And outhur while he is woned
 To wenden on pilgrimages,
 Ther poore men and prisons liggeth,
 Hir pardon to have.
 Though he bere hem no breed,
 He bereth hem swetter liflode,
 Loveth hem as oure Lord biddeth,
 And loketh how thei fare.

“Andwhan he is wery of that werk,
 Than wole he som tyme
 Labouren in lavendrye
 Wel the lengthe of a mile,
 And yerne into youthe,
 And yepeliche speke
 Pride with al the appurtenaunces,
 And pakken hem togideres,
 And bouken hem at his brest,
 And beten hem clene,
 And leggen on longe, 10003
 With *laboravi in gemitu meo*;
 And with warm water at hise eighen
 Wasshen hem after. [doth so,
 And thanne he syngeth whan he
 And som tyme seith wepynge,
Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus,
non despicias.” [hym,” quod I,
 “By Crist ! I wolde that I knewe
 “No creature levere !”

“Withouten help of Piers Plow-
 man,” quod he, 10013

“ His persone sestow nevere.”

“ Wheither clerkes knowen hym,”

“ That kepen holi kirke?” [quod I,

“ Clerkes have no knowyng,”

quod he,

“ But by werkes and by wordes.

Ac Piers the Plowman

Parceyveth moore depper

What is the wille and wherfore

That many wight suffreth.

Et vidit Deus cogitationes eorum.

For ther are ful proude herted men,

Pacient of tonge, 10025

And buxome as of berynge

To burgeises and to lordes,

And to poore peple

Han pepir in the nose,

And as a lyoun he loketh,

Ther men lakken hise werkes.

“ For ther are beggeris and bid-

Bedemen as it were, [deris,

Loken as lambren,

And semen ful holy ; 10035

Ac it is moore to have hir mete

With swich an esy manere,

Than for penaunce and perfitnesse,

The poverte that swiche taketh.

“ Therefore by colour ne by clergie

Knowe shaltow nevere,

Neither thorough wordes ne werkes,

But thorough wil oone.

And that knoweth no clerk,

Ne creature on erthe,

But Piers the Plowman, 10046

Petrus, i. Christus.

10047

For he nys noght in lolleris,
 Ne in lond leperis heremytes,
 Ne at ancras there a box hangeth,
 Alle swiche thei faiten.

Fy on faitours,

And *in fautores suos!*

For charité is Goddes champion,
 And as a good child hende,
 And the murieste of mouth
 At mete where he sitteth.

10057

The love that lith in his herte
 Maketh hym light of speche,
 And is compaignable and confortatif,
 As Crist bit hymselfe.

Nolite fieri sicut hypocritæ tristes, etc.

For I have seyen hym in silk,
 And som tyme in russet,
 Bothe in grey and in grys,
 And in gilt harneis;
 And as gladliche he it gaf
 To gomes that it neded.

“Edmond and Edward

10069

Bothe were kynges,
 And seintes y-set,
 For charité hem folwede.

“I have y-seyen charité also
 Syngen and reden,
 Riden and rennen
 In raggede wedes;
 Ac biddynge as beggeris
 Biheld I hym nevere.

Ac in riche robes

Rathest he walketh,

10080

Y-called and y-crymyled, 10081
 And his crowne y-shave ;
 And in a freres frokke
 He was y-founden ones,
 Ac it is fern ago,
 In seint Fraunceis tyme :
 In that secte siththe
 To selde hath he ben founde.

“ Riche men he recomendeth,
 And of hir robes taketh,
 That withouten wiles
 Ledeth hir lyves. 10092

Beatus est dives qui, etc.

“ In kynges court he cometh ofte,
 Ther the counseil is trewe ;
 Ac if coveitise be of the counseil,
 He wolnought come therinne.

“ In court amonges japeris
 He cometh noght but selde,
 For braulynge and bakbitynge,
 And berynge of fals witnesse.

“ In the consistorie bifore the com-
 missarie 10102

He cometh noght but ofte ;
 For hir lawe dureth over longe,
 But if thei lacchen silver,
 And matrimoyne for moneie
 Maken and unmaken ;
 And that conscience and Crist
 Hath y-knyt faste,
 Thei undoon it unworthily,
 Tho doctours of lawe.

“ Ac I ne lakke no lif,
 But, Lord, amende us alle, 10113

And gyve us grace, good God, 10114
Charité to folwe.

For who so myghte meete myd hym,
Swiche maneres hym eileth,
Neither he blameth ne banneth,
Bosteth ne preiseth,
Lakketh ne loseth,
Ne loketh up sterne,
Craveth ne coveiteth,
Ne crieth after moore. 10123

In pace in idipsum dormiam, etc.

“The mooste liflode that he lyveth
Is love in Goddes passion; [by,
Neither he biddeth ne beggeth,
Ne borweth to yelde,
Misdooth he no man,
Ne with his mouth greveth.

“Amonges cristene men
This myldenesse sholde laste.
In alle manere angres
Have this at herte,
That theigh thei suffrede al this,
God suffrede for us moore, 10136
In ensample we sholde do so,
And take no vengeaunce
Of oure foes that dooth us falsnesse,
That is oure fadres wille.

“For wel may every man wite,
If God hadde wold hymselfe,
Sholde nevere Judas ne Jew
Have Jhesu doon on roode,
Ne han martired Peter ne Poul,
Ne in prison holden.

Ac he suffrede in ensample 10147

That we sholde suffren also, 10148
And seide to swiche that suffre
That *patientes vincunt*. [wolde,

“*Verbi gratia*,” quod he,
“And verray ensamples manye,
In *Legenda Sanctorum*,
The lif of holy seintes,
What penaunce and poverte
And passion thei suffrede,
In hunger, in hete,
In alle manere angres.

“Antony and Egidie, 10159
And othere holy fadres,
Woneden in wildernesse
Among wilde beestes;
Monkes and mendinauntz,
Men by hemselfe,
In spekes and in spelonkes,
Selde speken togideres.

“Ac neither Antony ne Egidie,
Ne heremyte that tyme,
Of leons ne of leopardes
No liflode ne toke; 10170
But of foweles that fleeth,
Thus fyndeth men in bokes.

Except that Egidie
After an hynde cride, [beest
And thorough the mylk of that mylde
The man was sustened;
And day bi day hadde he hire noght
His hunger for to slake,
But selden and sondry tymes,
As seith the book and techeth.

“Antony a dayes, 10181

About noon tyme, 10182
 Hadde a brid that broughte hym
 That he by lyvede; [breed,
 And though the gome hadde a gest,
 God fond hem bothe.

“ Poul *primus heremita*
 Hadde parroked hymselfe,
 That no man myghte hym se
 For mosse and for leves ;
 Foweles hym fedde
 Fele wyntres withalle,
 Til he foundede freres 10193
 Of Austynes ordre.
 Poul, after his prechyng,
 Paniers he made,
 And wan with hise hondes
 That his wombe neded.

“ Peter fisshed for his foode,
 And his felawe Andrew ;
 Som thei solde and som thei soden,
 And so thei lyved bothe.

“ And also Marie Maudeleyne
 By mores lyvede and dewes, 10240
 Ac moost thorough devocion
 And mynde of God almyghty.
 I sholde noght thise seven daies
 Siggen hem alle, [love
 That lyveden thus for oure Lordes
 Many longe yeres.

“ Ac ther ne was leon ne leopard
 That on laundes wenten,
 Neither bere ne boor,
 Ne oother beest wilde,
 That ne fil to hir feet, 10215

And fawned with the tailles ; 10216
 And if thei kouthe han y-carped,
 By Crist ! as I trowe,
 Thei wolde have y-fed that folk
 Bifore wild foweles.

Ac God sente hem foode by foweles,
 And by no fierse beestes,
 In menyngge that meke thyng
 Mylde thyng sholde fede.

“ Ac who seith religiouses
 Rightfulle men sholde fede,
 And lawefulle men to lif-holy men
 Liflode sholde brynge ; 10228
 And thanne wolde lordes and ladies
 Be looth to agulte,
 And to taken of hir tenauntz
 Moore than trouthe wolde,
 Foulde thei that freres
 Wolde forsake hir almesses,
 And bidden hem bere it
 There it was y-borwed.

For we ben Goddes foweles,
 And abiden alwey 10238
 Til briddes brynge us
 That we sholde lyve by.

For hadde ye potage and payn
 And peny ale to drynke, [y-nogh,
 And a mees thermyd

Of o maner kynde,
 Ye hadde right y-nogh, ye religi-
 And so youre rule me tolde. [ouse,
Nunquam, dicit Job, rugit onager
cum herbam habuerit, aut mu-
giet bos cum ante plenum præ-

sepe steterit. Brutorum animalium natura te condemnat, quia cum eis pabulum commune sufficiat, ex adipe prodiit iniquitas tua.

“ If lewed men knewe this Latyn,
Thei wolde loke whom thei yeve,
And avisen hem bfore
A fyve dayes or sixe,
Er thei amortisede to monkes
Or chanons hir rente.

Allas ! lordes and ladies, 10260
Lewed counseil have ye,
To gyve from youre heires
That youre aiels yow lefte,
And gyveth it to bidde for yow
Fo swiche that ben riche,
And ben founded and feffed ek
To bidde for othere.

“ Who perfourneth this prophecie
Of the peple that now libbeth ?

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus. 10270

“ If any peple perfourne that text,
It are thise poore freres ;
For that thei beggen aboute,
In buyldynge thei spende it,
And on hemself som,
And swiche as ben hir laborers ;
And of hem that habbeth thei taken,
And gyveth hem that habbeth.

“ Ac clerkes and knyghtes,
And comuners that ben riche,
Fele of yow fareth

As if I a forest hadde 10282

That were ful of faire trees, 10283
And I fondede and caste
How I myghte mo therinne
Amonges hem sette.

“Right so, ye riche,
Ye robeth that ben riche,
And helpeth hem that helpeth yow,
And gyveth ther no nede is.

As who so filled a toune
Of a fressh ryver,
And wente forth with that water
To woke with Temese; 10294

Right so, ye riche,
Ye robeth and fedeth
Hem that han as ye han,
Hem ye make at ese.

“Ac religouse that riche ben,
Sholde rather feeste beggeris
Than burgeises that riche ben,
As the book techeth.

*Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum
non pauperibus dare. Item:
Peccatoribus dare, est dæmoni-
bus immolare. Item: Mon-
ache, si indiges et accipis, po-
tius das quam accipis; si au-
tem non eges et accipis, rapis.
Porro non indiget monachus, si
habeat quod naturæ sufficit.*

“For-thi I counseille alle cristene
To conformen hem to charité.
For charité withouten chalangynge
Unchargeth the soule,
And many a prison fram purgatorie

Thorough hise preieres he delivereth.
 Ac ther is a defaute in the folk
 That the feith kepeth;
 Wherefore folk is the febler,
 And noght ferm of bileve,
 As in lussheburwes is a luther alay,
 And yet loketh he lik a sterlyng;
 The merk of that monee is good,
 Ac the metal is feble.

“And so it fareth by som folk now,
 Thei han a fair speche,
 Crowne and cristendom, 10328
 The kynges mark of hevene;
 Ac the metal, that is mannes soule,
 With synne is foule alayed.
 Bothe lettred and lewed
 Beth alayed now with synne,
 That no lif loveth oother,
 Ne oure Lord, as it semeth.
 For thorough werre and wikkede
 And wederes unresonable, [werkes,
 Weder-wise shipmen,
 And witty clerkes also, 10339
 Han no bileve to the lifte,
 Ne to the loore of filosofres.

“Astronomiens al day
 In hir art faillen,
 That whilom warned bifore
 What sholde falle after.

“Shipmen and shepherdes,
 That with ship and sheep wenten,
 Wisten by the walkne
 What sholde bitide,
 As of wedres and wyndes 10350

Thei warned men ofte. 10351

“Tilieris, that tiled the erthe,
Tolden hir maistres,
By the seed that thei sewe,
What thei selle myghte,
And what to lene, and what to lyve by,
The lond was so trewe.

“Now faileth the folk of the flood,
And of the lond bothe,
Shepherdes and shipmen,
And so do thise tilieris, 10361
Neither thei konneth ne knoweth
Oon cours bifore another.

“Astronomyens also
Aren at hir wittes ende,
Of that was calculed of the element
The contrarie thei fynde ;
Grammer, the ground of al,
Bigileth now children,
For is noon of this newe clerkes,
Who so nymeth hede, 10371
Naught oon among an hundred
That an auctour kan construwe,
Ne rede a lettre in any langage
But in Latyn or in Englissh.

“Go now to any degree,
And but if gile be maister,
And flaterere his felawe
Under hym to fourmen,
Muche wonder me thynketh
Amonges us alle,
Doctours of decrees
And of divinité maistres,
That sholde konne and knowe 10384

Alle kynnes clergie, 10385
 And answeere to argumentz,
 And also to a *quodlibet*;
 I dar noght siggen it for shame,
 If swiche were apposed,
 Thei sholde failen of herphilosophie,
 And in phisik bothe.

“Wherfore I am a-fered
 Of folk of holy kirke,
 Lestthei overhuppen,asoothere doon,
 In office and in houres; 10395
 And if they overhuppe, as I hope
 Oure bileve suffiseth; [noght,
 As clerkes in Corpus Christi feeste
 Syngen and reden,
 That *sola fides sufficit*
 To save with lewed peple;
 And so may Sarzens be saved,
 Scribes, and Jewes.

“Allas, thanne! but our looresmen
 Lyve as thei leren us,
 And for hir lyvyng that lewed men
 Be the lother God agulten. 10407
 For Sarzens han somewhat
 Semyng to oure bileve;
 For thei love and bileve
 In o persone almyghty,
 And we, lered and lewed,
 In oon God almyghty;
 And oon Makometh, a man,
 In mysbileve broughte
 Sarzens of Surree,
 And see in what manere.

“This Makometh was a cristene

And for he moste noght ben a pope
Into Surrie he soughte,
And thorough hise sotile wittes
He daunted a dowve,
And day and nyght hire fedde,
The corn that she croppede
He caste it in his ere;
And if he among the peple preched,
Or in places come,
Thanne wolde the colvere come
To the clerkes ere
Menynge as after mete,— 10430
Thus Makometh hire enchaunted;
And dide folk thanne falle on knees,
For he swoor in his prechyng
That the colvere that com so,
Com from God of hevene,
As messenger to Makometh,
Men for to teche.
And thus thorough wiles of his wit,
And a whit dowve,
Makometh in mysbileve
Men and wommen broughte; 10441
That lyved tho there and lyve yit
Leeven on hise lawes.

“And siththe oure Saveour suf-
The Sarzens so bigiled [fred,
Thorough a cristene clerk,
Acorsed in his soule!
For drede of the deeth
I dare noght telle truthe,
How Englisshe clerkes a colvere fede
That coveitise highte,
And ben manered after Makometh,

That no man useth trouthe. 10453

“Ancres and heremytes,
And monkes and freres,
Peeren to the apostles
Thorugh hire parfit lyvyng;
Wolde nevere the feithful fader
That hise ministres sholde
Of tirauntz that teneth trewe men
Taken any almesse,
But doon as Antony dide,
Dominyk and Fraunceys,
Beneit and Bernard, 10464
The whiche hem first taughte
To lyve by litel, and in lowe houses,
By lele mennes almesse.

Grace sholde growe and be grene
Thorugh hir goode lyvyng;
And folkes sholden fare,
That ben in diverse siknesse,
The bettre for hir biddynge
In body and in soule.

Hir preieres and hir penaunces
To pees sholde brynge 10475
Alle that ben at debaat,
And bedemen were trewe.

Petite et accipietis, etc.

Salt saveth the catel,
Siggen thise wives.

Vos estis sal terræ, etc.

The hevedes of holy chirche,
And thei holy were,
Crist calleth hem salt
For cristene soules.

Et si sal evanuerit in quo salietur, etc.

“ For fressh flessch outhur fissh, 10487
Whan it salt failleth,
It is unsavory for sothe,
Y-soden or y-bake ;
So is mannes soule, soothly,
That seeth no goode ensamples
Of hem of holi chirche,
That the heighe wey sholde teche,
And be gide, and go bifore,
As a good banyer ;
And hardie hem that bihynde ben,
And gyve hem good evidence.

“ Ellevene holy men 10499
Al the world tornede
Into lele bileve ;
The lightloker me thinketh
Sholde alle maner men,
We han so manye maistres,
Preestes and prechours,
And a pope above,
That Goddes salt sholde be
To save mannes soule.

“ Al was hethynesse som tyme
Engelond and Walis, 10510
Til Gregory garte clerkes
To go here and preche ;
Austyn at Caunterbury
Cristnede the kyng,
And thorough miracles, as men now
Al that marche he tornede [rede,
To Crist and to cristendom,
And cros to honoure ;
And follede folk faste,
And the feith taughte, 10520

Moore thorough miracles 10521
 Than thorough muche prechyng,
 As wel thorough hise werkes
 As with hise holy wordes,
 And seide hem what fullynge
 And feith was to mene.

“Clooth that cometh fro the wev-
 Is noght comly to were, [yng
 Til it be fulled under foot
 Or in fullyng stokkes,
 Wasshen wel with water,
 And with taseles cracched, 10532
 Y-touked and y-teynted,
 And under taillours hande;
 Right so it fareth by a barn,
 That born is of a wombe,
 Til it be cristned in Cristes name,
 And confermed of the bisshope,
 It is hethene as to hevene-ward,
 And help-lees to the soule.
 Hethen is to mene after heeth
 And untiled erthe,
 As in wilde wildernesse 10543
 Wexeth wilde beestes,
 Rude and unresonable,
 Rennyng withouten cropiers.

“Ye mynnen wel how Mathew
 How a man made a feste; [seith,
 He fedde him with no venyson,
 Ne fesauntz y-bake,
 But with foweles that fram hym
 But folwede his whistlyng. [nolde,
*Ecce altilia mea, et omnia parata
 sunt.*

And with calves flesshe he fedde

The folk that he loved. 10556

“ The calf bitokneth clenness
In hem that kepeth lawes.
For as the cow thorough kynde mylk
The calf norisseth til an oxe ;
So love and leauté
Lele men susteneth,
And maidenés and mylde men
Mercy desiren,
Right as the cow calf
Coveiteth melk swete,
So doon rightfulle men 10567
Mercy and truthe.

“ Ac who beth that excuseth hem
That ben persons and preestes,
That hevedes of holy chirche ben,
That han hir wil here
Withouten travaille the tithe deel
That trewe men biswynken ;
Thei wol be wrooth for I write thus,
Ac to witnesse I take
Bothe Mathew and Marc,
And *Memento Domine David*.

“ What pope or prelat now
Perfourneth that Crist highte.
*Ite in universum mundum et præ-
dicare, etc.*

“ Allas ! that men so longe
On Makometh sholde bileve,
So manye prelates to preche
As the pope maketh,
Of Nazareth, of Nynyve,
Of Neptalym and Damaske,
That thei ne wente as Crist wisseth,
Sithen thei wille have name 10590

To be pastours and preche 10591
To lyve and to dye.

*Bonus pastor animam suam ponit,
etc.*

And seide it in salvacion
Of Sarzens and othere,
For cristene and uncristene
Crist seide to prechours :

Ite vos in vineam meam, etc.

“ And sith that thise Sarzens,
Scribes, and Jewes,
Han a lippe of our bileve, 10602
The lightlier me thynketh
Thei sholde turne, who so travailed
To teche hem of the Trinité.

Quærite et invenietis, etc.

“ It is ruthe to rede
How rightwise men lyvede,
How thei defouled hir flessch,
Forsoke hir owene wille,
Fer fro kyth and fro kyn
Yvele y-clothed yeden,
Baddely y-bedded, 10613
No book but conscience,
Ne no richesse but the roode
To rejoisse hem inne.

*Absit nobis gloriari nisi in cruce
Domini nostri, etc.*

“ And tho was plentee and pees
Amonges poore and rich e,
And now is routhe to rede
How the rede noble
Is reverenced er the roode,
And receyved for worthier
Than Cristes cros, that overcam 10625

Deeth and dedly synne. 10626

And now is werre and wo ;

And who so why asketh,

For coveitise after cros

The croune stant in golde.

Bothe riche and religious

That roode thei honoure

That in grotes is y-grave

And in gold nobles.

For coveitise of that cros,

Men of holy kirke

Shul torne as templers dide, 10637

The tyme approacheth faste.

“ Wite ye noght, ye wise men,

How tho men honoured

Moore tresor than trouthe,

I dar noght telle the sothe,

Reson and rightful doom

The religiouse demede.

“ Right so, ye clerkes,

For youre coveitise, er longe,

Shal thei demen *dos ecclesiæ*,

And youre pride depose. 10648

Deposuit potentes de sede, etc.

“ If knyghthod and kynde wit

And the commune by conscience

Togideres love leelly,

Leveth it wel, ye bisshopes,

The lordshipe of youre londes

For evere shul ye lese,

And lyven as *levitici*,

As oure Lord techeth.

Per primitias et decimas, etc.

“ Whan Costantyn of curteisie

Holy kirke dowed 10660

With londes and ledes, 10661
 Lordshipes and rentes,
 An aungel men herden
 An heigh at Rome crye,
Dos ecclesiæ this day
 Hath y-dronke venym,
 And tho that han Petres power
 Arn poisoned alle.

“ A medicyne moot therto,
 That may amende prelates,
 That sholden preie for the pees,
 Possession hem letteth ; 10672
 Taketh hire landes, ye lordes,
 And leteth hem lyve by dymes.

“ If possession be poison,
 And inparfite hem make,
 Good were to deschargen hem,
 For holy chirches sake,
 And purgen hem of poison,
 Er moore peril falle.

“ If preesthode were parfit,
 The peple sholde amende
 That contrarien Cristes lawe, 10683
 And cristendom dispise.
 For alle paynymes preieth,
 And parfitly bileveth
 In the holy grete God,
 And his grace thei asken,
 And make hir mone to Makometh
 Hir message to shewe.
 Thus in a feith leve that folk,
 And in a fals mene ;
 And that is routhe for rightful men
 That in the reawme wonyen, 10694

And a peril to the pope 10695
 And prelates that he maketh,
 That bere bisshopes names
 Of Bethleem and Babiloigne,
 That huppe aboute in Engelond
 To halwe mennes auteres,
 And crepe amonges curatours,
 And confessen ageyn the lawe.
Nolite mittere falcem in messem ali-
enam, etc.

“Many man for Cristes love
 Was martired in Romaine, 10705
 Er any cristendom was knowe there,
 Or any cros honoured.

“Every bisshop that bereth cros,
 By that he is holden
 Thorough his province to passe,
 And to his peple to shewe hym,
 Tellen hem and techen hem
 On the Trinité to bileve,
 And feden hem with goostly foode,
 And gyve there it nedeth. 10715

In domo mea non est panis neque
vestimentum, et ideo nolite con-
stituere me regem.

“Ozias seith for swiche
 That sike ben and feble,
Inferte omnes decimas in horreum
meum, ut sit cibus in domo mea.

“Ac we cristene creatures
 That on the cros bileven,
 Arn ferme as in the feith,
 Goddes forbode ellis ! [inne,
 And han clerkes to kepen us ther-

And hem that shul come after us.

“ And Jewes lyven in lele lawe,
Oure Lord wroot it hymselfe
In stoon, for it stedefast was,
And stonde sholde evere.

Dilige Deum et proximum,

Is parfit Jewen lawe ;

And took it Moyses to teche men
Til Messie coome ;

And on that lawe thei lyve yit,
And leten it the beste,

And yit knewe thei Crist 10739

That cristendom taughte

For a parfit prophete

That muche peple savede

Of selkouthe sores,

Thei seighen it ofte,

Bothe of miracles and merveilles,

And how he men festede,

With two fisses and fyve loves

Fyve thousand peple ;

And by that mangerie men myghte

That Messie he semede, [wel se

And whan he lifte up Lazar, 10751

That leid was in grave,

And under stoon deed and stank,

With stif vois hym callede :

Lazare, veni foras.

Dide hym rise and rome,

Right bifore the Jewes.

“ Ac thei seiden and sworn

With sorcerie he wroughte,

And studieden to struyen hym,

And struyden hemselfe ; 10761

And thorough his pacience, hir power
To pure noght he broughte.

Patientes vincunt.

“Daniel of hire undoyng
Devyned and seide,

*Cum sanctus sanctorum veniat, ces-
sabit unctio vestra.*

And wenen tho wrecches
That he were *pseudo-propheta*,
And that his loore be lesynges,
And lakken it alle,
And hopen that he be to come 10773
That shal hem releve,
Moyses eft or Messie
Hir maistres yit devyneth.

“Ac Pharisees and Sarzens,
Scribes and Jewes,
Arn folk of oon feith,
The fader God thei honouren.
And sithen that the Sarzens,
And also the Jewes, [leve,
Konne the firste clause of oure bi-
Credo in Deum patrem omnipoten-
tem, 10784

Prelates of cristene provinces
Sholde preve, if thei myghte,
To lere hem litlum and litlum
Et in Jesum Christum filium,
Til thei kouthe speke and spelle
Et in Spiritum sanctum,
And reden it and recorden it
With *remissionem peccatorum,*
Carnis resurrectionem, et vitam æter-
nam. Amen.” 10793



*Passus Decimus Sextus, etc. et Pri-
mus de Do-bet.*

NOW faire falle yow," quod
I tho, 10794
" For youre faire shewyng;
For Haukyns love, the actif
Evere I shal yow lovye ! [man,
Ac yit I am in a weer
What charité is to mene."
" It is a ful trie tree," quod he,
" Trewely to telle ;
Mercy is the more therof,
The myddul stok is ruthe ;
The leves ben lele wordes,
The lawe of holy chirche ; 10805
The blosmes beth buxom speche,
And benigne lokynge ;
Pacience hatte the pure tree,
And pure symple of herte ;
And so, thorough God and thorough
goode men,
Groweth the fruyt charité."
" I wolde travaille," quod I, " this
tree to se,
Twenty hundred myle ;
And for to have my fulle of that fruyt,

Forsake alle othere saulees. 10815
 Lord!" quod I, "if any wight wite
 Whider out it groweth."

"It groweth in a gardyn," quod
 "That God made hymselfe, [he,
 Amyddes mannes body,
 The more is of that stokke,
 Herte highte the herber
 That it inne groweth.

And *liberum arbitrium*
 Hath the lond the ferme
 Under Piers the Plowman, 10826
 To piken it and to weden it."

"Piers the Plowman!" quod I
 And al for pure joye [tho,
 That I herde nempne his name,
 Anoon I swowned after,
 And lay longe in a lone dreem;
 And at the laste, me thoughte
 That Piers the Plowman
 Al the place me shewed,
 And bad me to toten on the tree,
 On top and on roote; 10837
 With thre piles was it under-pight,
 I perceyved it soone.

"Piers," quod I, "I preie thee,
 Whi stonde thise piles here?"

"For wyndes, wiltow wite," quod
 To witen it fro fallyng. [he,
*Cum ceciderit justus, non collidetur,
 quia Dominus supponit manum
 suam.*

And in blowyng tyme, abite the
 But if thise piles helpe, [flowres,

“The world is a wikked wynd
 To hem that willen truthe;
 Coveitise comth of that wynd,
 And crepeth among the leves,
 And for-freteth neigh the fruyt
 Thorugh manye faire sightes;
 Thanne with the firste pil I palle hym
 That is *Potentia Dei*. [down,

“The flessch is a fel wynd,
 And in flouryng tyme
 Thorugh likyng and lustes
 So loude he gynneth blowe, 10860
 That it norisseth nyce sightes,
 And som tyme wordes,
 And wikkede werkes therof,
 Wormes of synne,
 And for-biteth the blosmes
 Right to the bare leves.

“Than sette I to the secounde pil
Sapientia Dei patris;
 That is the passion and the power
 Of oure prince Jhesu. [aunces,
 Thorugh preieres and thorough pen-
 And Goddes passion in mynde,
 I save it til I se it ripen
 And som del y-fruyted.

“And thanne fondeth the fend
 My fruyt to destruye,
 With alle the wiles that he kan;
 And waggeth the roote,
 And casteth up to the crop
 Unkynde neighebores;
 Bakbiteris breke the cheste,
 Brawleris and chideris, 10882

And leith a laddre therto, 10883
 Of lesynges are the ronges,
 And feccheth away my floures som
 Afore bothe myne eighen. [tyme
Ac liberum arbitrium
 Letteth hym som tyme,
 That is lieutenaunt to loken it wel,
 Bi leve of myselve.

*Videatis qui peccat in spiritum
 sanctum nunquam remittetur,
 etc. Hoc est idem, qui peccat
 per liberum arbitrium non re-
 purgatur.*

“Ac whan the fend and the flessch
 Forth with the world
 Manacen bihynde me
 My fruyt for to fecche, 10899
 Thanne *liberum arbitrium*
 Laccheth the firste plante,
 And palleth adoun the pouke,
 Pureliche thorough grace
 And help of the Holy Goost,
 And thus have I the maistrie.”

“Now faire falle yow! Piers,”
 “So faire ye discryven [quod I,
 The power of thise postes,
 And hire propre myghtes.
 Ac I have thoughtes a threve
 Of thise thre piles,
 In what wode thei woxen,
 And where that thei growed;
 For alle are thei aliche longe,
 Noon lasse than oother, 10915
 And to my mynde, as me thinketh,

On o more thei growed, 10917

And of o greetnesse,

And grene of greyn thei semen."

"That is sooth," quod Piers,

"So it may bifalle ;

I shal telle thee as tid

What this tree highte.

The ground there it groweth,

Goodnesse it hatte ;

And I have told thee what highte the

The Trinité it meneth." [tree,

And egrelliche he loked on me ;

And therfore I spared 10929

To asken hym any moore therof,

And bad hym ful faire

To discryve the fruyt

That so faire hangeth.

"Heer now bynethe," quod he

"If I nede hadde, [tho,

Matrimoyne I may nyme,

A moiste fruyt withalle ;

Thanne continence is neer the crop,

As kaylewey bastard, 10939

Thanne bereth the crop kynde fruyt,

And clenest of alle,

Maidenhode aungeles peeris

And rathest wole be ripe,

And swete withouten swellyng,

Sour worth it nevere."

I preide Piers tho to pulle a-down

An appul, and he wolde,

And suffre me to assaien

What savour it hadde.

And Piers caste to the crop,

And thanne comsed it to crye,
 And waggede widwehode,
 And it wepte after;
 And whan it meved matrimoyne,
 It made a foul noise.
 And I hadde ruthe whan Piers rog-
 It gradde so rufulliche; [ged,
 For evere as thei dropped a-doun,
 The devel was redy
 And gadrede hem alle togideres,
 Bothe grete and smale,
 Adam and Abraham, 10962
 And Ysaye the prophete,
 Sampson and Samuel,
 And seint Johan the Baptist,
 Bar hem forth bodily,
 No body hym letted,
 And made of holy men his hoord
In limbo inferni,
 There is derknesse and drede,
 And the devel maister.

And Piers, for pure tene,
 Of that a pil he raughte; 10973
 He hitte after hym,
 Hitte how it myghte,
Filius by the fader wille,
 And frenesse of *Spiritus sancti*,
 To go robbe that rageman,
 And reve the fruyt fro hym.

And thanne spak *Spiritus sanctus*
 In Gabrielis mouthe,
 To a maide that highte Marie,
 A meke thyng withalle,
 That oon Jhesus a justices sone

Moste jouke in hir chambre, 10985
 Til *plenitudo temporis*
 Fully comen were,
 That Piers fruyt floured,
 And felle to be rype,
 And thanne sholde Jhesus juste
 By juggement of armes, [therfore,
 Wheither sholde fonge the fruyt,
 The fend or hymselfe.

The maide myldeliche tho
 The messenger graunted,
 And seide hendeliche to hym, 10996
 "Lo me his hand-maiden
 For to werchen his wille,
 Withouten any synne."

Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi, etc.

And in the wombe of that wenche
 Was he fourty woukes,
 Til he weex a faunt thorough hir
 And of fightyng kouthe, [flessh,
 To have y-foughte with the fend
 Er ful tyme come.

And Piers the Plowman 11007
 Perceyved plener tyme,
 And lered hym lechecraft
 His lif for to save, [his enemy,
 That though he were wounded with
 To warisshen hymselfe,
 And dide hym assaie his surgenrie
 On hem that sike were,
 Til he was perfit praktisour,
 If any peril fille;
 And soughte out the sike
 And synfulle bothe, 11018

And salvede sike and synfulle,
 Bothe blynde and crokede,
 And commune wommen convertede,
 And to goode turnede.
Non est sanis opus medicinæ, sed
in, etc.

Bothe meseles and mute,
 And in the menyson bloody,
 Ofte heeled swiche,
 He ne held it for no maistrie,
 Save tho he leched Lazar
 That hadde y-leye in grave, 11029
Quatriduanus quelt,
 Quyk dide hym walke.
 Ac as he made the maistrie,
Mæstus cœpit esse,
 And wepte water with hise eighen,
 Ther seighen it manye.
 Some that the sighte seighen,
 Seiden that tyme
 That he was leche of lif,
 And lord of heigh hevene.
 Jewes jangled ther ayein, 11040
 And juggede lawes, [craft,
 And seide he wroghte thorough wiche-
 And with the develes myghte.
Dæmonium habet, etc.

Thanne, "are ye cherles," quod ich,
 "And youre children bothe,
 And Sathan youre saveour,
 Ye self now ye witnessen."
 "For I have saved yow self," seith
 "And youre sones after, [Crist,
 Your bodies, youre beestes, 11051

And blynde men holpen, 11052
 And fed yow with two fisshes
 And with fyve loves,
 And lefte baskettes ful of broke mete,
 Bere away who so wolde."

And mys-seide the Jewes manliche,
 And manaced hem to bete,
 And knocked on hem with a corde,
 And caste a-doun hir stalles
 That in chirche chaffareden,
 Or chaungeden any moneie,
 And seide it in sighte of hem alle,
 So that alle herden :—

 "I shal overturne this temple,
 And a-doun throwe it,
 And in thre daies after
 Edifie it newe, [moore
 And maken it as muche outhur
 In alle manere poyntes
 As evere it was, and as wid ;
 Wherefore I hote yow,
 Of preieres and of perfitnesse
 This place that ye callen." 11074
Domus mea domus orationis voca-
bitur.

 Envye and yvel wil
 Was in the Jewes ;
 Thei casten and contreveden
 To kulle hym whan thei myghte,
 Eche day after oother
 Hir tyme thei awaiteden ;
 Til it bifel on a Friday
 A litel bfore Pasqe,
 The Thursday bfore 11085

There he made his maundee, 11086
 Sittyng at the soper
 He seide thise wordes,
 "I am sold thorough oon of yow,
 He shal the tyme rewe,
 That evere he his Saveour solde,
 For silver or ellis."

Judas jangled ther ayein ;
 Ac Jhesus hym tolde,
 It was hymself soothly,
 And seide *tu dicis*.

Thanne wente forth that wikked
 And with the Jewes mette, [man,
 And tolde hem a tokne
 How to knowe with Jhesus,
 And which tokne to this day
 To muche is y-used,
 That is kissyng and fair counte-
 And unkynde wille. [naunce,
 And so was with Judas tho,
 That Jhesus bitrayed :
 "*Ave, raby,*" quod that ribaud,
 And right to hym he yede, 11108
 And kiste hym, to be caught therby,
 And kulled of the Jewes.

Thanne Jhesus to Judas
 And to the Jewes seide,
 "Falsnesse I fynde
 In thi faire speche,
 And gile in thi glad chere,
 And galle is in thi laughyng ;
 Thow shalt be myrour
 To many men to deceyve,
 Ac the worse and the wikkednesse

Shal worthe upon thiselve. 11120

Necesse est ut veniant scandala :

Væ homini illi per quem scandalum venit !

“ Though I bi treson be take
At youre owene wille,
Suffreth myne apostles in pees
And in pays gange.”

On a Thursday in thesternesse

Thus was he taken,

Thorugh Judas and Jewes,

Jhesus was his name, 11131

That on the Friday folwyng

For mankyndes sake

Justed in Jherusalem,

A joye to us alle.

On cros upon Calvarie

Crist took the bataille

Ayeins deeth and the devel,

Destruyed hir botheres myghtes,

Deide and deed for-dide,

And day of nyght made.

And I awaked therwith, 11142

And wiped myne eighen,

And after Piers the Plowman

Pried and stared

Est-ward and west-ward,

I waited after faste,

And yede forth as an ydiot

In contree to aspie,

After Piers the Plowman

Many a place I soughte.

And thanne mette I with a man,

A myd-lenten Sonday, 11153

As hoor as an hawethorn, 11154
 And Abraham he highte.
 I frayned hym first
 Fram whennes he come,
 And of whennes he were,
 And whider that he soughte.

“**I** AM Feith,” quod that freke,
 “It falleth noght to lye,
 And of Abrahames hous
 An heraud of armes,
 And seke after a segge 11164
 That I seigh ones,
 A ful bold bachelor,
 I knew hym by his blasen.”

“What berth that buyrn?” quod
 “So blisse thee bitide!” [I tho,
 “Thre leodes in oon lyth,
 Noon lenger than oother,
 Of oon muchel and myght
 In mesure and in lengthe;
 That oon dooth, alle dooth,
 And ech dooth bi his one. 11175

“The firste hath myght and ma-
 Makere of alle thynges, [jestee,
Pater is his propre name,
 A persone by hymselfe.

“The secounde of tha sire is
 Sothfastnesse *filius*,
 Wardeyn of that wit hath
 Was evere withouten gynnyng.

“The thridde highte the Holi
 A persone by hymselfe, [Goost,
 The light of al that lif hath 11186

A-londe and a-watre, 11187
 Confortour of creatures,
 Of hym cometh alle blisse.

“ So thre bilongeth for a lord
 That lordshipe cleymeth,
 Might and mene
 To knowe his owene myghte,
 Of hym and of his servaunt,
 And what thei suffre bothe.

“ So God that gynnyng hadde
 nevere,

But tho hym good thoughte, 11197
 Sente forth his sone,
 As for servaunt that tyme,
 To ocupie hym here,
 Til issue were spronge,
 That is, children of charité,
 And holi chirche the moder ;
 Patriarkes and prophetes
 And apostles were the children,
 And Crist and cristendom,
 And cristene holy chirche,
 In menyngge that man moste 11208
 On o God bileve.

And there hym likede and lovede,
 In thre persones hym shewed,
 And that it may be so and sooth,
 Manhode it sheweth,
 Wedlok and widwehode,
 With virginité y-nempned,
 In tokenyngge of the Trinité
 Was out of man taken.

“ Adam was oure aller fader,
 And Eve was of hymselfe, 11219

And the issue that thei hadde 11220
 It was of hem bothe,
 And either is otheres joie
 In thre sondry persones,
 And in hevene and here
 Oon singuler name ;
 And thus is mankynde and manhede
 Of matrimoyne y-spronge,
 And bitokneth the Trinité
 And trewe bileve.

“ Mighty is matrimoyne,
 That multiplieth the erthe, 11231
 And bitokneth trewely,
 Telle if I dorste,
 Hym that first formed al,
 The fader of hevene.

“ The sone, if I it dorste seye,
 Resembleth wel the widewe.
Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid de-
reliquisti me !

“ That is, creatour weex creature
 To knowe what was bothe.
 As widewe withouten wedlok 11242
 Was nevere yit y-seighe ;
 Na-moore myghte God be man,
 But if he moder hadde.
 So widewe withouten wedlok
 May noght wel stande,
 Ne matrimoyne withouten muliere
 Is noght muche to preise.

Maledictus homo qui non reliquit
semen in Israel ! etc.

“ Thus in thre persones
 Is perfitliche manhede ;

That is man and his make 11254
 And muliere children. [racion
 And is noght but gendre of a gene-
 Bifore Jhesu Crist in hevene;
 So is the fader forth with the sone,
 And fre wille of bothe.

*Spiritus procedens a patre et filio,
 etc.*

Which is the Holy Goost of alle,
 And alle is but o God.

“ Thus in a somer I hym seigh
 As I sat in my porche. 11265

I roos up and revered hym,
 And right faire hym grette,
 Thre men to my sighte
 I made wel at ese,
 Wessh her feet and wiped hem,
 And afterward thei eten
 Calves flessch and cake-breed,
 And knewe what I thoughte!
 Ful trewe toknes bitwene us is,
 To telle whan me liketh.

“ First he fonded me 11276
 If I lovede bettre
 Hym or Ysaak myn heir,
 The which he highte me kulle.
 He wiste my wille bi hym,
 He wol me it allowe;
 I am ful siker in soule therof,
 And my sone bothe.

I circumscised my sone
 Sithen for his sake,
 Myself and my meynee,
 And alle that male weere, 11287

Bledden blood for that Lordes love,
 And hope to blisse the tyme.
 Myn affiaunce and my feith
 Is ferme in his bileve;
 For himself bihighte to me,
 And to myn issue bothe,
 Lond and lordshipe,
 And lif withouten ende;
 To me and to myn issue
 Moore yet he grauntede,
 Mercy for oure mys-dedes,
 As many tyme as we asken. 11299

*Quam olim Abrahæ promisisisti et
 semini ejus.*

“And siththe he sente me to seye
 I sholde do sacrificise,
 And doon hym worship with breed
 And with wyn bothe;
 And called me the foot of his feith,
 His folk for to save,
 And defende hem fro the fend,
 Folk that on me leveden. 11309

“Thus have I ben his heraud
 Here and in helle,
 And confortd many a careful
 That after his comynge waiteden.
 And thus I seke hym,” he seide,
 “For I herde seyn late
 Of a barn that baptysed hym,
 Johan Baptist was his name,
 That to patriarkes and to prophetes,
 And to oother peple in derknesse,
 Seide that he seigh here
 That sholde save us alle.” 11321

Ecce agnus Dei ! etc. 11322

I hadde wonder of hise wordes,
And of hise wide clothes ;
For in his bosom he bar a thyng
That he blissed evere.

And I loked in his lappe,
A lazar lay therinne
Amonges patriarkes and prophetes
Pleyinge togideres.

“ What awaitestow ? ” quod he,
“ And what woldestow have ? ”

“ I wolde wite, ” quod I tho,
“ What is in youre lappe. ” 11334

“ Loo ! ” quod he ; and leet me see.
“ Lord, mercy ! ” I seide ;

“ This is a present of mucche pris,
What prynce shal it have ? ” [he ;

“ It is a precious present, ” quod
“ Ac the pouke it hath attached,
And me thermyde, ” quod that man,
“ May no wed us quyte,

Ne no buyrn be oure borgh,
Ne brynge us fram his daunger ;
Out of the poukes pondfold 11345

No maynprise may us feeche,
Til he come that I carpe of,
Crist is his name,

That shal delivere us som day
Out of the develes power,
And bettre wed for us legge

Than we ben alle worthi,
That is lif for lif,

Or ligge thus evere
Lollynge in my lappe, 11355

Til swich a lord us fecche." 11356

"Allas!" I seide, "that synne
So longe shal lette

The myght of Goddes mercy,
That myghte us alle amende."

I wepte for hise wordes.

With that saugh I another

Rapeliche renne forth,

The righte wey he wente.

I affrayned hym first

Fram whennes he come,

And what he highte, and whider he
wolde;

And wightly he tolde. 11368





*Passus Decimus Septimus, etc. et
Secundus de Do-bet.*

“**I** AM *Spes*,” quod he ; “aspie
And spire after a knyght,
That took me a maundement
Upon the mount of Synay,
To rule alle reames with,
I bere the writ here.”

“Is it enseled ?” I seide,
“May men see thi lettres ?”

“Nay,” he seide, “seke hym
That hath the seel to kepe ;
And that is cros and cristendom,
And Crist theron to honge. 11380
And whan it is enseled so,
I woot wel the sothe,
That Luciferis lordshipe
Laste shal no lenger.”

“Lat se thi lettres,” quod I,
“We myghte the lawe knowe.”

Thanne plukkede he forth a pa-
A pece of an hard roche, [tente,
Wheron were writen two wordes
On this wise y-glosed.

Dilige Deum et proximum tuum.

This was the tixte trewely, 11392

I took ful good yeme ; 11393
The glose was gloriously writen,
With a gilt penne.

*In his duobus mandatis tota lex
pendet et prophetia.*

“ Ben here alle thi lordes lawes?”
quod I.

“ Ye, leve me wel,” he seide;
And who so wercheth after this writ,
I wol undertaken
Shal nevere devel hym dere,
Ne deeth in soule greve. 11403

For, though I seye it myself,
I have saved with this charme
Of men and of wommen
Many score thousand. [raud ;

“ Ye seien sooth,” seide this he-
“ I have y-founde it ofte.
Lo! here in my lappe
That leaved on that charme,
Josue and Judith,

And Judas Macabeus, 11413
Ye, and sixti thousand biside forth,
That ben noght seyen here.”

“ Youre wordes arn wonderfule,”
quod I tho,

“ Which of yow is trewest,
And lelest to leve so,
For lif, and for soule?

Abraham seith

That he seigh hoolly the Trinité,
Thre persones in parcelles
Departable fro oother,

And alle thre but o god ; 11424

Thus Abraham me taughte, 11425
And hath saved that bileved so,
And sory for hir synnes.
He kan noght siggen the somme,
And some arn in his lappe.
What neded it thanne
A newe lawe to bigynne,
Sith the firste suffiseth
To savacion and to blisse?
And now cometh *Spes* and speketh,
That aspied the lawe;
And telleth noght of the Trinité
That took hym hise lettres,
To bileeve and lovy
In o lord almyghty,
And siththe right as myself
So lovy alle peple.

“The gome that gooth with o staf,
He semeth in gretter heele
Than he that gooth with two staves,
To sighte of us alle.

“And right so, bi the roode!
Reson me sheweth 11447
That it is lighter to lewed men
O lesson to knowe,
Than for to techen hem two,
And to hard to lerne to the leeste
It is ful hard for any man
On Abraham bileve;
And wel away worse yit
For to love a sherewe.
It is lighter to leeve
In thre lovely persones,
Than for to lovy and leve 11458

As wel lorels as lele." 11459

"Go thi gate!" quod I to *Spes*,
 "So me God helpe!
 Tho that lernen thi lawe,
 Wol litel while usen it."
 And as we wenten thus in the wey
 Wordynge togideres,
 Thanne seighe we a Samaritan
 Sittyng on a mule,
 Ridyng ful rapely

The righte wey we yeden,
 Comynge from a contree 11470

That men called Jerico,
 To a justes in Jerusalem
 He chaced away faste.
 Bothe the heraud and Hope
 And he mette at ones
 Where a man was wounded,
 And with theves taken;
 He myghte neither steppe ne stande,
 Ne stere foot ne handes,
 Ne helpe hymself soothly,
 For semy-vif he semed, 11481
 And as naked as a nedle,
 And noon help aboute hym.

Feith hadde first sighte of hym;
 Ac he fleigh aside,
 And nolde noght neghen hym
 By nyne londes lengthe.

Hope cam hippynge after,
 That hadde so y-bosted
 How he with Moyses maundement
 Hadde many men y-holpe; [segge.
 Ac whan he hadde sighte of that

Aside he gan hym drawe 11493
 Dredfully bi this day,
 As doke dooth fram the faucon.

Ac so soone so the Samaritan
 Hadde sighte of this leode,
 He lighte a-down of lyard,
 And ladde hym in his hande,
 And to the wye he wente
 Hise woundes to biholde;
 And perceyved bi his pous
 He was in peril to dye, [rapelier,
 And but he hadde recoverer the
 That rise sholde he nevere. 11505

With wyn and with oille
 Hise woundes he wasshed,
 Enbawmed hym and bond his heed,
 And in his lappe hym leide,
 And ladde hym so forth on lyard
 To *lex Christi*, a graunge
 Wel sixe mile or sevene
 Biside the newe market;
 Herberwed hym at an hostrie,
 And to the hostiler called, 11515
 And seide, "Have kepe this man
 Til I come fro the justes;
 And lo! here silver," he seide,
 "For salve to hise woundes."

And he took hym two pens,
 To liflod, as it weere; [moore,
 And seide, "What he spendeth
 I make thee good herafter;
 For I may noght lette," quod that
 And lyard he bistrideth, [leode;
 And raped hym to Jerusalem-ward

The righte wey to ryde. 11527

Feith folwede after faste,
And fondede to mete hym;
And *Spes* spakliche hym spedde,
Spede if he myghte
To overtaken hym and talke to hym,
Er thei to towne coome.

And whan I seigh this, I so-
journed noght,

But shoop me to renne,
And suwed that Samaritan
That was so ful of pité, 11537
And graunted hym to ben his groom.

"Graunt mercy!" he seide;
"Ac thi frend and thi felawe," quod
"Thow fyndest me at nede." [he,

And I thanked hym tho,
And siththe I hym tolde
How that Feith fleigh away,
And *Spes* his felawe bothe,
For sighte of that sorweful man
That robbed was with theves.

"Have hem excused," quod he,

"Hir help may litel availle;

May no medicyne on molde

The man to heele brynge,

Neither feith ne fyn hope,

So festred be hise woundes,

Withouten the blood of a barn

Born of a mayde.

And he be bathed in that blood,

Baptised as it were,

And thanne plastred with penaunce

And passion of that baby, 11559

He sholde stonde and steppe. 11560

Ac stalworthe worth he nevere,

Til he have eten al the barn,

And his blood y-dronke.

For wente nevere wye in this world

Thorugh that wilderness,

That he ne was robbed or rifled,

Rood he there or yede,

Save Feith and his felawe,

Spes, and myselve,

And thiself now, 11570

And swiche as suwen oure werkes.

“For outlawes in the wode

And under bank lotieth,

And mowen ech man see,

And good mark take

Who is bihynde and who bifore,

And who ben on horse

For he halt hym hardier on horse

Than he that is foote.

For he seigh me that am Samaritan

Suwen Feith and his felawe 11581

On my capul that highte *caro*,

Of mankynde I took it ;

He was unhardy that harlot,

And hidde hym *in Inferno*.

Ac er this day thre daies,

I dar undertaken,

That he worth fettred, that feloun,

Faste with cheynes,

And nevere eft greve gome

That gooth this ilke gate.

“And thanne shal Feith be forster

here,

11592

And in this fryth walke, 11593
And kennen out comune men
That knowen noght the contree
Which is the wey that I wente,
And wher forth to Jerusalem.
And Hope the hostilers man shal be,
Ther the man lith an helyng;
And alle that feble and feynte be,
That Feith may noght teche,
Hope shal lede hem forth with love,
As his lettre telleth, 11603
And hostele hem and heele
Thorugh holy chirche bileve,
Til I have salve for alle sike;
And thanne shal I turne,
And come ayein bi this contree,
And conforten alle sike
That craveth it and coveiteth it,
Or crieth therafter.
For the barn was born in Bethleem,
That with his blood shal save
Alle that lyven in feith 11614
And folwen his felawes techynge.”
“A ! swete sire,” I seide tho,
“Wher I shal bileve,
As Feith and his felawe
Enformed me bothe,
In thre persones departable,
That perpetuele were evere,
And alle thre but o God,
Thus Abraham me taughte.
“And Hope afterward
He bad me to lovye
O God with al my good, 11626

11627

11649

11649

11660

11660

That sent was til erthe, 11661
 That touched and tastede
 At techynge of the pawme
 Seinte Marie a mayde,
 And mankynde laughte.
Qui conceptus est de Spiritu sancto,
etc.

“The Fader is pawme as a fust,
 With fynger to touche,—
Quia omnia traham ad meipsum,
etc.

Al that the pawme perceyveth
 Profitable to feele.

“Thus are thei alle but oon,
 As it an hand weere,
 And thre sondry sightes
 In oon shewynge,
 The pawme for it putteth forth fyn-
 And the fust bothe; [gres,
 Right so redily,
 Reson it sheweth
 How he that is Holy Goost
 Sire and Son preveth. 11683

“And as the hand halt harde,
 And alle thyng faste,
 Thorugh foure fynGRES and a thombe
 Forth with the pawme;
 Right so the Fader and the Sone,
 And Seint Spirit the thridde,
 Al the wide world
 Withinne hem thre holden,
 Bothe wolkne and the wynd,
 Water and erthe,
 Hevene and helle, 11694

And al that is therinne. 11695

“ Thus it is, nedeth no man
Trowe noon oother,
That thre thynges bilongeth
In oure Lord of Hevene ;
And aren serelopes by himself,
A-sondry were thei nevere,
Na-moore than myn hand may
Meve withoute my fyngres.

“ And as my fust is ful hand
Y-holden togideres ;
So is the Fader a ful God, 11706
Formour and shappere.

Tu fabricator omnium, etc.

And al the myght myd hym is
In makynge of thynges.
The fyngres formen a ful hand
To portreye or peynten,
Kervynge and compasyng,
As craft of the fyngres.

“ Right so is the Sone
The science of the Fader,
And ful God as is the Fader, 11717
No febler ne no bettre. [hand,

“ The pawme is pureliche the
And hath power by hymself,
Other wise than the writhen fust,
Or werkmanshipe of fyngres.
For he hath power
To putte out alle the joyntes,
And to unfolde the folden fust,
At the fyngres wille.

“ So is the Holy Goost God,
Neither gretter ne lasse 11728

Than is the Sire and the Sone,
 And in the same myghte.
 And alle are thei but o God ;
 As is myn hand and my fynGRES,
 Unfolden or folden,
 My fust and my pawme,
 Al is but an hand ;
 Evene in the myddes,
 He may receyve right noght,
 Reson it sheweth,
 For the fynGRES that folde sholde
 And the fust make, 11740
 For peyne of the pawme,
 Power hem failleth
 To clucche or to clawe,
 To clippe or to holde.

“ Were the myddel of myn hand
 Y-maymed or y-perissed,
 I sholde receyve right noght
 Of that I reche myghte.

“ Ac though my thombe and my
 Bothe were to-shullen, [fynGRES
 And the myddel of myn hand 11751
 Withoute *male-ese*,
 In many kynnes maneres
 I myghte myself helpe,
 Bothe mene and amende,
 Though alle my fynGRES oke.

“ By this skile, me thynketh,
 I se an evidence [Spirit,
 That who so synneth in the Seint
 Assoilled worth he nevere,
 Neither here ne ellis where,
 As I herde telle. 11762

Qui peccat in Spiritu sancto, etc.

For he priketh God as in the pawme,

That *peccat in Spiritu sancto*.

For God the fader is as a fust,

The Sone is as a fynger,

The Holy Goost of hevene

Is as it were the pawme ;

So who so synneth in the Seint Spirit,

It semeth that he greveth

God, that he grypeth with,

And wolde his grace quenche.

“ And to a torche or a tapur

The Trinité is likned ; 11775

As wex and a weke

Were twyned togideres,

And thanne a fir flawmynge

Forth out of bothe ;

And as wex and weke

And hoot fir togideres

Fostren forth a flawmbe

And a fair leye,

So dooth the Sire and the Sone

And also *Spiritus sanctus*, 11785

That alle kynne cristene

Clenseth of synnes

And as thow seest som tyme

Sodeynliche a torche,

The blase therof y-blowe out,

Yet brenneth the weke

Withouen leye or light

That the macche brenneth ;

So is the Holy Goost God,

And grace withoute mercy

To alle unkynde creatures, 11796

That coveite to destruye 11797

Lele love or lif

That oure Lord shapte.

“ And as glowynge gledes
Gladeth noght thise werkmen,

That werchen and waken

In wyntres nyghtes,

As dooth a kex or a candle

That caught hath fir and blaseth ;

Na-moore dooth Sire ne Sone

Ne Seint Spirit togidres

Graunte no grace 11808

Ne forgifnesse of synnes,

Til the Holy Goost gynne

To glowe and to blase.

So that the Holy Goost

Gloweth but as a glade,

Til that lele love

Ligge on hym and blowe,

And thanne flawmeth he as fir

On Fader and on *Filius*,

And melteth hire myght into mercy ;

As men may se in wyntre 11819

Ysekeles and evesynges

Thorugh hete of the sonne

Melte in a minut while

To myst and to watre.

“ So grace of the Holy Goost

The greet myght of the Trinité

Melteth to mercy,

To merciablen and to othere ;

And as wax withouten moore

On a warm glede

Wol brennen and blasen, 11830

Be thei togideres, 11831
 And solacen hem that mowe se,
 That sitten in derknesse.

“ So wol the Fader forgyve
 Folk of mylde hertes,
 That rufully repenten,
 And restitution make,
 In as muche as thei mowen
 Amenden and paien ;
 And if it suffise noght for assetz,
 That in swich a wille deyeth,
 Mercy for his mekenesse 11842
 Wol maken good the remenaunt.
 And as the weke and fir
 Wol maken a warm flaumbe,
 For to murthen men myd
 That in the derke sitten ;
 So wole Crist of his curteisie,
 And men crye hym mercy.
 Bothe forgyve and foryete,
 And yit bidde for us
 To the Fader of hevene
 Forgifnesse to have. 11853

“ Ac hewe fir at a flynt
 Foure hundred wynter,
 But thow have tow to take it with,
 Tonder or broches,
 Al thi labour is lost,
 And al thi long travaille ;
 For may no fir flaumbe make,
 Faille it is kynde.

“ So is the Holi Goost God,
 And grace withouten mercy
 To alle unkynde creatures, 11864

Crist hymself witnesseth. 11865

Amen dico vobis, nescio vos, etc.

“Be unkynde to thyn evene cristene,

And al that thow kanst bidde,

Delen and do penaunce

Day and nyght evere,

And purchace al the pardon

Of Pampilon and Rome,

And indulgences y-nowe,

And be *ingratus* to thi kynde,

The Holy Goost hereth thee noght,

Ne helpe may thee by reson ;

For unkyndenesse quencheth hym,

That he kan noght shyne,

Ne brenne ne blase clere, 11879

For blowynge of unkyndenesse.

Poul the apostel

Preveth wheither I lye.

Si linguis hominum loquar, etc.

“For-thi beth war, ye wise men,

That with the world deleth,

That riche ben and reson knoweth,

Ruleth wel youre soule,

Beth noght unkynde, I conseilleyow,

To youre evene cristene,

For manye of yow riche men,

By my soule ! men telleth,

Ye brenne, but ye blase noght,

That is a blynd bekene.

Non omnis qui dicit Domine ! Domine ! intrabit, etc.

“Dives deyde dampned,

For his unkyndenesse 11897

Of his mete and of his moneie 11898
 To men that it nedede.
 Ech a riche I rede
 Reward at hym take,
 And gyveth youre good to that God
 That grace of ariseth ;
 For thei that ben unkynde to hise,
 Hope I noon oother,
 But thei dwelle ther Dives is
 Dayes withouten ende. [trarie,
 " Thus is unkyndenesse the con-
 That quencheth, as it were, 11909
 The grace of the Holy Goost,
 Goddes owene kynde.
 For that kynde dooth, unkynde for-
 As thise corsede theves [dooth ;
 Unkynde cristene men,
 For coveitise and envye,
 Sleeth a man for hise moebles
 With mouth or with handes.
 For that the Holy Goost hath to
 The harlotes destruyeth, [kepe,
 The which is lif and love, 11920
 The leye of mannes body.
 For every manere good man
 May be likned to a torche,
 Or ellis to a tapur,
 To reverence the Trinité ;
 And who morthereþ a good man,
 Me thynketh by myn inwit,
 He for-dooth the levest light
 That oure Lord lovyeth.

" And yet in manye mo maneres
 Men offenden the Holy Goost.
 Ac this is the worste wise 11932

That any wight myghte 11903
 Synnen ayein the Seint Spirit,
 Assenten to destruye
 For coveitise of any kynnes thyng
 That Crist deere boughte,
 That wikkedliche and wilfulliche
 Wolde mercy aniente.

“Innocence is next God,
 And nyght and day it crieth,
 ‘Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!’
 Forgyve be it nevere [blood,
 That shente us and shedde oure
 For-shapte us, as it were!’ 11945
Vindica sanguinem justorum.

“Thus ‘Vengeaunce! vengeaunce!’
 Verrey Charité asketh.
 And sith holy chirche and Charité
 Chargeth this so soore,
 Leve I nevere that oure Lord
 Wol love that charité lakketh,
 Ne have pité for any preiere
 Ther that he pleyneth.”

“I pose I hadde synned so,
 And sholde now deye; 11956
 And now I am sory that I so
 The Seint Spirit a-gulte,
 Confesse me and crye his grace,
 God that al made,
 And myldeliche his mercy aske,
 Myghte I noght be saved?”

“Yis,” seide the Samaritan,
 “So wel thow myght repente,
 That rightwisnesse thorough repent-
 To ruthe myghte turne. [aunce
 Ac it is but selden y-seighe 11967

Ther soothnesse bereth witnesse,
 Any creature that is coupable
 Afore a kynges justice,
 Be raunsoned for his repentaunce,
 Ther alle reson hym dampneth.
 For ther that partie pursueth,
 The peple is so huge,
 That the kyng may do no mercy
 Til bothe men acorde,
 And eyther have equité,
 As holy writ telleth. 11978

Nunquam dimittitur peccatum, etc.

“Thus it fareth by swich folk
 That falsly al hire lyves
 Yvele lyven, and leten noght
 Til lif hem forsake.
 Good hope, that helpe sholde,
 To wanhope torneth,
 Noght of the noun power of God,
 That he ne is myghtful
 To amende al that amys is,
 And his mercy gretter
 Than alle oure wikkede werkes,
 As holy writ telleth. 11991

Misericordia ejus super omnia opera ejus.

Ac er his rightwisnesse to ruthe
 Som restitution bihoveth. [torne,
 His sorwe is satisfaccion,
 For hym that may noght paie.

“Thre thynges ther ben
 That doon a man by strengthe
 For to fleen his owene,
 As holy writ sheweth.

“That oon is a wikkede wif,

That wol noght be chastised ; 12003
Hir feere fleeth fro hire,
For feere of hir tonge.

“ And if his hous be un-hiled,
And reyne on his bedde,
He seketh and seketh
Til he slepe drye.

“ And whan smoke and smolder
Smyt in his sighte,
It dooth hym worse than his wif
Or wete to slepe.

For smoke and smolder 12014
Smyteth in hise eighen,
Til he be bler-eighed, or blynd,
And hoors in the throte,
Cogheth, and curseth
That Crist gyve hem sorwe
That sholde brynge in bettre wode,
Or blowe it til it brende.

“ Thise thre that I telle of
Ben thus to understonde ;
The wif is oure wikked flessch,
That wol noght be chastised ; 12025
For kynde clyveth on hym evere
To contrarie the soule.
And though it falle, it fynt skiles
That freleté it made,
And that is lightly forgyven
And forgotten bothe,
To man that mercy asketh,
And amende thenketh.

“ The reyn that reyneth
Ther we reste sholde,
Ben siknesse and sorwes
That we suffren ofte ; 12037

As Poul the apostle 12038
To the people taughte.

Virtus infirmitate perficitur, etc.

“ And though that men make
Muche doel in hir angre,
And ben inpacient in hir penaunce,
Pure reson knoweth
That thei han cause to contrarie
By kynde of hir siknesse ;
And lightliche oure Lord
At hir lyves ende
Hath mercy on swiche men,
That so yvele may suffre. 12050

“ Ac the smoke and the smolder
That smyt in oure eighen,
That is coveitise and unkyndenesse,
That quencheth Goddes mercy.
For unkyndenesse is the contrarie
Of alle kynnes reson.
For ther nys sik ne sory,
Ne noon so muche wrecche,
That he ne may lovye, and hym like,
And lene of his herte
Good wille and good word,
And wisshen and willen
Alle manere men
Mercy and forgifnesse,
And lovye hem lik hymself,
And his lif amende.

“ I may no lenger lette,” quod he ;
And lyard he prikede,
And wente away as wynd ;
And therwith I awakede. 12070



*Passus Decimus Octavus, etc. et
Tertius de Do-bet.*



WOLLEWARD and weet-
shoed 12072
Wente I forth after,
As a recchelees renk
That of no wo roughte,
And yede forth lik a lorel
Al my lif tyme,
Til I weex wery of the world,
And wilned eft to slepe,
And lened me to a lenten,
And longe tyme I slepte ; [aunce,
And of Cristes passion and pen-
The peple that of raughte,
Reste me there, and rutte faste
Til *ramis palmarum*.
Of gerlis and of *gloria laus*
Gretly me dremed,
And how *hosanna* by organye
Olde folk songen.

Oon semblable to the Samaritan,
And som deel to Piers the Plowman,
Bare-foot on an asse bak
Boot-les cam prikye, 12093

Withouten spores other spere,
 Spakliche he lokede,
 As is the kynde of a knyght
 That cometh to be dubbed,
 To geten hym gilte spores,
 Or galoches y-couped.

Thanne was Feith in a fenestre,
 And cryde a *fili David*,
 As dooth an heraud of armes,
 Whan aventrous cometh to justes.
 Old Jewes of Jerusalem
 For joye thei songen, 12105
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Do-
mini.

Thanne I frayned at Feith,
 What al that fare by-mente,
 And who sholde juste in Jerusalem.
 "Jhesus," he seide,
 "And fecche that the fend claymeth,
 Piers fruyt the Plowman."

"Is Piers in this place?" quod I.
 And he preynte on me :
 "This Jhesus of his gentries 12116
 Wol juste in Piers armes,
 In his helm and in his haubergeon,
Humana natura ;
 That Crist be noght bi-knowe here
 For *consummatus Deus*.
 In Piers paltok the Plowman
 This prikiere shal ryde.
 For no dynt shal hym dere,
 As in *deitate Patris*."

"Who shal juste with Jhesus?"
 quod I, 12126

“Jewes or scribes?” 12127

“Nay,” quod he; “The foule fend,
And fals doom and deeth.
Deeth seith he shal for-do
And a-doun brynge
Al that lyveth and loketh
In londe and in watre.

“Lif seith that he lieth,
And leieth his lif to wedde,
That for al that deeth kan do
Withinne thre daies
To walke and fecche fro the fend
Piers fruyt the Plowman,
And legge it ther hym liketh,
And Lucifer bynde, 12141
And for-bete and a-doun brynge
Bale deeth for evere.”

O mors, ero mors tua.

Thanne cam Pilatus with mucche
peple,
Sedens pro tribunali,
To se how doghtiliche Deeth sholde
And deme hir botheres right. [do,
The Jewes and the justice
Ayeins Jhesu thei weere,
And al the court on hym cryde
Crucifige sharpe.

Tho putte hym forth a pilour
Bifore Pilat, and seide,
“This Jhesus of oure Jewes temple
Hath japed and despised,
To for-doon it on o day,
And in thre dayes after
Edifie it eft newe; 12159

Here he stant that seide it ; 12160
 And yit maken it as muche
 In alle manere poyntes,
 Bothe as long and as large,
 Bi lofte and by grounde."

"*Crucifige !*" quod a cachepol ;
 "I warrante hym a wicche."

"*Tolle ! tolle !*" quod another,
 And took of kene thornes,
 And bigan of kene thorn
 A garland to make,
 And sette it sore on his heed, 12171
 And seide in envye,
 "Ave, Raby," quod that rybaud,
 And threw reedes at hym,
 Nailed hym with thre nailes
 Naked on the roode,
 And poison on a poole
 Thei putte up to hise lippes,
 And beden hym drynken his deeth
 yvel,

Hise daies were y-done,
 "And if that thow sotil be, 12181
 Help now thiselve ;
 If thow be Crist and kynges sone,
 Com down of the roode ; [eth,
 Thanne shul we leve that lif thee lov-
 And wol noght lete thee deye."

"*Consummatum est,*" quod Crist,
 And comsede for to swoune
 Pitousliche and pale,
 As a prison that deieth.
 The lord of lif and of light
 Tho leide hise eighen togideres.

The day for drede withdrough, 12193
 And derk bicam the sonne;
 The wal waggede and cleef,
 And al the world quaved;
 Dede men for that dene
 Come out of depe graves,
 And tolde why that tempeste
 So longe tyme durede;
 "For a bitter bataille,"
 The dede body seide,
 "Lif and deeth in this derknesse
 Hir oon for-dooth hir oother. 12204
 Shal no wight wite witterly
 Who shal have the maistrie
 Er Sonday aboute sonne risyng;"
 And sank with that til erthe.

Some seide that he was Goddes
 That so faire deide. [sone
Vere filius Dei erat iste.
 And some seide he was a wicche,
 "Good is that we assaye
 Wher he be deed or noght deed,
 Doun er he be taken." 12215

Two theves also
 Tholed deeth that tyme,
 Upon a croos besides Crist,
 So was the comune lawe.
 A cachepol cam forth
 And craked bothe hire legges,
 And the armes after
 Of either of tho theves.
 Ac was no body so boold
 Goddes body to touche;
 For he was knyght and kynges sone,

Kynde for-yaf that tyme, 12227
 That noon harlot were so hardy
 To leyen hond upon hym.

Ac ther cam forth a knyght,
 With a kene spere y-grounde,
 Highte Longeus, as the lettre telleth,
 And longe hadde lore his sighte.
 Bifore Pilat and oother peple
 In the place he hoved;
 Maugree his manye teeth,
 He was maad that tyme 12237
 To take the spere in his hond,
 And justen with Jhesus.
 For alle thei were unhardy,
 That hoved on horse or stode,
 To touchen hym or to tasten hym,
 Or taken doun of roode.
 But this blynde bacheler
 Baar hym thorough the herte;
 The blood sprong doun by the spere,
 And unspered the knyghtes eighen.

Thanne fil the knyght upon knees,
 And cryde hym mercy; 12249
 "Ayein my wille it was, Lord,
 To wownde yow so soore."
 He sighed and seide,
 "Soore it me a-thynketh,
 For the dede that I have doon
 I do me in youre grace.
 Have on me ruthe! rightful Jhesu!"
 And right with that he wepte.

Thanne gan Feith felly
 The false Jewes despise, 12259

Callede hem caytyves 12260

Acorsed for evere ;

“ For this foule vileynye

Vengeaunce to yow falle !

To do the blynde bete hym y-bounde,

It was a boyes counseille.

Cursede caytif !

Knyghthood was it nevere

To mys-do a deed body

By daye or by nyghte.

The gree yit hath he geten,

For al his grete wounde. 12271

“ For youre champion chivaler,

Chief knyght of yow alle,

Yilt hym recreaunt rennyng

Right at Jhesus wille.

For be this derknesse y-do,

His deeth worth avenged ;

And ye, lurdaynes, han y-lost,

For lif shal have the maistrye ;

And youre fraunchise, that fre was,

Fallen is in thraldom,

And ye, cherles, and youre children

Cheve shulle nevere 12283

To have lordshipe in londe,

Ne no lond tilye,

But al barayne be,

And usurie usen,

Which is lif that oure Lord

In alle lawes acurseth.

Now youre goode dayes arn doon,

As Daniel prophecied,

Whan Crist cam, of hir kyngdom

The crowne sholde cesse.” 12293

Cum veniat sanctus sanctorum, cessabit unctio vestra.

What for feere of this ferly,
 And of the false Jewes,
 I drow me in that derknesse
 To *descendit ad inferna*;
 And there I saugh soothly
Secundum Scripturas
 Out of the west coste
 A wenche, as me thoughte,
 Cam walkynge in the wey,
 To helle-ward she loked. 12305
 Mercy highte that mayde,
 A meke thyng withalle,
 A ful benigne burde,
 And buxom of speche.

Hir suster, as it semed,
 Cam soothly walkynge,
 Evene out of the est,
 And west-ward she lokede,
 A ful comely creature,
 Truthe she highte, 12315
 For the vertue that hire folwede
 A-fered was she nevere.

Whan thise maydenes mette,
 Mercy and Truthe,
 Either asked oother
 Of this grete wonder,
 Of the dyn and of the derknesse,
 And how the day rowed,
 And which a light and a leme
 Lay bifore helle.
 "Ich have ferly of this fare,
 In feith!" seide Truthe, 12327

“ And am wendynge to wite 12328
What this wonder meneth.”

“ Have no mervelle,” quod
“ Murth it bitokneth. [Mercy,

A maiden that highte Marie,
And moder withouten felyng
Of any kynnes creature,

Conceyved thorough speche
And grace of the Holy Goost,
Weex greet with childe,

Withouten wem 12338

Into this world she broghte hym ;

And that my tale be trewe,

I take God to witnesse.

“ Sith this barn was y-bore

Ben .xxx.^{ti} wynter passed,

Which deide and deeth tholed

This day aboute myd-day,

And that is cause of this clips

That closeth now the sonne,

In menynges that man shal

Fro merknesse be drawe, 12349

The while this light and this leme

Shal Lucifer a-blende.

For patriarkes and prophetes

Han preched herof ofte :

That man shal man save

Thorough a maydenes helpe ;

And that was tynt thorough tree,

Tree shal it wyne ;

And that deeth a-down broughte,

Deeth shal releve.”

“ That thow tellest,” quod Truthe,

“ Is but a tale of Waltrot. 12361

For Adam and Eve, 12362
 And Abraham, with othere,
 Patriarkes and prophetes,
 That in peyne liggen,
 Leve thow nevere that yon light
 Hem a-lofte brynge,
 Ne have hem out of helle.
 Hold thi tonge, Mercy!
 It is but a trifle that thow tellest;
 I, Truthe, woot the sothe.
 For he that is ones in helle,
 Out cometh he nevere. 12373
 Job the prophete patriark
 Repreveth thi sawes."

Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.

Thanne Mercy ful myldely
 Mouthed thise wordes,
 "Thorugh experience," quod she,
 "I hope thei shul be saved.
 For venym for-dooth venym;
 And that preve I by reson.
 For of alle venymes
 Foulest is the scorpion, 12384
 May no medicine helpe
 The place ther he styngeth,
 Til he be deed, and do therto,
 The yvel he destruyeth,
 The firste venymousté
 Thorugh venym of hymselfe.

"So shal this deeth for-do,
 I dar my lif legge,
 Al that deeth for-dide first
 Thorugh the develes entisyng;
 And right as thorough gile 12395

Man was bi-giled, 12396
So shal grace that bi-gan
Make a good sleighte."

Ars ut artem falleret.

"Now suffre we," seide Truthe ;
"I se, as me thynketh,
Out of the nyppe of the north
Noght ful fer hennes
Rightwisnesse come rennyng.
Reste we the while ;
For he woot moore than we,
He was er we bothe." 12407

"That is sooth," seide Mercy ;
"And I se here by sowthe
Where Pees cometh pleyinge,
In pacience y-clothed.
Love hath coveited hire longe,
Leve I noon oother,
But he sente hire som lettre,
What this light by-meneth
That over-hoveth helle thus,
She us shal telle."

When Pees in pacience y-clothed
Approched ner hem tweyne,
Rightwisnesse hire reverenced,
By hir riche clothyng,
And preide Pees to telle hire
To what place she wolde,
And in hire gaye garnementz
Whom she grete thoughte.

"My wil is to wende," quod she,
"And welcome hem alle
That many day myghte I noght se
For merknesse of synne, 12429

Adam and Eve, 12430
 And othere mo in helle;
 Moyses and many mo
 Mercy shul have,
 And I shal daunce therto,
 Do thow so, suster.
 For Jhesus justede wel,
 Joy bigynneth dawe.

*Ad vesperum demorabitur fletus, et
 ad matutinum lætitia.*

“Love, that is my lemman,
 Swiche lettres me sente, 12441
 That Mercy, my suster, and I
 Mankynde sholde save,
 And that God hath for-gyven
 And graunted me pees and mercy,
 To be mannes meynpernour
 For evere moore after.
 Lo here the patente!” quod Pees,
 “*In pace in idipsum.*
 And that this dede shal dure,
Dormiam et requiescam.”

“What! ravestow?” quod Right-
 wisse,
 “Or thow art right dronke?
 Levestow that yond light
 Unlouke myghte helle,
 And save mannes soule?
 Suster, wene it nevere.
 For God the bigynnere
 Gaf the doom hymselfe,
 That Adam and Eve,
 And alle that hem suwede,
 Sholden deye down righte, 12462

And dwelle in pyne after, 12463
If that thei touchede a tree,
And the fruyt eten.

“Adam afterward
Ayeins his defence
Freet of that fruyt,
And forsook, as it weere,
The love of oure Lord
And his loore bothe,
And folwede that the fend taughte,
And his felawes wille,
Ayeins reson and rightwisnesse,
Recorde thus with truthe,
That hir peyne be perpetuel,
And no preiere hem helpe.
For-thi lat hem chewe as thei chosen,
And chide we noght, sustres ;
For it is bote-lees bale,
The byte that thei eten.”

“And I shal preve,” quod Pees,
“Hir peyne moot have ende,
And from wo into wele
Mowe wenden at the laste. 12485
For hadde thei wist of no wo,
Wele hadde the noght knowen.
For no wight woot what wele is,
That nevere wo suffrede ;
Ne what is hoot hunger,
That hadde nevere defaute.

“If no nyght ne weere,
No man, as I leeve,
Sholde nevere wite witterly
What day is to meene.
Sholde nevere right riche man,

That lyveth in reste and ese, 12497
 Wite what wo is,
 Ne were the deeth of kynde.

“ So God, that bigan al
 Of his goode wille,
 Bicam man of a mayde
 Mankynde to save ;
 And suffrede to be sold,
 To se the sorwe of deying,
 The which unknytteth alle care,
 And comsynge is of reste.
 For til *modicum* mete with us, 12508
 I may it wel avowe,
 Woot no wight, as I wene,
 What y-nogh is to mene.

“ For-thi God of his goodnesse
 The firste gome Adam
 Sette hym in solace,
 And in sovereyn murthe ;
 And siththe he suffred hym synne,
 Sorwe to feele,
 To wite what wele was
 Kyndeliche and knowe it. 12519
 And after God auntrede hymself,
 And took Adames kynde,
 To wite what he hath suffred
 In thre sondry places,
 Bothe in hevene and in erthe,
 And now til helle he thenketh
 To wite what alle wo is,
 And what is alle joye.

“ So it shal fare by this folk,
 Hir folie and hir synne
 Shal lere hem what langour is 12530

And lisse withouten ende. 12531

Woot no wight what werre is
Ther that pees regneth,
Ne what is witterly wele
Til weylawey ! hym teche."

Thanne was ther a wight
With two brode eighen,
Book highte that beau-peere,
A bold man of speche ; [Book,
"By Goddes body !" quod this
"I wol bere witnesse
That tho this barn was y-bore,
Ther blased a sterre
That alle the wise of this world
In o wit acorden,
That swich a barn was y-bore
In Bethleem the citee,
That mannes soule sholde save,
And synne destroye.
And alle the elementz," quod the
"Herof beren witnesse, [Book,
That he was God that al wroghte,
The wolkne first shewed. 12553

"Tho that weren in hevene
Token *stella cometa*,
And tendeden it as a torche
To reverencen his burthe ;
The light folwede the Lord
Into the lowe erthe.

"The water witnessed that he was
For he wente on it. [God,
Peter the apostel
Parceyved his gate,
And as he wente on the water,

Wel hym knew, and seide, 12565
Jube me venire ad te super aquas.

“And lo! how the sonne gan louke
 Hire light in hirselve,
 Whan she seigh hym suffre,
 That sonne and see made.

“The erthe for hevynesse
 That he wolde suffre,
 Quaked as quyk thyng,
 And al biquasshed the roche.

“Lo! helle myghte nat holde,
 But opnede tho God tholede, 12576
 And leet out Symondes sone
 To seen hym hange on roode.
 And now shal Lucifer leve it,
 Though hym looth thynke;
 For *Gigas* the geaunt
 With a gyn hath engyned
 To breke and to bete a-doun
 That ben ayeins Jhesus.
 And I, Book, wole be brent,
 But Jhesus rise to lyve
 In alle myghtes of man, 12587
 And his moder gladie,
 And conforte al his kyn
 And out of care brynge,
 And al the Jewene joye
 Unjoynen and unlouken,
 And but thei reversen his roode,
 And his resurexion,
 And bileve on a newe lawe,
 Be lost lif and soule.”

“Suffre we,” seide Truthe;
 “I here and see bothe 12598

How a spirit speketh to helle, 12599
And biddeth unspere the yates."

Attolite portas, etc.

A vois loude in that light
To Lucifer crieth,
"Prynces of this place,
Unpynneth and unlouketh !
For here cometh with crowne
That kyng is of glorie."

Thanne sikede Sathan,
And seide to hem alle,
"Swich a light ayeins oure leve
Lazar out fette ; 12611

Care and encombraunce
Is comen to us alle !
If this kyng come in,
Mankynde wole he fecche,
And lede it ther hym liketh,
And lightliche me bynde.
Patriarkes and Prophetes
Han parled herof longe,
That swich a lord and light
Sholde lede hem alle hennes."

"Listneth," quod Lucifer,
"For I this lord knowe.
Bothe this lord and this light,
Is longe a-go I knew hym.
May no deeth hym dere,
Ne no develes queyntise ;
And where he wole is his wey,
Ac ware hym of the perils.
If he reveth me my right,
He robbeth me by maistrie ;
For by right and by reson 12632

The renkes that ben here 12633
Body and soule beth myne,
Bothe goode and ille.
For hymself seide,
That sire is of hevene,
If Adam ete the appul,
Alle sholde deye
And dwelle with us develes ;
This thretynge he made.
And he that soothnesse is,
Seide thise wordes.

And sithen I seised 12644
Sevene hundred wynter,
I leeve that lawe nyl noght
Lete hym the leeste."

"That is sooth," seide Sathan ;
"But I me soore drede.

For thow gete hem with gile,
And his gardyn breke,
And in semblaunce of a serpent
Sete upon the appul-tree,
And eggedest hem to ete,
Eve by hirselve ; 12655

And toldest hire a tale,
Of treson were the wordes ;
And so thow haddest hem out,
And hider at the laste.

It is noght graithly geten,
Ther gile is the roote.
For God wol noght be bi-giled,"
Quod Gobelyn, "ne by-japed ;
We have no trewe title to hem,
For thorough treson were thei
dampned."

“ Certes, I drede me,” quod the
 devel,
“ Lest Truthe wol hem fecche ;
Thise thritty wynter, as I wene,
Hath he gon and preched.
I have assailed hym with synne,
And som tyme y-asked
Wheither he were God or Goddes
He yaf me short answer. [sone ;
And thus hath he trolled forth
Thise two and thritty wynter.
And whan I seigh it was so,
Lepyng I wente 12678
To warne Pilates wif
What done man was Jhesus.
For Jewes hateden hym,
And han doon hym to dethe.
I wolde have lengthed his lif ;
For I leved if he deide,
That his soule wolde suffre
No synne in his sighte.
For the body, while it on bones yede,
Aboute was evere
To save men from synne, 12689
If hemself wolde.
And now I se wher a soule
Cometh hiderward seillynge,
With glorie and with gret light,—
God it is, I woot wel.
I rede that we fle,” quod he,
“ Faste alle hennes ;
For us were bettre noght be,
Than biden his sighte.
For thi lesynges, Lucifer, 12699

Lost is al oure praye. 12700

“First thorough the we fellen
Fro hevene so heighe,
For we leved on thi lesynges;
Y-lorn we have Adam,
And al oure lordshipe, I leve,
A-londe and a-watre.” [foras.

Nunc princeps hujus mundi ejicietur

Eft the light bad unlouke;
And Lucifer answerede,
“What lord artow?” quod Lucifer.
Quis est iste? 12711

“*Rex Gloriæ,*”

The light soone seide,
“And lord of myght and of man,
And alle manere vertues.

Dominus virtutum.

Dukes of this dymme place,
Anoon undo thise yates,
That Crist may come in,
The kynges sone of hevene!”

And with that breeth helle brak,
With Belialles barres, 12722
For any wye or warde,
Wide opned the yates.

Patriarkes and prophetes,

Populus in tenebris,

Songen seint Johanes song,

Ecce agnus Dei.

Lucifer loke ne myghte,
So light hym a-blente.

And tho that oure Lord lovede
Into his light he laughte;
And seide to Sathan, 12733

“ Lo ! here my soule to amendes
 For alle synfulle soules,
 To save tho that ben worthi.
 Myne thei ben and of me,
 I may the bet hem cleyme.
 And though Reson recorde
 And Right, of myselve,
 That if he ete the appul
 Alle sholde deye ;
 I bi-higte hem noght here
 Helle for evere.
 For the dede that thei dide, 12745
 Thi deceite it made ;
 With gile thow hem gete,
 Ageyn alle reson.
 For in my paleis Paradis,
 In persone of an addre,
 Falsliche thow fettest
 Thyng that I lovede.
 “ Thus y-lik a lusard,
 With a lady visage,
 Thefliche thow me robbedest ;
 And the olde lawe graunteth 12756
 That gilours be bigiled,
 And that is good reson.
Dentem pro dente et oculum pro
oculo.
Ergo soule shal soule quyte,
 And synne to synne wende,
 And al that man hath mys-do
 I, man, wole amende ;
 Membre for membre
 By the olde lawe was amendes,
 And lif for lif also, 12767

And by that lawe I clayme it, 12768
 Adam and al his issue
 At my wille herafter,
 And that deeth in hem for-dide
 My deeth shal releve,
 And bothe quykne and quyte
 That queynt was thorough synne.
 And that grace gile destruye,
 Good feith it asketh.
 So leve I noght, Lucifer,
 Ayein the lawe I fecche hem ;
 But by right and by reson
 Raunsone here my liges.
Non veni solvere legem, sed adim-
plere.

“ Thow fettest myne in my place
 Ayeins alle reson,
 Falsliche and felonliche ;
 Good feith me it taughte,
 To recovere hem thorough raunson,
 And by no reson ellis.
 So that thorough gile thow gete,
 Thorough grace it is y-wonne. 12790
 Thow Lucifer in liknesse
 Of a luther addere
 Getest bi gile
 Tho that God lovede.

“ And I in liknesse of a leode,
 That lord am of hevene,
 Graciousliche thi gile have quyt ;
 Go gile ayein gile.
 And as Adam and alle
 Thorough a tree deyden ;
 Adam and alle thorough a tree 12801

Shul turne ayein to lyve ; 12802
 And gile is bi-giled,
 And in his gile fallen.

Et cecidit in foveam quam fecit.

“ Now bi-gynneth thi gile
 Ageyn thee to turne,
 And my grace to growe
 Ay gretter and widder ;
 That art doctour of deeth,
 Drynk that thow madest.

For I that am lord of lif,
 Love is my drynke ; 12813
 And for that drynke to-day
 I deide upon erthe.
 I faught so, me thursteth yit,
 For mannes soule sake ;
 May no drynke me moiste,
 Ne my thirst slake,
 Til the vendage falle
 In the vale of Josaphat,
 That I drynke right ripe must,
Resurrectio mortuorum ;
 And thanne shal I come as a kyng,
 Crouned with aungeles,
 And have out of helle
 Alle mennes soules.

“ Fendes and fyndekynes
 Bifore me shul stande,
 And be at my biddyng
 Wher so evere me liketh ;
 And to be merciabile to man
 Thanne my kynde asketh.
 For we beth bretheren of blood,
 But noght in baptisme alle. 12835

Ac alle that beth myne hole bre-
 In blood and in baptisme, [theren,
 Shul noght be dampned to the deeth
 That is withouten ende.

Tibi soli peccavi, etc.

“ It is noght used in erthe,
 To hangen a feloun
 Ofter than ones,
 Though he were a tretour.
 And if the kyng of that kyngdom
 Come in that tyme
 There feloun thole sholde 12847
 Deeth or oother juwise,
 Lawe wolde he yeve hym lif,
 If he loked on hym.
 And I, that am kyng of kynges,
 Shal come swich a tyme
 Ther doom to the deeth
 Dampneth alle the wikked;
 And if lawe wole I loke on hem,
 It lith in my grace
 Wheither thei deye or deye noght
 For that thei diden ille; 12858
 Be it any thyng a-bought
 The boldnesse of hir synnes,
 I do mercy thorough rightwisnesse,
 And alle my wordes trewe;
 And though holy writ wole that I
 be wroke
 Of hem that diden ille,—
Nullum malum impunitum, etc.—
 Thei shul be clensed clerliche,
 And wasshen of hir synnes,
 In my prisone Purgatorie, 12863

Til *parce* it hote, 12869
 And my mercy shal be shewed
 To manye of my bretheren.
 For blood may suffre blood,
 Bothe hungry and a-cale ;
 Ac blood may noght se blood
 Blede, but hym rewe.

*Audivi arcana verba quæ non licet
 homini loqui.*

“ Ac my rightwisnesse and right
 Shul rulen al helle,
 And mercy al mankynde 12880
 Bifore me in hevene.
 For I were an unkynde kyng,
 But I my kynde helpe,
 And nameliche at swich a nede.
 Ther nedes help bihoveth.

*Non intres in iudicium cum servo
 tuo.*

“ Thus by lawe,” quod oure Lord,
 “ Lede I wole fro hennes
 Tho that me lovede
 And leved in my comynge. 12891
 And for thi lesynge, Lucifer,
 That thow leighe til Eve,
 Thow shalt abyen it bittre ;”—
 And bond hym with cheynes.
 Astroth and al the route
 Hidden hem in hernes ; [Lord,
 They dorste noght loke on oure
 The boldeste of hem alle,
 But leten hym lede forth whom hym
 liked,

And lete whom hym liste. 12901

Manye hundred of aungeles 12902
 Harpeden and songen,
Culpat caro, purgat caro,
Regnat Deus Dei caro.

Thanne pipede Pees
 Of Poesie a note,
Clarior est solito post maxima ne-
bula Phœbus,

Post inimicitias, etc. [Pees,

“After sharpe shoures,” quod

“Moost shene is the sonne;

Is no weder warmer 12913

Than after watry cloudes;

Ne no love levere,

Ne lever frendes,

Than after werre and wo,

Whan Love and Pees ben maistres.

Was nevere werre in this world,

Ne wikkednesse so kene,

That ne Love, and hym liste,

To laughynge ne broughte,

And pees thorough pacience

Alle perils stoppeth.” 12924

“Trewes,” quod Truthe;

“Thow tellest us sooth, by Jhesus!

Clippe we in covenant,

And ech of us clippe oother.”

“And leteth no peple,” quod Pees,

“Perceyve that we chidde.

For impossible is no thyng

To hym that is almyghty.”

“Thow seist sooth,” quod Right-
 wisnesse;

And reverentliche hire kiste. 12934

“Pees and pees here ! 12935

Per sæcula sæculorum.”

*Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt
sibi, justitia et pax osculatæ
sunt.*

Truthe trumpede tho,
And song *Te Deum laudamus* ;
And thanne lutede,
In a loud note,
*Ecce quam bonum et quam jocun-
dum, etc.*

Til the day dawed 12944
Thise damyseles dauncede,
That men rongen to the resurexion.
And right with that I wakede,
And callede Kytte my wif,
And Calote my doghter ;
And bad hem rise and reverence
Goddes resurexion ;
And crepe to the cros on knees,
And kisse it for a juwel,
For Goddes blissede body
It bar for oure boote ;
And it a-fereth the fend,
For swich is the myghte,
May no grisly goost
Glide there it walketh. 12959



*Passus Decimus Nonus, explicit
Do-bet, et incipit Do-best.*

THUS I awaked and wroot
What I hadde y-dremed ;
And dighte me derely,
And dide me to chirche,
To here holly the masse,
And to be housled after.

In myddes of the masse,
Tho men yede to offryng,
I fel eft-soones a-slepe ;
And sodeynly me mette
That Piers the Plowman
Was peynted al bloody,
And com in with a cros
Bifore the comune peple,
And right lik in alle thynges
To oure Lord Jhesus.

12972

And thanne called I Conscience,
To kenne me the sothe ;
“ Is this Jhesus the justere,” quod I,
“ That Jewes dide to dethe ?
Or it is Piers the Plowman.
Who peynted hym so rede ?”

Quod Conscience, and kneled tho,
“ Thise arn Piers armes,

12983

Hise colours and his cote armure ;
Ac he that cometh so bloody
Is Crist with his cros,
Conquerour of cristene."

"Why calle hym Crist," quod I,
"Sithen Jewes calle hym Jhesus?
Patriarkes and prophetes
Prophecied bifore
That alle kynne creatures
Sholden knelen and bowen,
Anoon as men nempned
The name of God Jhesu. 12995

Ergo is no name
To the name of Jhesus ;
Ne noon so nedeful to nempne
By nyghte ne by daye.
For alle derke develes
Arn a-drad to heren it ;
And synfulle aren solaced
And saved by that name.
And ye callen hym Crist ;
For what cause telleth me ?
Is Crist moore of myght, 13006
And moore worthi name,
Than Jhesu or Jhesus,
That al oure joye com of?"

"Thow knowest wel," quod Con-
science,
"And thow konne reson,
That knyght, kyng, conquerour,
May be o persone.
To be called a knyght is fair,
For men shul knele to hym ;
To be called a kyng is fairer, 13016

For he may knyghtes make ; 13017
 Ac to be conquerour called,
 That cometh of special grace,
 And of hardynesse of herte,
 And of hendenesse,
 To make lordes of laddes
 Of lond that he wynneth,
 And fre men foule thralles
 That folwen noght hise lawes.

“ The Jewes that were gentil men,
 Jhesus thei despised,
 Bothe his loore and his lawe ; 13028
 Now are thei lowe cherles.
 As wide as the world is,
 Noon of hem ther wonyeth
 But under tribut and taillage,
 As tikes and cherles ;
 And tho that bicomme cristene
 Bi counseil of the baptisme,
 Aren frankeleyns, free men,
 Thorugh fullynge that thei toke,
 And gentil men with Jhesu ;
 For Jhesu was y-fulled, 13039
 And upon Calvarie on cros
 Y-crouned kyng of Jewes.

“ It bicometh to a kyng
 To kepe and to defende ;
 And conquerour of conquest
 Hise lawes and his large.
 And so dide Jhesus the Jewes,
 He justified and taughte hem
 The lawe of lif,
 That laste shal evere ;
 And defended from foule yveles,

Feveres and fluxes, 13051
And from fendes that in hem were,
And false bileve.

Tho was he Jhesus of Jewes called,
Gentile prophete,
And kyng of hir kyngdom,
And croune bar of thornes.

“ And tho conquered he on cros,
As conquerour noble.

Mighte no deeth hym for-do,
Ne a-doun brynge,
That he narooos and regnede, 13062
And ravysshed helle :

And tho was he conquerour called
Of quyke and of dede.

For he yaf Adam and Eve
And othere mo blisse,
That longe hadde y-leyen bifore
As Luciferis cherles.

“ And sith he yaf largely
Alle hise lele liges
Places in Paradis,
At hir partynge hennes ; 13073
He may wel be called conquerour,
And that is Crist to mene.

“ Ac the cause that he cometh thus
With cros of his passion,
Is to wissen us therwith
That whan that we ben tempted,
Therwith to fighte and defenden us
Fro fallynge to synne.

And so bi his sorwe,
That who so loveth joye
To penaunce and to poverte 13084

He moste puten hymselfen, 13085
 And muche wo in this world
 To willen and suffren.

“Ac to carpe moore of Crist,
 And how he com to that name,
 Faithly for to speke,
 His firste name was Jhesus ;
 Tho he was born in Bethleem,
 As the book telleth,
 And cam to take mankynde,
 Kynges and aungeles
 Reverenced hym faire 13096
 With riches of erthe,
 Aungeles out of hevene
 Come knelynge and songe,
Gloria in excelsis Deo, etc.

“Kynges that come after
 Knelede, and offrede
 Mirre and muche gold,
 Withouten mercy askynge
 Or any kynnes catel,
 But knowelichynge hym sovereyn
 Bothe of lond, sonne, and see,
 And sithenes thei wente
 Into hir kyngene kith,
 By counseil of aungeles.
 And there was that word fulfilled
 The which thow of speke.
*Omnia cœlestia terrestria flectantur
 in hoc nomine Jhesu.*

“For alle the aungeles of hevene
 At his burthe knelede,
 And al the wit of the world
 Was in tho thre kynges, 13118

Reson and rightwisnesse 13119
 And ruthe thei offrede ;
 Wherfore and why
 Wise men that tyme,
 Maistres and lettred men,
Magi hem callede.

“That o kyng cam with reson,
 Covered under sense.

“The seconde kyng siththe
 Soothliche offrede
 Rightwisnesse under reed gold,
 Resones felawe. 13130
 For gold is likned to leautee
 That laste shal evere.

“The thridde kyng tho kam
 Knelynge to Jhesu,
 And presented hym with pitee,
 Apperynge by mirre.
 For mirre is mercy to mene
 And mylde speche of tonge.

“Thre y-liche honeste thynges
 Were offred thus at ones,
 Thorough thre kynne kynges 13141
 Knelynge to Jhesu,

“Ac for alle thise preciose pre-
 Oure Lord kyng Jhesus [sentz,
 Was neither kyng ne conquerour,
 Til he gan to wexe
 In the manere of a man,
 And that by muchel sleighte,
 As it bi-cometh a conquerour
 To konne manye sleighthes,
 And manye wiles and wit,
 That wole ben a ledere. 13152

And so dide Jhesu in hise dayes,
Who so hadde tyme to telle it.

“Som tyme he suffrede,
And som tyme he hidde hym;
And som tyme he faught faste,
And fleigh outhur while;
And som tyme he gaf good,
And grauntede heele bothe,
Lif and lyme,
As hym liste he wroghte.
As kynde is of a conquerour,
So comsede Jhesu, 13164
Til he hadde alle hem
That he for bledde.

“In his juventee this Jhesus
At Jewene feeste
Water into wyn turnede,
As holy writ telleth.
And there bigan God
Of his grace to do-wel.
For wyn is likned to lawe
And lif-holynesse,
And lawe lakkede tho, 13175
For men lovede noght hir enemys.
And Crist counseileth thus,
And comaundeth bothe,
To lered and to lewede
To lovyen oure enemys.
So at the feeste first,
As I bifore tolde,
Bigan God of his grace
And goodnesse to do-wel.
And thanne was he called
Noght holy Crist, but Jhesu, 13186

A faunt fyn ful of wit, 13187
Filius Mariæ.

For bifore his moder Marie
 Made he that wonder ;
 That she first and formest
 Ferme sholde bileve
 That he thorough grace was gete,
 And of no gome ellis.
 He wroghte that by no wit,
 But thorough word one ;
 After the kynde that he cam of,
 There comsede he do-wel. 13198

“ And whan he woxen was moore,
 In his moder absence,
 He made lame to lepe,
 And yaf light to blynde,
 And fedde with two fisshes,
 And with fyve loves,
 Sore a-fyngred folk
 Mo than fyve thousand.

“ Thus he confortede carefulle
 And caughte a gretter name,
 The which was Do-bet, 13209
 Where that he wente, [here
 For deve thorough hise doynge to
 And dombe speke he made,
 And alle he heeled and halp
 That hym of grace askede.
 And tho was he called in contré
 Of the comune peple,
 For the dedes that he dide,
Fili David, Jhesus.
 For David was doghtiest
 Of dedes in his tyme. 13220

The burdes tho songe, 13221
Saul interfecit mille, et David de-
cem millia.

“For-thi the contree ther Jhesu
 Called hym *fili David*, [cam
 And nempned hym of Nazareth,
 And no man so worthi
 To be kaiser or kyng
 Of the kyngdom of Juda,
 Ne over Jewes justice,
 As Jhesus was, hem thoughte.

“Wherof Cayphas hadde envye,
 And othere of the Jewes ;
 And for to doon hym to dethe
 Day and nyght thei casten,
 Killeden hym on cros wise
 At Calvarie on Friday,
 And sithen buriede his body,
 And beden that men sholde,
 Kepen it fro nyght comeris
 With knyghtes y-armed,
 For no frendes sholde hym fecche.
 For prophetes hem tolde 13243
 That that blissede body
 Of burieles risen sholde,
 And goon into Galilee,
 And gladen hise apostles,
 And his moder Marie ;
 Thus men bifore demede.

“The knyghtes that kepten it
 Bi-knewe it hemselven,
 That aungeles and archaungeles
 Er the day spronge
 Come knelynge to the corps, 13254

And songen *Christus resurgens*,
Verray men bifore hem alle,
And forth with hem he yede.

“The Jewes preide hem be pees,
And bi-soughte the knyghtes
Telle the comune that ther cam
A compaignie of hise apostles,
And bi-wicched hem as thei woke,
And away stolen it.

“Ac Marie Maudeleyne
Mette hym by the weye,
Goynge toward Galilee 13266
In godhede and manhede,
And lyves and lokynge,
And she a-loud cride
In ech a compaignie ther she cam,
Christus resurgens.

“Thus cam it out that Crist over-
Recoveredde and lyvede. [coom,
Sic oportet Christum pati et in-
trare, etc.

For that that wommen witeth,
May noght wel be counseille. 13277

“Peter parceyved al this,
And pursued after,
Bothe James and Johan,
Jhesu for to seke,
Thaddee and ten mo,
With Thomas of Inde.
And as alle thise wise wyes
Weren togideres,
In an hous al bi-shet,
And hir dore y-barred,
Crist cam in, and al closed 13288

Bothe dore and yates, 13289
 To Peter and to thise apostles,
 And seide *pax vobis* !
 And took Thomas by the hand,
 And taughte hym to grope,
 And feele with hise fyngres
 His flessliche herte.

“ Thomas touched it,
 And with his tonge seide,
 ‘ *Deus meus et Dominus meus*—
 Thow art my lord, I bi-leve,
 My God, lord Jhesu ; 13300
 Thow deidest and deeth tholedest,
 And deme shalt us alle,
 And now art lyvyng and lokyng,
 And laste shalt evere.’

“ Crist carpede thanne,
 And curteisliche seide,
 ‘ Thomas, for thow trowest this,
 And treweliche bi-levest it,
 Blessed mote thow be,
 And be shalt for evere ;
 And blessed mote thei alle be
 In body and in soule
 That nevere shul se me in sighte,
 As thow doost nowthe,
 And lelliche bi-leve al this,
 I love hem and blesse hem.’
Beati qui non viderunt, etc.

“ And whan this dede was doon,
 Do-best he taughte,
 And yaf Piers power,
 And pardon he grauntede,
 To alle maner men

Mercy and forgifnesse, 13323
 Hym myght to assoille
 Of alle manere synne,
 In covenant that thei come
 And kneweliched to paie
 To Piers pardon the Plowman,
Redde quod debes.

“Thus hath Piers power,
 By his pardon paied,
 To bynde and unbynde,
 Bothe here and ellis where :
 And assoille men of alle synnes,
 Save of dette one. 13335

“Anoon after an heigh
 Up into hevene
 He wente, and wonyeth there,
 And wol come at the laste,
 And rewarde hym right wel
 That *reddit quod debet*,
 Paieth parfitly,
 As pure truthe wolde ;
 And what persone paieth it nought,
 Punysshyn he thenketh, 13345
 And demen hem at domes day
 Bothe quyke and dede.
 The goode to the godhede
 And to greet joye,
 And wikkede to wonye
 In wo withouten ende.”

Thus Conscience of Crist
 And of the cros carpede,
 And counseiled me to knele therto.
 And thanne cam, me thoughte,
 Oon *spiritus paracletus* 13356

To Piers and to hise felawes, 13357
 In liknesse of a lightnyng
 He lighte on hem alle,
 And made hem konne and knowe
 Alle kynne langages.

I wondred what that was,
 And waggede Conscience,
 And was a-fered of the light,
 For in fires lightnesse

Spiritus paracletus

Over-spradde hem alle.

Quod Conscience, and knelede,
 "This is Cristes messenger,
 And cometh fro the grete God,
 And Grace is his name.

Knele now," quod Conscience,
 "And if thow kanst synge,
 Welcome hym and worshipe hym
 With *Veni creator spiritus*."

Thanne song I that song,
 So dide manye hundred,
 And cride with Conscience,
 "Help us, God of Grace!" 13379

And thanne bigan Grace
 To go with Piers Plowman,
 And counseilled hym and Con-
 The comune to sompne; [science
 "For I wole dele to-day
 And gyve divine grace
 To alle kynne creatures
 That han hir fyve wittes,
 Tresour to lyve by
 To hir lyves ende,
 And wepne to fighte with 13390

That wole nevere faille. 13391

For Antecrist and hise
Al the world shul greve,
And acombre thee, Conscience,
But if Crist thee helpe.

“ And false prophetes fele,
Flatereris and gloseris,
Shullen come and be curatours
Over kynges and erles,
And Pride shal be pope,
Prynce of holy chirche,
Coveitise and unkyndenesse 13402

Cardinals hym to lede ;
For-thi,” quod Grace, “ er I go,
I wol gyve yow tresor,
And wepne to fighte with
Whan Antecrist yow assailleth.”
And gaf ech man a grace
To gide with hymselfen,
That ydelnesse encombre hym noght,
Envye ne pride.

Divisiones gratiarum sunt, etc.

Some he yaf wit 13413
With wordes to shewe,
Wit to wynne hir liflode with,
As the world asketh,
As prechours and preestes,
And prentices of lawe,
They lelly to lyve
By labour of tonge,
And by wit to wissen othere
As grace hem wolde teche.

And some he kennede craft
And konnyng of sighte, 13424

With sellynge and buggynge 13425
 Hir bilyve to wynne.

And some he lered to laboure,
 A lele lif and a trewe ;
 And some he taughte to tilie,
 To dyche and to thecche,
 To wynne with her liflode
 Bi loore of his techynge.

And some to devyne and divide,
 Noumbres to kenne ;
 And some to compace craftily,
 And colours to make ; 13436
 And some to se and to seye
 What sholde bi-falle,
 Bothe of wele and of wo,
 Telle it er it felle, [mye,
 As astronomyens thorough astrono-
 And filosofres wise. [vere

And some to ryde, and to reco-
 That wrongfully was wonne ;
 He wissed hem to wynne it ayein
 Thorugh wightnesse of handes,
 And fecchen it fro false men 13447
 With folvyles lawes.

And some he lered to lyve
 In longynge to ben hennes,
 In poverte and in penaunce,
 To preie for alle cristene.
 And alle he lered to be lele,
 And ech a craft love oother ;
 And forbad hem alle debat,
 That noon were among hem.
 "Though some be clenner than
 Ye se wel," quod Grace, [some,

“That he that useth the faireste
craft,

To the fouleste I kouthe have put
Thynketh alle,” quod Grace, [hym.

“That grace cometh of my gifte ;
Loketh that no man lakke oother,
But loveth alle as bretheren.

“And who that moost maistries
Be myldest of berynge ; [kan

And crouneth Conscience kyng,

And maketh Craft youre stiward,

And after Craftes conseil 13469

Clotheth yow and fede.

For I make Piers the Plowman

My procuratour and my reve,

And registrer to receyve,

Redde quod debes.

My prowor and my plowman

Piers shal ben on erthe,

And for to tilie truthe

A teeme shal he have.”

Grace gaf Piers a teeme

Of foure grete oxen. 13480

That oon was Luk, a large beest,

And a lowe chered ;

And Mark, and Mathew the thridde,

Myghty beestes bothe ;

And joyned to hem oon Johan,

Moost gentil of alle,

The pris neet of Piers Plow,

Passynge alle othere.

And Grace gaf Piers

Of his goodnesse foure stottes ;

Al that hise oxen eriede, 13491

Thei to harewen after. 13492

Oon highte Austyn,
 And Ambrose another,
 Gregori the grete clerk,
 And Jerom the goode.
 Thise foure the feith to teche
 Folweth Piers teme,
 And harewede in an hand while
 Al holy Scripture,
 With two harewes that thei hadde,
 An oold and a newe. 13502

Id est, vetus testamentum et novum.

And Grace gaf greynes,
 The cardynal vertues,
 And sew hem in mannes soule,
 And sithen he tolde hir names.

Spiritus prudentiæ

The firste seed highte ;
 And who so ete that,
 Ymagynen he sholde
 Er he deide any deeth,
 Devyse wel the ende ; 13513
 And lerned men a ladel bugge
 With a long stele,
 And caste for to kepe a crokke
 To save the fatte above.

The seconde seed highte

Spiritus temperantiæ.

He that ete of that seed
 Hadde swich a kynde, [drynke
 Sholde nevere mete ne muchel
 Make hym to swelle,
 Ne no scornere ne scolde
 Out of skile hym bringe, 13525

Ne wynnynge ne wele 13526
 Of worldliche richesse,
 Waste word of ydelnesse
 Ne wikked speche moeve ;
 Sholde no curious clooth
 Comen on his rugge,
 Ne no mete in his mouth
 That maister Johan spicede.

The thridde seed that Piers sew
 Was *spiritus fortitudinis*.

And who ete that seed, 13536
 Hardy was he evere
 To suffren al that God sente,
 Siknesse and angres ;
 Mighte no lesynges ne lyere,
 Ne los of worldly catel,
 Maken hym for any mournynge
 That he nas murie in soule,
 And bold and abidyng
 Bismares to suffre ;
 And pleieth al with pacience
 And *parce mihi domine* ; 13547
 And covered hym under conseil
 Of Caton the wise :
Esto forti animo, cum sis dampnatus
inique.

The ferthe seed that Piers sew
 Was *spiritus justitiæ*.
 And he that ete of that seed,
 Sholde be evere trewe,
 With God, and naught a-gast,
 But of gile one ;
 For gile gooth so pryvely,
 That good feith outhur while 13559

Maye nought ben espied, 13560
For *spiritus justitiæ*.

Spiritus justitiæ

Spareth noght to spille
Hem that ben guilty,
And for to correcte
The kyng, if he falle
In gilt or in trespas.
For counteth he no kynges wrathe,
Whan he in court sitteth
To demen as a domesman,
A-drad was he nevere 13571
Neither of duc ne of deeth,
That he ne dide lawe,
For present or for preiere,
Or any prynces lettres ;
He dide equité to alle
Evene forth his power.

Thise foure sedes Piers sew ;
And siththe he dide hem harewe
With olde lawe and newe lawe,
That love myghte wexe
Among tho foure vertues, 13582
And vices destruye.
For comunliche in contrees
Cammokes and wedes
Foulen the fruyt in the feld,
Ther thei growen togideres ;
And so doon vices
Vertues worthi.

Quod Piers, "Hareweth alle that
konneth kynde wit,
By conseil of thise doctours ;
And tilieth after hir techynge 13592

The cardynale vertues." 13593

"Ayeins thei greynes," quod
"Bi-gynneth for to ripe, [Grace,
Ordeigne thee an hous, Piers,
To herberwe inne thi cornes."

"By God! Grace," quod Piers,
"Ye moten gyve tymber,
And ordeyne that hous,
Er ye hennes wende."

And Grace gaf hym the cros,
With the croune of thornes,
That Crist upon Calvarie 13604
For mankynde on pyned,
And of his baptisme and blood
That he bledde on roode
He made a manere mortar,
And mercy it highte.

And therwith Grace bi-gan
To make a good foundement,
And watlede it and walled it
With his peyne and his passion,
And of al holy writ
He made a roof after, 13615
And called that hous *Unitee*,
Holy chirche on Englisshe.

And whan this dede was doon,
Grace devysede
A cart highte cristendom
To carie Piers sheves;
And gaf hym caples to his carte,
Contricion and confession;
And made preesthod hayward,
The while hymself wente
As wide as the world is 13626

With Piers to tilie truthe. 13627

Now is Piers to the plow ;
 And Pride it aspide,
 And gadered hym a greet oost,
 For to greven he thynketh
 Conscience and alle cristene
 And cardinale vertues,
 Blowe hem doun and breke hem,
 And bite a-two the mores ;
 And sente forth Surquidous,
 His sergeaunt of armes,
 And his spye Spille-love, 13638
 Oon Spek-yvel bihynde.

Thise two coome to Conscience,
 And to cristen peple,
 And tolde hem tidynges,
 That tyne thei sholde the sedes
 That Piers there hadde y-sowen,
 The cardynale vertues ;
 “ And Piers bern worth y-broke,
 And thei that ben in *Unitee*
 Shulle come out, and Conscience
 And youre two caples, 13649
 Confession and Contricion ;
 And youre carte the bileeve
 Shal be coloured so queyntely,
 And covered under sophistrie,
 That Conscience shal noght
 Knowe by Contricion
 Ne by Confession
 Who is cristene or hethene ;
 Ne no manere marchaunt
 That with moneie deleth,
 Wheither he wynne with right,

With wrong, or with usure. 13661

“ With swiche colours and queyn-
Cometh Pride y-armed, [tise
With the lord that lyveth after
The lust of his body,
To wasten on welfare,
And in wikked lyvyng,
Al the world in a while
Thorughoure wit,” quod Pryde.

Quod Conscience to alle cristene
“ My counseil is to wende [tho,
Hastiliche into Unitee, 13672
And holde we us there ;
And praye we that a pees weere
In Piers berne the Plowman.
For witterly I woot wel,
We beth noght of strengthe
To goon agayn Pride,
But Grace weere with us.”

And thanne kam Kynde Wit
Conscience to teche,
And cryde and comaundede
Alle cristene peple 13683
For to delven a dych
Depe aboute Unitee,
That holy chirche stode in Unitee,
As it a pyl weere.

Conscience comaundede tho
Alle cristene to delve,
And make a mucche moot,
That myghte ben a strengthe
To helpe holy chirche
And hem that it kepeth.

Thanne alle kynne cristene, 13694

Save comune wommen, 13295
 Repenteden and refused synne,
 Save thei one,
 And false men, flatereris,
 Usurers, and theves,
 Lyeris, and queste-mongeres
 That were for-sworen ofte,
 Witynge and wilfully
 With the false helden,
 And for silver were for-swore,
 Soothly they wiste it. 13705

Ther nas no cristene creature
 That kynde wit hadde,
 Save sherewes one
 Swiche as I spak of,
 That he ne halp a quantité
 Holynesse to wexe,
 Some thorough bedes biddynge,
 And some thorough pilgrimages
 And othere pryvé penaunces,
 And somme thorough penyes delynge.

And thanne welledde water
 For wikkede werkes, 13717
 Egrelliche ernynge
 Out of mennes eighen,
 Clennesse out of comune,
 And clerkes clene lyvynges,
 Made Unitee holy chirche
 In holynesse to stonde.

"I care noght," quod Conscience,
 "Though Pride come nouthe.
 The lord of lust shal be letted
 Al this lente, I hope.
 Cometh," quod Conscience, 13728

“Ye cristene, and dyneth, 13729
 That han laboured lelly
 Al this lenten tyme.
 Here is breed y-blessed,
 And Goddes body therunder :
 Grace, thorough Goddes word,
 Yaf Piers power
 And myghtes to maken it,
 And men to ete it after
 In helpe of hir heele
 Ones in a monthe, 13739
 Or as ofte as thei hadde nede,
 Tho that hadde y-paied
 To Piers pardon the Plowman.
Redde quod debes.”

“How?” quod al the comune,
 “Thow conseildest us to yelde
 Al that we owen any wight,
 Er we go to housel?”

“That is my conseil,” quod Con-
 “And cardinale vertues, [science,
 That ech man for-gyve oother,
 And that wol the pater-noster.
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, etc.
 And so to ben assoilled,
 And siththen ben houseled.”

“Ye, baw!” quod a brewere,
 “I wol noght be ruled,
 By Jhesu! for al youre janglynge
 With *spiritus justitiæ*,
 Ne after Conscience, by Crist!
 While I kan selle
 Bothe dregges and draf,
 And drawe it out at oon hole 13762

Thikke ale and thynne ale, 13763
 For that is my kynde,
 And noght hakke after holynesse.
 Hold thi tonge, Conscience !

Of *spiritus justitiæ*

Thow spekest muche on ydel.”

“Caytif !” quod Conscience,

“Cursede wrecche !

Un-blessed artow, brewere,

But if thee God helpe.

But thow lyve by loore

Of *spiritus justitiæ*, 13774

The chief seed that Piers sew,

Y-saved worstow nevere.

But Conscience the comune fede,

And cardinale vertues,

Leve it wel, thei ben lost,

Bothe lif and soule.”

“Thanne is many a man lost,”

Quod a lewed vicory.—

“I am a curatour of holy kirke,

And cam nevere in my tyme 13784

Man to me, that me kouthe telle

Of cardinale vertues,

Or that acountede Conscience

At a cokkes fethere or an hennes.

I knew nevere cardynal,

That he ne cam fro the pope ;

And we clerkes, whan thei come,

For hir comunes paieth,

For hir pelure and hirpalfreyes mete,

And pilours that hem folweth.

“The comune *clamat cotidie*

Ech a man til oother, 13796

The contree is the corseder 13797
That cardinals comme inne ;
And ther thei ligge and lenge moost,
Lecherie there regneth.

“For-thi,” quod this vicory,
“By verray God ! I wolde
That no cardynal coome
Among the comune peple ;
But in hir holynesse
Helden hem stille
At Avynone among the Jewes,—
Cum sancto sanctus eris, etc.—
Or in Rome, as hir rule wole,
The relikes to kepe ; [court,
And thow, Conscience, in kynges
And sholdest nevere come thennes ;
And Grace, that thow graddest so of,
Gyour of alle clerkes ;
And Piers with his newe plow,
And ek with his olde,
Emperour of al the world,
That alle men were cristene.

“Inparfit is that pope 13819
That al the world sholde helpe,
And sendeth swiche that sleeth hem
That he sholde save. [Plowman,

“And wel worthe Piers the
That pursueth God in doynge,
Qui pluit super justos
Et injustos at ones,
And sent the sonne to save
A cursed mannes tilthe,
As brighte as to the beste man,
Or to the beste womman. 13830

“Right so Piers the Plowman
 Peyneth hym to tilye
 As wel for a wastour
 And wenches of the stewes,
 As for hymself and his servauntz,
 Save he is first y-served;
 And travailleth and tilieth
 For a tretour also soore
 As for a trewe tidy man,
 Alle tymes y-like.
 And worshiped be he that wroghte al,
 Bothe good and wikke, 13842
 And suffreth that synfulle be,
 [Tyl som tyme that thei repenten].
 And God amende the pope!
 That pileth holy kirke,
 And cleymeth bifore the kyng
 To be kepere over cristene;
 And counteth noght though cristene
 Killed and robbed; [ben
 And fynt folk to fighte,
 And cristen blood to spille, 13852
 Ayein the olde lawe and newe lawe,
 As Luc therof witnesseth.
Non occides, mihi vindictam, etc.

“It semeth, bi so
 Hymself hadde his wille,
 That he reccheth right noght
 Of al the remenaunt.
 And Crist of his curteisie
 The cardinals save,
 And torne hir wit to wisdom,
 And to welthe of soule! [tour,
 For the comune,” quod this cura-

“ Counten ful litel 13865

The counseil of Conscience,

Or cardinale vertues.

But if thei seighe, as by sighte,

Som what to wynnynge,

Of gyle ne of gabbyng

Gyve thei nevere tale.

For *spiritus prudentiæ*

Among the peple is gyle ;

And alle tho faire vertues

As vices thei semeth.

Ech man subtileth a sleighte 13876

Synne for to hide,

And coloureth it for a konnyng,

And a clene lyvyng.”

Thanne lough ther a lord,

And “ By this light !” seide,

“ I holde it right and reson

Of my reve to take

Al that myn auditour,

Or ellis my styward,

Counseilleth me bi hir acounte

And my clerkes writyng. 13887

With *spiritus intellectus*

Thei seke the reves rolles ;

And with *spiritus fortitudinis*

Fecche it I wole after.”

And thanne cam ther a kyng,

And, by his croune ! seide,

“ I am kyng with croune

The comune to rule,

And holy kirke and clergie

From cursed men to fende ;

And if me lakketh to lyve by, 13898

The lawe wole I take it 13899
 Ther I may hastilokest it have.
 For I am heed of lawe;
 And ye ben but membres,
 And I above alle.
 And sith I am youre aller heed,
 I am youre aller heele,
 And holy chirches chief help,
 And chieftayn of the comune;
 And what I take of yow two,
 I take it at the techynge
 Of *spiritus justitiæ*, 13910
 For I jugge yow alle.
 So I may boldely be housled,
 For I borwe nevere,
 Ne crave of my comune,
 But as my kynde asketh."
 "In condicion," quod Conscience,
 "That thow konne defende
 And rule thi reaume in reson,
 Right wel and in truthe,
 Take thow mayst in reson
 As thi lawe asketh. 13921
Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum,
sed non ad deprædandum."
 The viker hadde fer hoom,
 And faire took his leeve;
 And I awakned therwith,
 And wroot as me mette. 13927



*Passus Vicesimus de Visione, et
Primus de Do-best.*

THANNE as I wente by the
wey, 13928
Whan I was thus awaked,
Hevy-chered I yede,

And elenge in herte ;
I ne wiste wher to ete,
Ne at what place,
And it neghed neigh the noon,
And with Nede I mette
That afrounted me foule,
And faitour me called :
“ Kanstow noght excuse thee,
As dide the kyng and othere, 13939
That thow toke to thy bilyve,
To clothes and to sustenaunce ;
And by techynge and by tellynge
Of *spiritus temperantiæ*,
And thow nome na-moore
Than nede thee taughte,
And nede he hath no lawe,
Ne nevere shal falle in dette ;
For thre thynges he taketh,
His lif for to save. [werneth

“ That is mete, whan men hym

And he no moneye weldeth, 13951
 Ne wight noon wol ben his borugh,
 Ne wed hath noon to legge;
 And he caughte in that caas,
 And come therto by sleighte,
 He synneth noght, soothliche,
 That so wynneth his foode.

“And though he come so to a
 clooth,

And kan no bettre chevyssaunce,
 Nede anoon righte
 Nymeth hym under maynprise.

“And if hym list for to lape,
 The lawe of kynde wolde
 That he dronke at ech dych,
 Er he for thirst deide.
 So Nede al gret nede
 May nymen, as for his owene,
 Withouten counseil of Conscience
 Or cardynale vertues,
 So that he sewe and save
Spiritus temperantiæ.

“For is no vertue bi fer
 To *spiritus temperantiæ*; 13973
 Ne *spiritus justitiæ*
 Ne *spiritus fortitudinis*.
 For *spiritus fortitudinis*
 Forfeteth ful ofte.

He shal do moore than mesure
 Many tyme and ofte,
 And bete men over bittre,
 And some of hem to litel,
 And greve men gretter
 Than good feith it wolde 13983

“ And *spiritus justitiæ* 13984
 Shal juggen, wol he nele he,
 After the kynges counseil,
 And the comune like.
 And *spiritus prudentiæ*
 In many a point shal faille
 Of that he weneth wolde falle,
 If his wit ne weere.
 Wenynge is no wysdom,
 Ne wys ymaginacion.
Homo proponit, et Deus disponit,
 And governeth alle goode vertues ;
 Ac Nede is next hym,
 For anoon he meketh,
 And as lowe as a lomb,
 For lakkyng of that hym nedeth.
 Wise men forsoke wele,
 For thei wolde be nedy,
 And woneden in wildernesse,
 And wolde noght be riche.

“ And God al his grete joye
 Goostliche he lefte,
 And cam and took mankynde,
 And bi-cam nedy.
 So nedy he was, as seith the book,
 In manye sondry places,
 That he seide in his sorwe
 On the selve roode,
 Bothe fox and fowel
 May fle to hole and crepe,
 And the fissh hath fyn
 To flete with to reste,
 Ther Nede hath y-nome me
 That I moot nede abide 14017

And suffre sorwes ful soure 14018
 That shal to joye torne,
 For-thi be noght abasshed
 To bide and to be nedy ;
 Sith he that wroghte al the world
 Was wilfulliche nedy,
 Ne nevere noon so nedy
 Ne poverer deide."

WHAN Nede hath under-nome
 me thus,
 Anoon I fil a-slepe ; 14027
 And mette ful merveillously,
 That in mannes forme
 Antecrist cam thanne,
 And al the crop of Truthe
 Torned it up-so-doun,
 And over-tilte the roote ;
 And fals sprynge and sprede,
 And spede mennes nedes,
 In ech a contree ther he cam
 He kutte away truthe,
 And gerte gile growe there, 14038
 As he a Good weere.

Freres folwede that fend,
 For he gaf hem copes ;
 And religiouse revered hym,
 And rongen hir belles,
 And al the covent forth cam
 To welcome that tyraunt,
 And alle hise as wel as hym,
 Save oonly fooles.
 Whiche foolis were wel levere
 To deye than to lyve 14049

Lenger, sith Lenten 14050

Was so rebuked.

And as a fals fend, Antecrist

Over alle folk regnede,

Save that were mylde men and holye,

That no meschief dradden,

Defyed alle falsnesse

And folk that it usede;

And what kyng that hem conforted,

Knowynge hem any while,

They cursed and hir conseil,

Were it clerk or lewed. 14061

Antecrist hadde thus soone

Hundredes at his baner,

And Pride it bar

Boldely aboute,

With a lord that lyveth

After likyng of body,

That kam ayein Conscience,

That kepere was and gyour

Over kynde cristene

And cardynale vertues.

“I conseilte,” quod Conscience tho,

“Cometh with me, ye fooles,

Into Unité holy chirche,

And holde we us there;

And crye we to kynde

That he come and defende us,

Fooles, fro thise fendes lymes,

For Piers love the Plowman;

And crye we to al the comune,

That thei come to Unitee,

And there abide and bikere

Ayeins Beliales children.” 14083

Kynde Conscience tho herde,
 And cam out of the planetes,
 And sente forth his forreyours,
 Feveres and fluxes,
 Coughes and cardiacles,
 Crampes and tooth-aches,
 Rewmes and radegundes,
 And roynous scabbes,
 Biles and bocches,
 And brennynge agues,
 Frenesies and foule yveles,
 Forageres of kynde, 14095
 Hadde y-priked and prayed
 Polles of peple,
 That largeliche a legion
 Loste hir lif soone.

There was, "Harrow and help !
 Here cometh Kynde,
 With Deeth that is dredful
 To undo us alle !"

The lord that lyved after lust
 Tho aloud cryde
 After Confort, a knyght, 14106
 To come and bere his baner ;
 "*A l'arme! à l'arme!*" quod that lord,
 "Ech lif kepe his owene !"

And thanne mette thise men,
 Er mynstrals myghte pipe,
 And er heraudes of armes
 Hadden discryved lordes,
 Elde the hoore
 That was in the vaunt-warde.
 And bar the baner bifore Deeth,
 Bi right he it cleymede. 14117

Kynde cam after, 14118
With many kene soores,
As pokkes and pestilences,
And mucche peple shente ;
So Kynde thorough corrupcions
Kilde ful manye.

Deeth cam dryvyng after,
And al to duste passhed
Kynges and knyghtes,
Kaysers and popes,
Lered and lewed,
He leet no man stonde 14129
That he hitte evene,
That evere stired after.
Manye a lovely lady,
And lemmans of knyghtes,
Swowned and swelted
For sorwe of hise dyntes.

Conscience of his curteisie
To Kynde he bi-soughte
To cesse and suffre,
And see wher thei wolde
Leve Pride pryvely, 14140
And be parfite cristene.

And Kynde cessede tho
To se the peple amende.
Fortune gan flatere thanne
Tho fewe that were alyve,
And bi-highte hem long lif,
And Lecherie he sente
Amonges alle manere men,
Wedded and unwedded,
And gaderede a greet hoost
Al agayn Conscience. 14151

This Lecherie leide on 14152
 With a janglynge chiere,
 And with pryvee speche
 And peyntede wordes ;
 And armed hym in ydelnesse,
 And in heigh berynge.
 He bar a bowe in his hand,
 And manye brode arewes,
 Weren fethered with fair bi-hestes
 And many a fals truthe.
 With hise un-tidy tales
 He tened ful ofte 14163
 Conscience and his compaignye,
 Of holy chirche the techers.

Thanne cam Coveitise,
 And caste how he myghte
 Overcome Conscience
 And cardinale vertues,
 And armed hym in avarice,
 And hungriliche lyvede.
 His wepne was al wiles
 To wynnen and to hiden ; 14173
 With glosynges and with gabbynges
 He giled the peple.

Symonye hym sente
 To assaille Conscience,
 And preched to the peple ;
 And prelates thei hem maden
 To holden with Antecrist,
 Hir temporaltees to save ;
 And cam to the kynges counseille
 As a kene baroun,
 And kneled to Conscience
 In court afore hem alle, 14185

And garte good feith flee, 14186
And fals to abide ;
And boldeliche bar a-doun,
With many a bright noble,
Muche of the wit and wisdom
Of Westmynstre Halle.
He jogged to a justice,
And justed in his eere,
And over-tilte al his truthe
With "Tak this up amendement."

And to the Arches in haste
He yede anoon after, 14197
And tornede cyvyle into symonye,
And siththe he took the official
For a mantel of menever,
And made lele matrymoyne
Departen er deeth cam,
And devors shapte. [cryde tho,
"Allas !" quod Conscience, and
"Wolde Crist of his grace
That coveitise were cristene !
That is so kene a fightere,
And boold and bidynge 14208
While his bagge lasteth."

"And thanne lough Lyf,
And leet daggen hise clothes,
And armed hym an haste
With harlotes wordes ;
And heeld holynesse a jape,
And hendenesse a wastour ;
And leet leautee a cherl,
And lyere a fre man ;
Conscience and his counseil
He counted at a flye 14219

Thus relyede Lif, 14220
 For a litel fortune ;
 And priketh forth with Pride,
 Preiseth he no vertue,
 Ne careth noght how Kynde slow,
 And shal come at the laste,
 And kille alle erthely creatures,
 Save Conscience oone.

Lyf lepte aside,
 And laughte hym a lemman ;
 "Heele and I," quod he,
 And heighnesse of herte, 14231
 Shal do thee noght drede
 Neither deeth ne elde,
 And to forgyte sorwe,
 And gyve noght of synne."

This likede Lif,
 And his lemman Fortune ;
 And geten in hir glorie
 A gadelyng at the laste,
 Oon that muche wo wroghte,
 Sleuthe was his name.
 Sleuthe wax wonder yerne, 14242
 And soone was of age,
 And wedded oon Wanhope,
 A wenche of the stuwes.
 Hir sire was a sysour
 That nevere swoor truthe,
 Oon Tomme Two-tonge,
 Atteynt at ech enqueste.

This Sleuthe was war of werre,
 And a slynge made,
 And threw drede of dispair
 A dozeyne myle aboute. 14253

For care Conscience tho 14254
Cryde upon Elde,
And bad hym fonde to fighte,
And a-fere Wanhope.

And Elde hente good hope,
And hastiliche he shifte hym,
And wayved away Wanhope,
And with Lif he fighteth.
And Lif fleigh for feere
To phisik after helpe,
And bi-soughte hym of socour,
And of his salve he hadde. 14265
He gaf hym gold good woon,
That gladede his herte ;
And thei gyven hym ageyn
A glazene howve.

Lyf leaved that lechecraft
Lette sholde elde,
And dryven away deeth
With dyas and drogges.

And Elde auntred hym on lyf,
And at the laste he hitte
A phisicien with a furred hood,
That he fel in a palsie,
And there dyed that doctour
Er thre dayes after.

“ Now I se,” seide Lif,
“ Thaturgerie ne phisik
May noght a myte availle
To mede ayein Elde.”
And in hope of his heele
Good herte he hente,
And rood forth to a revel,
A ryche place and a murye ; 14287

The compaignye of confort 14288
Men cleped it som tyme.

And Elde anon after me
And over myn heed yede ;
And made me balled bifore,
And bare on the crowne.
So harde he yede over myn heed,
It wole be sene evere. [quod I,

“Sire yvele y-taught, Elde !”
“Unhende go with the !

Sith whanne was the wey
Over mennes heddes ? 14299

Haddestow be hende,” quod I,
“Thow woldest have asked leeve.”

“Ye, leve lurdeyn !” quod he ;
And leyde on me with age,
And hitte me under the ere,
Unnethe myghte ich here. [mouth,
He buffeted me so aboute the
That out my teeth he bette ;

And gyved me in goutes,
I may noght goon at large. 14309

And of the wo that I was inne
My wif hande ruthe,
And wisshed ful witterly
That I were in hevene ;
For the lyme that she loved me fore,
And leef was to feele,—

On nyghtes, namely,
Whan we naked weere,—
I ne myghte in no manere
Maken it at hir wille ;
So Elde and she, soothly,
Hadden it for-beten. 14321

And as I seet in this sorwe, 14322
I saugh how Kynde passede ;
And Deeth drogh neigh me.
For drede gan I quake,
And cryde to Kynde,
“ Out of care me brynge !
Lo ! Elde the hoore
Hath me bi-seye.
Awreke me ! if youre wille be,
For I wolde ben hennes.”

“ If thow wolt be wroken,
Wend into Unitee, 14333
And hold thee there evere,
Til I sende for thee ;
And loke thow konne som craft,
Er thow come thennes.”

“ Counseille me, Kynde,” quod I,
“ What craft is best to lerne.”

“ Lerne to love,” quod Kynde,
“ And leef of alle othere.”

“ How shal I come to catel so,
To clothe me and to feede ?” 14343

“ And thow love lelly,” quod he,
“ Lakke shal thee nevere
Mete ne worldly weede,
While thi lif lasteth.”

And there by conseil of Kynde
I comsed to rome
Thorugh Contricion and Confession,
Til I cam to Unitee. [stable
And there was Conscience cone-
Cristene to save,
And bisegede soothly
With sevene grete geauntz 14355

That with Antechrist helden 14356
Harde ayein Conscience.

Sleuthe with his slynge
An hard assaut he made.
Proude preestes coome with hym
Mo than a thousand,
In paltokes and pyked shoes,
And pisseris longe knyves,
Coomen ayein Conscience,
With Coveitise thei helden.

“By Marie!” quod a mansed
Of the Marche of Walys, [preest
“I counte na-moore Conscience,
By so I cacche silver,
Than I do to drynke
A draughte of good ale.”

And so seiden sixty
Of the same contree;
And shotten ayein with shot
Many a sheef of othes,
And brode hoked arwes,
Goddes herte and hise nayles;
And hadden almoost Unitee, 14378
And holynesse a-down. [gie!

Conscience cryede, “Helpe, Cler-
Or ellis I falle,
Thorugh inparfite preestes
And prelates of holy chirche.”
Freres herden hym crye,
And comen hym to helpe;
Ac for thei kouthe noght wel hir
Conscience forsook hem. [craft,

Nede neghede tho neer,
And Conscience he tolde 14389

That thei come for coveitise 14390
To have cure of soules ; [ture,
“ And for thei are povere, peraven-
For patrymoyne thei faille,
They wol flatere and fare wel
With folk that ben riche.
And sithen thei chosen chele
And cheitiftee poverte,
Lat hem chewe as thei chose,
And charge hem with no cure.
For lomere he lyeth,
That liflode moot begge, 14401
Than he that laboureth for liflode,
And leneth it beggeris.
And sithen freres forsoke
The felicité of erthe,
Lat hem be as beggeris,
Or lyve by aungeles foode.”

“ Conscience of this counseil tho
Comsede for to laughe,
And curteisliche confortd hem,
And called in alle freres,
And seide, “ Sires, soothly 14412
Welcome be ye alle
To Unitee and holy chirche ;
Ac o thyng I yow preye,
Holdeth yow in Unitee,
And haveth noon envye
To lered ne to lewed,
But lyveth after youre reule,
And I wol be youre borugh
Ye shal have breed and clothes
And othere necessities y-nowe,
Yow shal no thyng faille, 14423

With that ye leve logik, 14424
 And lerneth for to lovye.
 For love lasste thei lordshipe,
 Bothe lond and scole,
 Frere Fraunceys and Domynyk,
 For love to be holye.

“ And if ye coveite cure,
 Kynde wol yow teche
 That in mesure God made
 Alle manere thynges,
 And sette hem at a certein
 And a siker nombre, 14435
 And nempnede names newe,
 And noumbrede the sterres.
Qui numerat multitudinem stella-
rum, et omnibus eis, etc.

“ Kynges and knyghtes
 That kepen and defenden,
 Han officers under hem,
 And ech of hem a certein.
 And if thei wage men to werre,
 Thei write hem in noumbre ;
 Alle othere in bataille 14446
 Ben y-holde brybours,
 Pylours and pyke-harneys,
 In ech a place y-cursed,
 Wol no man tresore hem paie,
 Travaille thei never so soore.

“ Monkes and moniales,
 And alle men of religion,
 Hir ordre and hir reule wole
 To han a certein noumbre,
 Of lewed and of lered,
 The lawe wole and asketh 14457

A certein for a certein, 14458
Save oonliche of freres. [Crist!

“For thi,” quod conscience, “by
Kynde wit me telleth
It is wikked to wage yow,
Ye wexen out of noumbre;
Hevene hath evene noumbre,
And helle is withoute noumbre.
For-thi I wolde witterly
That ye were in the registre,
And youre noumbre under notaries
And neither mo ne lasse.” [signe,

Envye herde this,
And heet freres to go to scole
And lerne logyk and lawe,
And ek contemplacion,
And preche men of Plato,
And preve it by Seneca,
That alle thynges under hevene
Oughte to ben in comune.

And yet he lyeth, as I leve,
That to the lewed so precheth;
For God made to men a lawe, 14480
And Moyses it taughte.

Non concupisces rem proximi tui.

And yvele in this y-holde
In parissches of Engelande;
For persons and parissh-preestes
That sholde the peple shryve,
Ben curatours called,
To knowe and to hele
Alle that ben hir parisshens,
Penaunce to enjoigne; [shrift;
And sholden be ashamed in his

Ac shame maketh hem wende 14492

And fleen to the freres,

As fals folk to Westmynstre,

That borweth, and bereth it thider,

And thanne biddeth frendes

Yerne of forgifnesse,

Or lenger yeres loone.

Ac while he is in Westmynstre,

He wol be bifore,

And maken hym murie

With oother mennes goodes. 14502

And so it fareth with muche folk

That to the freres hem shryveth,

As sisours and executours,

Thei wol gyve the freres

A parcel to preye for hem,

And make himself murye

With the residue and the remenaunt

That othere men bi-swonke,

And suffre the dede in dette

To the day of doome.

Envye herfore

Hatede Conscience; 14514

And freres to philosophie

He fond thanne to scole, [nesse,

The while Coveitise and Unkynde-

Conscience assailedde.

In Unitee holy chirche

Conscience held hym,

And made Pees porter

To pynne the yates,

Of alle tale-telleris

And titeleris in ydel. 14524

Ypocrisie and he 14525
 An hard assaut thei made,
 And woundede wel wikkedly
 Many a wis techere
 That with Conscience acordede
 And cardynale vertues.

Conscience called a leche,
 That koude wel shryve,
 To go salve tho that sike ben
 And thorough synne y-wounded.
 Shrift shoop sharpe salve, 14535
 And made men do penaunce
 For hir mys-dedes
 That thei wroght hadde,
 And that Piers were y-payed :
Redde quod debes.

Some liked noght this leche,
 And lettres thei sente,
 If any surgien were the segge
 That softer koude plastre.
 Sire Leef-to-lyve-in-lecherie
 Lay there and gronedede,
 For fastynge of a Frydaye 14547
 He ferde as he wolde deye.

“Ther is a surgien in this sege
 That softe kan handle,
 And moore of phisik bi fer
 And fairer he plastreth,
 Oon frere Flaterere,
 Is phisicien and surgien.”

Quod Contricion to Conscience,
 “Do hym come to Unitee ;
 For here is many a man 14557

Hurt thorough Ypocrisye." [science,

"We han no nede," quod Con-

"I woot no bettre leche

Than person or parisshe-preest,

Penitauncer or bisshope,

Save Piers the Plowman,

That hath power over hem alle,

And indulgence may do,

But if dette lette it."

"I may wel suffre," seide Con-

"Syn ye desiren [science,

That frere Flaterere be fet 14569

And phisike yow sike."

The frere herof herde

And hiede faste

To a lord for a lettre,

Leve to have to curen,

As a curatour he were ;

And cam with hise lettres

Boldely to the bisshope,

And his brief hadde,

In contrees ther he coome

Confessions to here, 14580

And cam there Conscience was,

And knocked at the yate.

Pees unpynned it,

Was porter of Unitee,

And in haste askede

What his wille were.

"In faith !" quod this frere,

"For profit and for helthe

Carpe I wolde with Contricion,

And therfore cam I hider."

"He is sik," seide Pees, 14591

“ And so are manye othere. 14592
Ypocrisie hath hurt hem,
Ful hard is if thei kevere.”

“ I am a surgien,” seide the segge,
“ And salves kan make.
Conscience knoweth me wel,
And what I kan do bothe.”

“ I praye thee,” quod Pees tho,
“ Er thow passe ferther,
What hattestow? I praye thee;
Hele noght thi name.”

“ Certes,” seide his felawe, 14603
“ Sire *Penetrans-domos*.”

“ Ye, go thi gate,” quod Pees,
“ By God! for al thi phisik,
But thow konne som oother craft,
Thow comest nought herinne.

I knew swich oon ones,
Noght eighte wynter hennes,
Coom in thus y-coped

At a court there I dwelde,
And was my lordes leche,
And my ladies bothe. 14614

And at the laste this lymytour,
Tho my lord was oute,
He salvede so oure wommen
Til some were with childe.”

Hende-speche heet Pees
Open the yates,
“ Lat in the frere and his felawe,
And make hem fair cheere;
He may se and here,
So it may bifalle

That lif thorough his loore 14625

Shal leve Coveitise, 14626
 And be a-drad of Deeth,
 And withdrawe hym fram Pryde,
 And acorde with Conscience,
 And kisse hir either oother."

Thus thorough Hende-speche
 Entred the frere,
 And cam in to Conscience,
 And curteisly hym grette.

"Thou art welcome," quod Con-
 science,
 "Kanstow heele the sike? 14636
 Here is Contricion," quod Con-
 "My cosyn, y-wounded. [science,
 Conforte hym," quod Conscience,
 "And tak kepe to hise soores.
 The plastres of the person
 And poudres biten to soore;
 He lat hem ligge over longe,
 And looth is to chaunge hem;
 Fro lenten to lenten
 He lat hise plastres bite." 14646

"That is over longe," quod this
 lymytour,
 "I leve I shal amende it."
 And gooth and gropeth Contricion,
 And gaf hym a plastre
 Of 'a pryvee paiement,
 And I shal praye for yow
 For al that ye ben holden to,
 Al my lif tyme,
 And make yow, my lady,
 In masse and in matyns
 As frere of oure fraternytee 14657

For a litel silver.' 14658

Thus he gooth and gadereth,
And gloseth there he shryveth,
Til Contricion hadde clene foryeten
To crye and to wepe;
And wake for hise wikked werkes,
As he was wont to doone,
For confort of his confessour
Contricion he lasfe,
That is the soverayneste salve
For alle kynne synnes.

Sleuthe seigh that, 14669
And so dide Pryde,
And comen with a kene wille
Conscience to assaille.

Conscience cryed eft,
And bad Clergie helpe hym,
And also Contricion,
For to kepe the yate. [Pees,

"He lyth and dremeth," seide
"And so do manye othere,
The frere with his phisyk
This folk hath enchaunted, 14680
And plastred hem so esily,
Thei drede no synne."

"By Crist!" quod Conscience tho,
"I wole bicomme a pilgrym,
And walken as wide
As the world lasteth,
To seken Piers the Plowman,
That Pryde may destruye;
And that freres hadde a fyndyng,
That for nede flateren,
And countreplede me, Conscience.

Now Kynde me avenge, 14692
 And sende me hap and heele,
 Til I have Piers the Plowman.”
 And siththe he gradde after Grace,
 Til I gan awake. 14696

Explicit hic Dialogus Petri Plow-
man.





THE CREED OF PIERS
PLOUGHMAN.



THE ORDER OF BILLS

AND CREDIT

OF THE
UNITED STATES



PIERS PLOUGHMAN'S
CREED.

GROS and curteis Christ
This begynnyng spede,
For the faders frendshipe
That fourmed heaven,
And through the special spirit
That sprong of hem tweyne,
And al in one God-hed
Endles dwelleth.
A, and all myn a.b.c.
After have I lerned,
And patred in my pater-noster
Iche poynt after other ; 12
And after al, myne Ave-marie
Almost to the end ;
But al my care is to comen,
For I can nought my Crede.
Whan I shall shewen my shrift,
Shent mote I worthen ;
The preeste wil me punyche,
And penaunce enjoyne ;
The lengthe of a lenton
Flesh moot I leve,
After that Estur is y-come,
And that is hard fare ; 24

And Wedenesday iche wyke 25
 Withouten flesh-mete.
 And also Jesu hymselfe
 To the Jewes he saide,
 "He that leeveth nought on me,
 He leseth the blisse."
 Therfor lerne the byleve
 Levest me were,
 Gif any worldly wight
 Wil me [it] couthe;
 Other lewed or lered,
 That lyveth thereafter 36
 And fulliche folweth the feith,
 And feyneth non other;
 That no worldeliche wele
 Wilneth no tyme,
 But liveth in lovyng of God,
 And his lawe holdeth;
 And for no gettyng of good
 Never his God greveth,
 But folweth hym the full way,
 As he the folke taughte.
 But to many maner of men 47
 This matter is asked,
 Both to lered and to lewed,
 That seyn that they liveden
 Hollich on the grete God,
 And holden al his hestes.
 But by a fraynyng for than
 Faileth ther manye.
 For first I frayned the freres,
 And they me fulle tolden,
 That al the fruyt of the fayth
 Was in her foure orders; 58

And the cofres of Christendom, 59

And the keie bothen,

And the lock of byleve,

Lieth loken in her hondes,

Then wennede I to wytten,

And with a whight I mette,

A Minoure in a morwe-tide ;

And to this man I saide,

“ Sire, for greate Godes love !

The graith thou me tell,

Of what myddel-erde man

Myght I best lerne 70

My Crede ? For I can it nought,

My kare is the more.

And therfore, for Christes love !

Thy counseyl I preie.

A Carm me hath y-covenant,

The nede me to teche ;

But for thou knowest Carmes wel,

Thy counsail I aske.”

This Minour loked on me,

And laughyng he sayde,

“ Leve christen man, 81

I leve that thou [art] madde :

Whough shulde thei techen the god,

That con non hemselfe ?

They ben but jugulers,

And japers of kynde ;

Lorels and lechures,

And lemans holden,

Neyther in order ne out,

But unneth lybbeth,

And by-japeth the folk

With gestic of Rome. 92

It is but a faynt folke, 93
 Y-founded upon japes.
 They maketh hem Maries men,
 And so thei men tellen;
 And leieth on oure Lady
 Many a long tale.
 And that wicked folk
 Wymmen betraieth,
 And begileth hem her good
 With glaverynge wordes,
 And therwith holden her hous
 In harlotes warkes. 104
 And, so save me God!
 I hold it greate synne
 To gyven hem any good,
 Swiche glotones to fynde,
 To mayntaynen swiche maner men
 That michel good destruieth.
 Yet seyn they in her sutiltie
 To sottes in townes,
 Thei comen out of Carmeli
 Christ for to folwen,
 And feyneth hem with holynesse,
 That yvele hem bisemeth.
 Thei lyven more in lecherie,
 And lyeth in her tales,
 Than suen any good liif;
 But lurken in her selles,
 And wynnen werdliche good,
 And wasten it in synne.
 And ghif thei couthen her Crede,
 Other on Christ leveden,
 Thei weren nought so hardy
 Swyche harlotri usen. 126

Sikerli I can nought fynden 127
Who hem first founded ;
But the foles foundeden hemselfe
Freres of the Pye,
And maken hem mendynans,
And marre the puple.
But what glut of tho gomes
May any good kachen,
He wyl kepen it hemself,
And cofrene it faste ;
And though his felawes fayle good,
For hym he may sterven. 138
Her monei mai byquest,
And testament maken,
And none obedience bere,
But don as hym luste.
And ryght as Robartes men
Raken aboute
At feyres and at full ales,
And fyllen the cuppe ;
And precheth al of pardon,
To plesen the puple.
Her pacience is al pased, 149
And put out to ferme ;
And pride is in her povertie,
That litel is to preisen.
And at the lullyng of oure lady
The wymmen to lyken,
And miracles of mydwyves,
And maken wymmen to wenen
That the lace of oure Lady smok
Lighteth hem of children.
Thei ne prechen nought of Powel,
Ne penaunce for synne ; 160

But al of merci and mensk, 161
 That Marie may helpen.
 With sterne staves and stronge
 Thei over lond straketh,
 Thider as here lemmans liggeth,
 And lurketh in townes,
 Grey grete-heded quenes
 With gold by the eighen,
 And seyne that her sustern thei ben,
 That sojurneth aboute.
 And thus abouten the gon,
 And Godes folke betrayeth. 172
 It is the puple that Powel
 Preched of in his tyme;
 He seyde of swich folke
 That so aboute wente,
 Wepying, I warne you
 Of walkers aboute,
 It beth enemyes of the cros
 That Christ upon tholede.
 Swiche slomrers in slepe,
 Slaughte in her ende,
 And glotonye is her God, 183
 With gloppyng of drynk,
 And gladnesse in gleees,
 And grete joye y-maked.
 In the shendying of swiche
 Shal mychel folk lawghe;
 Therefore, frend, for thy feith
 Fond to don beter;
 Leve nought on tho losels,
 Put let hem forth pasen,
 For thei ben fals in her faith,
 And feele mo other." 194

“Alas! frere,” quath I tho, 195
“My purpos is y-failed;
Now is my comfort a-cast.
Canstou no bote,
Wher I myght meten with a man
That myghte me wyssen
For to conne my Crede,
Christ for to folwen?”

“Certeyn, felawe,” quath the
“Withouten any fayle, [frere,
Of al men upon mold,
We Minorities most sheweth 206
The pure aposteles liif,
With penance on erthe,
And suen hem in sanctité,
And sufferen wel harde.
We haunten no tavernes,
Ne hobelen abouten;
At marketes and miracles
We medeleth us never;
We hondlen no moneye,
But monelich faren,
And haven hunger at the mete,
At ich a mel ones.
We haven forsaken the world,
And in wo libbeth,
In penaunce and poverte,
And prechethe the puple
By ensample of oure liif
Soules to helpen;
And in poverte preien
For al oure parteneres,
That gyveth us any good
God to honouren, 228

Other bel other book, 229
Or bred to our foode,
Other catel, other cloth
To coveren with oure bones.
For we buldeth a burwgh,
A brod and a large,
A chirch and a chapitle,
With chaumbers a-lofte;
With wide wyndowes y-wrought,
And walles wel heye,
That mote ben portreid and paint,
And pulched ful clene, 240
With gay glitering glas
Glowyng as the sunne.
And mightestou amenden us
With moneye of thyn owen,
Thou shouldest knely bifore Christ
In compas of gold,
In the wyde window west-ward
Wel neigh in the myddel,
And saint Fraunceis hymselfe
Shal folden the in his cope,
And present the to the Trinité, 251
And praye for thy synnes.
Thy name shal noblich ben wryten
And wrought for the nones,
And in remembraunce of the
Y-rad there for evere.
And, brother, be thou nought a-ferd;
Bythenk in thyne herte,
Though thou conne nought thy
Care thou no-more! [Crede,
I shal asoilen the, syr,
And setten it on my soule; 262

And thou may maken this good,
Thenk thou non other."

"Sir," I sayde, "in certaine
I shal gon and asaye."

And he set on me his hond,
And asoiled me clene,
And there I parted him fro
Wythouten and peyne;
In covenaut that I come agayne,
Christ he me be-taught.

Then saide I to myself,
"Here semeth litel treuthe!" 274

First to blame his brother,
And bakbyten hym foule,
There as curteis Christ
Clerliche saide,

Whow myght thou in thy brothers
A bare mote loken, [eighe
And in thyn owen eighe
Nought a beme toten?

See fyrst on thyself,
And sithen on another,
And clense clene thy syght, 285
And kepe wel thyne eighe,
And for another mannes eighe
Ordeyne after.

And also I see coveitise
Catel to fongen,
That Christ hath clerliche forboden,
And clenliche destrueden;

And sayde to his sueres
For sothe on this wyse,
'Nought thy neighbors good
Coveyte in no tyme.' 296

But charité and chastité 297

Ben chased out clene.

But Christ seide by her fruit

Men shal hem ful knowen."

Thanne saide I, "certeine, syr,

Thou demest ful trewe."

Than thought I to frayne the first
Of this foure ordres ;

And presed to the Prechoures,

To proven her wille.

Ich highed to her house,

To herken of more ; 308

And when I came to that court,

I gaped aboute,

Swich a bild bold

Y-buld upon erthe heighte

Say I nought in certeyn

Syththe a long tyme.

I semed opon that hous,

And yerne theron loked,

Whow the pileres weren y-paint,

And pulchud ful clene,

And queyntly y-corven 319

With curious knottes ;

With wyndowes wel y-wrought,

Wyde up a-lofte,

And thanne I entred in,

And even forth wente ;

And al was walled that wone,

Though it wiid were,

With posternes in privité

To pasen when hem liste ;

Orcheyardes and erberes

Evesed wel clene, 330

And a curious cros 331

Craftly entayled,
With tabernacles y-tight
To toten al abouten.
The pris of a plough-lond
Of penies so rounde
To aparaile that pyler
Were pure litel.

Than I munte me forth
The mynstre to knowen,
And awaytede a woon

Wonderly wel y-bild, 342

With arches on everiche half,
And bellyche y-corven,

With crochetes on corneres,
With knottes of gold,

Wyde wyndowes y-wrought,
Y-wryten ful thikke,

Shynen with shapen sheldes,
To shewen aboute,

With merkes of merchauntes
Y-medeled betwene,

Mo than twentie and two 353

Twyse y-noumbbred.

'Ther is non heraud that hath
Half swich a rolle,

Right as a rageman

Hath rekned hem newe.

Tombes upon tabernacles

Tylde opon lofte,

Housed in hornes,

Harde set abouten,

Of armede alabaustre

Clad for the nones, 364

Maad opon marbel 365
 In many manner wyse,
 Knyghtes in ther conisante
 Clad for the nones ;
 Alle it semed seyntes
 Y-sacred opon erthe ;
 And lovely ladies y-wrought
 Leyen by her sydes
 In manye gay garnemens,
 That weren gold beten.
 Though the tax of ten yere
 Were trewely y-gadered, 376
 Nolde it nought maken that hous
 Half, as I trowe.
 Than cam I to that cloystre,
 And gaped abouten,
 Whough it was pilered and peynt,
 And portreyed wel clene,
 Al y-hyled with leed
 Lowe to the stones,
 And y-paved with poynttyl
 Ich point after other ;
 With cundites of clene tyn 387
 Closed al aboute,
 With lavoures of latun
 Loveliche y-greithed.
 I trowe the gaynage of the ground
 In a gret shyre
 Nold aparaile that place
 Oo poynt tyl other ende.
 Thanne was that chapitre house
 Wrought as a greet chirche,
 Corven and covered ;
 And queyntelyche entayled, 398

With semliche selure 399
Y-seet on lofte,
As a parlement-hous
Y-peynted aboute.
Thanne ferd I into fraytoure,
And fond there another,
An halle for an hygh kynge
An houshold to holden,
With brode bordes abouten
Y-benched wel clene,
With wyndowes of glaas
Wrought as a chirche 410
Than walkede I ferrer,
And went al abouten,
And seigh halles full heygh,
And houses ful noble,
Chambres with chymeneys,
And chapeles gaye,
And kychenes for an high kynge
In casteles to holden ;
And her dortoure y-dight
With dores ful stronge ;
Fermerye and fraitur, 421
With fele mo houses,
And al strong ston wal
Sterne upon heithe,
With gaye garites and grete,
And iche hole y-glased,
And other houses y-nowe
To herberwe the queene.
And yet thise bilderes wiln beggen
A bagge ful of whete
Of a pure pore man,
That may onethe paye 432

Half his rent in a yere, 433
 And half ben byhynde.

Than turned I ayen,
 Whan I hadde all y-toted,
 And fond in a freitoure
 A frere on a benche,
 A greet chorl and a grym,
 Growen as a tonne,
 With a face so fat
 As a ful bleddere
 Blowen bretful of breth,
 And as a bagge honged 444
 On bothen his chekes, and his chyn
 With a chol lollede
 So greet as a gos ey,
 Growen al of grece ;
 That al wagged his fleish
 As a quick myre.

His cope, that bi-clypped hym,
 Wel clene was it folden,
 Of double worstede y-dyght
 Doun to the hele.

His kyrtel of clene whiit, 455
 Clenlyche y-sewed,
 Hit was good y-now of ground
 Greyn for to beren.

I haylsede that hirdman,
 And hendlich I sayde,
 "Gode sire, for Godes love!
 Canstou me graith tellen
 To any worthely wiight
 That wissen me couthe,
 Whow I shulde conne my Crede,
 Christ for to folwe, 466

That levede lelliche hymselfe 467
And lyvede therafter,
That feynede no falshede,
But fully Chrise suwede?
For sich a certeyn man
Syker wold I trosten,
That he wolde telle me the trewthe,
And turne to non other.
And an Austyn this ender day
Egged me faste,
That he wolde techen me wel,
He plyght me his treuthe, 478
And seyde me "certeyn,
Syghthen Christ deyed
Oure ordre was euelles
And erst y-founde."

"First, felawe," quath he,
"Fy on his pilche!
He is but abortiif,
Eked with cloutes,
He holdeth his ordynaunce
With hores and theves,
And purchaseth hem pryvyleges
With penyes so rounde.
It is a pur pardoners craft,
Prove and asay;
For have they thy money,
A moneth therafter
Certes, theigh thou come agen,
He wil the nought knowen.
But, felawe, oure foundement
Was first of the othere,
And we ben founded fulliche
Withouten fayntise, 500

And we ben clerkes y-cnowen, 501
 Cunnyng in schole,
 Proved in processyon
 By processe of lawe.
 Of oure order ther beth
 Bichopes wel manye,
 Seyntes on sundri stedes
 That suffreden harde ;
 And we ben proved the priis
 Of popes at Rome,
 And of grettest degré,
 As godspelles telleth." 512

"A ! syre," quath I thanne,
 "Thou seyst a grete wonder ;
 Sithen Christ sayd hymselfe
 To alle his diciples,
 'Which of you that is most,
 Most shal he werche ;
 And who is goere byforne,
 First shal he serven.'
 And seyde he saugh Satan
 Sytten ful heyghe,
 And ful low ben y-leid. 523
 In lyknesse he tolde,
 That in povernesse of spyrit
 Is spedfullest hele ;
 And hertes of heyne
 Harmeth the soule.
 And therefore, frere, farewel ;
 Here fynd I but pride.
 I preise nought thy prechyns,
 But as a pur myte."

And angerich I wandrede
 The Austyns to prove, 534

And mette with a maistre of tho men,
And meklich I seyde,
“Maistre, for the moder love
That Marie men calleth!
Knowest thou ought there thou
A creature on erthe [comest
That coude me my Crede teche,
And trewelich enfourme,
Withouten flateryng fare,
And nothing feyne,
That folweth fulliche the feith,
And non other fables, 546
Withouten gabinge of glose,
As the godspelles telleth?
A Minoure hath me holly behyght
To helen my soule,
For he seith that her secte
Is sykerest on erthe,
And ben keepers of the keye
That Chrystendom helpeth,
And puriche in poverte
The apostles they suweth.”
“Allaas!” quath the frere, 557
“Almost I madde in mynde,
To sen hough this Minoures
Many men bygyleth.
Sothly somme of tho gomes
Hath more good hymselfe
Than ten knyghtes that I knowe,
Of catel in cofres.
In fraytoure they faren best
Of al the foure ordres,
And usun ypocricie
In al that thei werchen, 568

And prechen al of perfitnesse ; 569
 But loke now, I the prey,
 Nought but profre hem in privité
 A peny for a masse,
 And, but his name be prest,
 Put out myn eighe,
 Though he had more money hid
 Than marchauntes of wolle.
 Loke hough this loresmen
 Lordes betrayen,
 Seyn that they folwen
 Fully Fraunceyses rewle, 580
 That in cotinge of his cope
 Is more cloth y-folden
 Than was in Fraunceis froc
 Whan he hem first made.
 And yet under that cope
 A cote hathe he furred
 With foyns, or with fichewes,
 Other fyn bevere,
 And that is cutted to the kne,
 And queyntly y-botend,
 Lest any spiritual man 591
 Aspie that gyle.
 Fraunceys bad his brethern
 Bar-fot to wenden ;
 Now han they buclede shone,
 For blenyng of her heles,
 And hosen in harde weder
 Y-hamled by the ancle,
 And spicerie sprad in her purs
 To parten where hem luste.
 Lordes loveth hem wel,
 For they so lowe crouchen ; 602

But knowen men her cautel 603
 And her queynte wordes,
 Thei wolde worshypen hem
 Nought but a litle,
 The ymage of ypocricie
 Ymped upon fendes.
 But, sone, gif thou wilt ben seker,
 Seche thou no ferther,
 We freres beth the firste,
 And founded upon treuthe;
 Paule *primus heremita*
 Put us hymselfe 614
 Away into wildernesse,
 The world to despisen,
 And there we lengeden ful long,
 And leveden ful harde;
 For to alle this freren folke
 Weren founden in tounes,
 And taughten untrewely,
 And that we wel aspiede.
 And for chef charyté,
 We chargeden us selven
 In amending of this men, 625
 We maden oure celles
 To ben in cytés y-set,
 To styghtle the puple,
 Prechyng and prayeng
 As profetes shoulde.
 And so we holden us the hetheved
 Of al holy chirche.
 We han power of the Pope
 Purliche assoylen
 Al that helpen oure hous
 In helpe of her soules; 636

To dispensen hem with 637
 In dedes of synne,
 Al that amendeth oure hous
 In money other elles,
 With corne other catel,
 Or clothes to beddes,
 Other bedys or broche,
 Or breed for our fode.
 And gif thou hast any good,
 And wilt thyself helpen,
 Help us hertelich therwith,
 And here I undertake 648
 Thou shalt ben brother of oure hous,
 And a book habben
 At the nexte chapitre
 Clerliche enseled.
 And than oure provincial
 Hath power to assoylen
 Alle sustren and bretheren
 That beth of oure ordre.
 And though thou conne nought the
 Knele down here, [Crede,
 My soule I sette for thyn, 659
 To asoile the clene,
 In covenant that thou come ageyne,
 And katel us brynge.”
 And thanne loutede I adoun,
 Add he me leve grauntede ;
 And so I parted hym fro,
 And the frere lefte.
 Than seide I to myself,
 “ Here is no bote ;
 Here pride is the pater-noster
 In preying of synne ; 670

Her Crede is coveytise :— 671

Now can I no ferthere.

Yet wil I fonden forth,

And fraynen the Carmes.

Than toted I into a taverne,

And there I aspyede

Two frere Carmes

With a ful coppe.

There I auntrede me in,

And aisliche I seyde,

“Leve sire, for the Lordes love

That thou on levest !

682

Lere me to som man

My Crede for to lerne,

That lyveth in lel liif,

And loveth no synne,

And gloseth nought the godspel,

But halt Godes hetes,

And neyther money ne mede

Ne may hym nought letten,

But werchen after Godes word,

Withouten any faile.

A Prechoure y-professed

693

Hath plight me his trewthe

To techen me trewely ;

But wouldest thou me tellen,

For they ben certeyne men,

And syker on to trosten,

I would quiten the thy mede

As my myght were.”

“A trefle,” quath he, “trewely !

His treweth is ful litel ;

He dynede nought with Dominic,

Sithe Christ deide.

704

For with the prynces of pryde 705
 The Prechours dwellen;
 They ben so digne as the devel
 That droppeth fro heven,
 With hartes of heynesse,
 Whough halwen the cherches,
 And deleth in devynyte
 As dogges doth bones.
 Thei medeleth with mesages
 And mariages of grete;
 Thei leeven with lordes
 With lesynges y-nowe; 716
 Thei biggeth hem bichopriches
 With bagges of gold;
 Thei wilneth worchipes:—
 But waite on her dedes.
 Harkne at Herdforthe
 How that they werchen,
 And loke when that they lyven
 And leeve as thou fyndest.
 They ben counseylours of kynges,
 Christ wot the sothe,
 Whou thei curreth kynges 727
 And her bak claweth.
 God leve hem laden wel
 In lyvyng of hevene,
 And glose hem nought for her good
 To greven her soules.
 I pray the, where ben they pryvé
 With any pore whightes
 That may nought amenden her hous,
 Ne amenden hemselven?
 They prechen in proud herte,
 And preyseth her ordre, 738

And werdlich worchype 739
Wilneth in erthe.

Leeve it wel, lef man,
And men right lokede,
There is more pryvé pryde
In Prechoures hertes,
Than there leste in Lucifere,
Or he were lowe fallen.
They bene dygne as dich-watere,
That dogges in bayteth.

Lok a ribaut of hem
That can nought wel reden 750
His Rewel ne his Respondes,
But be pure rote ;
Als as he were a connyng clerk,
He casteth the lawes
Nought lowly, but lordly,
And lesynges lyeth.

For right as Minoures
Most hypocrice useth,
Ryght so ben Prechoures proude
Purlyche in herte.

“ But, chrysten creatoure, 761
We Carmes firste comen,
Even in Elyes tyme,
First of hem alle ;
And lyven by oure Lady,
And lelly her serven,
In clene commun liif
Kepen us out of synne ;
Nowt proude as Prechoures beth,
But preyen ful style.

We couen on no quentyse,
Christ wot the southe ! 772

But bisyeth us in oure bedes, 773
As us best holdeth.

And, therfore, leeve leelman,
Leeve that iche sigge,
A masse of us meene men

Is of more mede,
And passeth alle prayers
Of this proude freres.—

And thou wilt ghyven us any good,
I wolde ye here graunten
To taken al thy penaunce
In peril of my soule ; 784

And tho thou conne nought thy
Clene the assoyle, [Crede,
So that thou mowe amenden oure
With money other elles, [house
With som catel, other corn,
Or cuppes of sylvere.”

“Trewely, frere,” quath I tho,
“To tellen the the sothe,
There is no peny in my pakke
To payen for my mete.

I have no good, ne no golde, 795
But go thus abouten,
And travaile ful trewely
To wynnen with my fode.

But woldest thou for Godes love
Lerne me my Crede,
I shulde don for the wil,
Whan I wele hadde.”

“Trewely,” quath the frere,
“A fole I the holde :—
Thou woldest nought wetten thy fote,
And woldest fich kachen. 806

Oure pardon and oure preieres 807
So beth they nought parten,
Oure power lasteth nought so feer,
But we som peny fongen.

“Fare wel,” quath the frere,
“For I mot hethen fonden,
And hyen to an house-wiif
That hath us byquethen
Ten pound in hir testament.
To tellen the sothe,
Ho draweth to the deth-ward ;
But yet I am in drede 818
Leste ho turne hire testament,
And therfore I hyghe
To haven hire to oure hous,
And henten, gif I mighte,
An anuel for myne owen use,
To helpen to clothe.”

“Godys forbode !” quath his felawe,
“But ho forth passe
Whil ho is in purpos
With us to departen !
God let hir no lengere lyven ! 829
For letteres ben manye.”

Thanne turnede I me forth,
And talked to myselfe
Of the falshede of this folke,
Whow feythles thei weren.
And as I wente by the way
Wepynge for sorowe,
I seigh a sely man me by,
Opon the plough hongen.
His cote was of a cloute
That cary was y-called ; 840

His hod was ful of holes, 841
 And his heare oute ;
 With his knoppede shon
 Clouted ful thykke ;
 His ton toteden out,
 As he the lond tredede ;
 Hishosen over-hongen his hokshynes
 On everich a syde,
 Al beslomered in fen,
 As he the plow folwede.
 Tweye myteynes as meter
 Maad al of cloutes, 852
 The fyngres weren for-werd,
 And ful of fen honged.
 This whit waseled in the feen
 Almost to the ancle ;
 Foure rotheren hym byforne,
 That feble were worthi ;
 Men myghte reknen ich a ryb,
 So rentful they weren.
 His wiif walked hym with,
 With a long gode,
 In a cuttede cote, 863
 Cutted fulheyghe,
 Wrapped in a wynwe shete
 To weren hire fro wederes,
 Bar-fot on the bare iis,
 That the blod folwede.
 And at the londes ende lath
 A little crom-bolle,
 And theron lay a lytel chylde
 Lapped in cloutes,
 And tweyne of tweie yeres olde
 Opon another syde. 874

PIERS PLOUGHMAN. 477

And al they songen o songe, 875
That sorwe was to heren ;
They crieden alle o cry,
A kareful note.

The sely man sighed sore,
And seyde, “ Children, beth stille !”
This man lokede opon me,
And leet the plough stonden ;
And seyde, “ Sely man,
Whi syghest thou so harde ?
Gif the lakke liiflode,
Lene the ich wille 886

Swich good as God hath sent ;
Go we, leewe brother.”

I sayde thanne, “ Nay, syre,
My sorowe is wel more.
For I can nought my Crede,
I care wel harde ;
For I can fynden no man
That fulli byleveth,
To techen me the heyghe weie,
And therfore I wepe.

For I have fonded the freres 897
Of the foure ordres ;
For there I wende have wist,
But now my wit lakketh ;
And al myn hope was on hem,
And myn herte also,
But thei ben fulli faithles,
And the fend sueth.”

“ A ! brother,” quath he tho,
“ Be ware of tho foles ;
For Christ seyde hymself,
‘ Of swiche I you warne,’ 908

And false profetes in the feith 909
 He fulliche hem calde,
In vestimentis ovium,
 But only withinne
 They ben wilde werwolves
 That wiln the folke robben.
 The fen [d] founded hem first,
 The feyth to distrie;
 And by his craft thei comen in,
 To combren the chirche,
 By the covetise of his craft
 The curates to helpen. 920
 But nowe they haven an hold,
 They harmen ful manye;
 They don nought after Dominik,
 But dreccheth the puple.
 He folwen nought Fraunceis,
 But falsliche lybben;
 And Austynes rewle
 They rekeneth but a fable;
 And purchaseth hem privilege
 Of popes at Rome.
 They coveten confessiones, 931
 To kachen some hyre;
 And sepulturus also,
 Somme wayten to lacchen;
 But other cures of Christen
 They coveten nought to have,
 But there as wynnynge liith,
 He loketh non other." [name,
 "Whough shal I nemne thy
 That neyghbores the calleth?"
 "Peres," quath he, "the pore man,
 The Ploughman I hatte." 942

“A! Peres!” quath I tho, 943
“I pray the thou me telle
More of this tryflers,
Hou trechurly they libbeth;
For ichon of hem hath tolde me
A tale of that other,
Of her wikked liif,
In werld that he libbeth.
I trowe that som wicked wight
Wroughte this ordres.

Trow ye that gleym of that gest
That Goliath is y-cald, 954
Other els Satan hymself,
Sente hem fro helle,
To combren men with her crafte,
Christendome to shenden.”

“Dere brother,” quath Peres,
“The devel is ful queynte,
To encombren holy chirche
He casteth ful harde,
And fluricheth his falsnesse
Opon fele wise,
And fer he casteth to-forn 965
The folk to dystroye.

“Of the kynrede of Caym
He cast the freres,
And founded hem on Sarysenes,
Feyned for God.
But they with her falshe faith
Mychel folk shendeth.
Christ calde hem hymself
Kynd ipocrites;
How often he cursed hem,
Wel can I tellen. 976

He seide ons hymself 977
 To that sory puple :
 ‘ Who worthe you, wyghtes,
 Wel lerned of the lawe ! ’
 Eft he seyde to hem selfe,
 ‘ Wo mote you worthen
 That the toumbes of profetes
 Bildeth up heighe !
 Youre faderes for-deden hem,
 And to the deth hem broughte.’
 Here I touche this two,
 Twynnen hem I thenke. 988
 Who wilneth be wiser of lawe
 Than lewede freres,
 And in multitude of men
 Ben maistres y-called,
 And wilneth worship of the world,
 And sytten with heye,
 And leveth lovyng of God
 And lownesse byhynde,
 And in beldyng of toumbes
 Thei traveileth grete,
 To chargen her chirche flore, 999
 And chaungen it ofte.
 And the fader of the freres
 Defouled her soules,
 That was the dyggyng devel,
 That dreccheth men ofte.
 The devel by his dotage
 Dissaveth the chirche,
 And put in the Prechours,
 Y-paynted withouten,
 And by his queyntise they comen in
 The curates to helpen ; 1010

But that harmed hem harde, 1011
And halp hem ful littel.
But Austynes ordinaunce
Was on a good treuthe ;
And also Dominikes dedes
Weren dernelich y-used ;
And Fraunceis founded his folke
Fulliche on treuthe,
Pure parfit prestes
In penaunce to libben,
In love and in lownesse
And lettynge of pryde, 1022
Grounded on the Godspel,
As God baad hymselfe.
But now the glose is so greet
In gladdyng tales,
That turneth up two-fold
Un-teyned upon treuthe,
That they ben cursed of Christ,
I can hem wel prove
Withouten his blissyng,
Bare beth thei in her werkes.
For Christ seyde hymselfe 1033
To swiche as him folwede :
' Y-blissed mot they ben
That mene ben in soule ;'
And alle power in gost
God hymself blisseth.
Whou fele freres fareth so,
Fayne wolde I knowe,
Prove hem in proces,
And pynch at her ordre,
And deme hem after that the don,
And dredles, Y leve, 1044

Thei wiln wexon pure wroth 1045
 Wonderliche sone,
 And shewen the a sharp wil
 In a short tyme
 To wiln wilfully wrathe,
 And werche thereafter.
 Wytnes on Wyclif,
 That warned hem with trewthe.
 For he in goodnesse of gost
 Graythliche hem warned
 To wayven her wikednesse
 And werkes of synne. 1056
 Whou sone this sorimen
 Seweden hys soule,
 And overal lolled hym
 With heritikes werkes!
 And so of the blissyng of God
 Thei bereth little mede
 " Afterward another,
 Onliche he blissede
 The meke of the myddel-erde
 Through myght of his fader.
 Fynd foure freres in a flok 1067
 That folweth that rewle,
 Than have I tynt al my tast,
 Touche and assaye.
 Lakke hem a littel wight,
 And her liif blamen;
 But he lepe up on heigh
 In hardenesse of herte,
 And nemne the anon nought,
 And thy name lakke,
 With proude wordes apert
 That passeth his rewle, 1078

Bothe with 'thou leyst,' and 'thou
In heynesse of soule, [lext,'
And turnnen as a tyraunt
That turmenteth hymselfe.
A lord were lother
For to leyne a knave,
Thanne swich a begger,
The best in a toun.
Loke now, leve man,
Beth nought thise y-lyke
Fully to the Pharisens,
In fele of these poyntes. 1090
Al her brad beldyng
Ben belded with synne,
And in worshipe of the world
Here wynnyng they holden;
They shapen her chapolories,
And strecchet hem brode,
And launceth heighe her hemmes
With babelyng in stretes.
They ben y-sewed with whight silke,
And semes ful queynte,
Y-stongen with stiches 1101
That stareth as sylver.
And but freres ben fyrst y-set
At sopers and at festes,
They wiln ben wonderly wroth
Y-wis, as I trowe;
But they ben at the lordes borde,
Louren they willeth.
He mot bygynne that bord,
A beggere with sorowe;
And first sitten in se
In her synagoges, 1112

That beth her heigh helle hous,
Of Caymes kynd.
For though a man in her mynstre
A masse wolde heren,
His sight shal so by set
On sondrye werkes,
The penonnes and the pomels
And poyntes of sheldes
Withdrawen his devocion,
And dusken his herte.
I likene it to a lim-yerde
To drawen men to helle, 1124
And to worchipe of the fend,
To wraththen the soules.
And also Christ himself seide
To swich ypocrites,
He loveth in marketes ben met
With gretynge of povere,
And lowynge of lewed men
In Lentenes tyme ;
For thei han of bichopes y-bought
With her propre silver
And purchased of penaunce 1135
The puple to asoyle.
But money may maken
Mesure of the peyne ;
After that his power is to payen,
His penaunce shal fayle.
God leve it be a good help
For hele of the soules !
And also this myster men
Ben maysters i-called,
That the gentill Jesus
Generalliche blamed, 1146

And that poynt to his apostles 1147
Purly defended.

But freres haven forgeten this,
And the fend suweth,
He that maystri loved,
Lucifer the olde.

Where Fraunceys or Dominik,
Other Austyn ordeynde,
And of this dotardes
Doctur to worthe,

Maysters of divinité
Her matynes to leve, 1158

And cherlich as a cheveteyn
Hys chaumbre to holden,
With chymené, and chaple,
And chosen whan hem lyst,
And served as a sovereyn,
And as a lord sytten.

Swich a gome Godes wordes
Grysliche gloseth ;

I trowe he toucheth nought the text,
But taketh it for a tale.

God forbad to his folk, 1169

And fullyche defendede,
They shoulde nought stodyen bi-
Ne sturren her wyttes, [forne

But sodenly the same word

With here mouth shewe,
That weren given hem of God,
Thorugh gost of hemselfe.

Now mot a frere studyen

And stumlen in tales,

And leven his matynes,

And no masse syngen, 1180

And loken hem lesynges 1131
 That liketh the puple,
 To purchasen hym his purs ful,
 To paye for the drynke.
 And, brother, when bernis ben ful,
 And holy tyme passed,
 Thanne comen cursed freres,
 And croucheth ful lowe,
 A losel, a lymytoure,
 Over al the lond lepeth.
 And loke that he leve non hous,
 That somewhat he ne laiche ; 1192
 And there thei gylen hemself,
 And Godes word turneth.
 Bagges and beggyng
 He bad his folke leven,
 And only serven hymself,
 And his ruwel sechen,
 And al that nedly nedeth,
 That shulden hem nought lakken.
 Wherto beggen thise men,
 And ben nought so feble ?
 Hem fayleth no furryng, 1203
 Ne clothes atte fulle,
 But for a lustful liif
 In lustes to dwellen ;
 Withouten any travail
 Untrulych libbeth ;
 Thei beth nought maymed men,
 Ne no mete lakketh ;
 Thei [ben] clothed in curious cloth,
 And clenliche arayed.
 It is a lawles liif,
 As lordynges usen, 1214

Nether ordeyned in ordre, 1215
But onethe libbeth.

“ Christ bad blissen
Bodies on erthe
That wepen for wikkednesse
That he byforn wroughte.
That ben few of tho freres,
For thei ben nere dede,
And put al in pur clath,
With pottes on her hedes ;
Thanne he warieth, and wepeth,
And wicheth after heven, 1226
And fyeth on her falshedes
That thei before deden.
And therfore of that blissyng,
Trewely, as I trowe,
Thei may trussen her part
In a terre powghe.

“ Alle tho blissed beth
That bodyliche hongreth ;
That ben the pore penyles,
That han over-passed
The poynt of her pris liif, 1237
In penaunce of werkes,
And mown nought swynken ne
But ben swith feble, [sweten,
Other mayned at meschef,
Or meseles lyke,
And her god is a-gon,
And greveth hem to beggen.
Ther is no frere, in feith,
That fareth in this wyse,
That he may beggen his bred,
His bed is y-greithed. 1248

Under a pot he shall be put 1249
 In a pryvye chaumbre,
 That he shal lyven ne last
 But lytel whyle after.
 Almyghti God and man,
 The merciable blessed,
 That han mercy on men
 That mis-don hem here.
 But who so for-gabbed a frere
 Y-founden at the stues,
 And brought blod of his bodi,
 On back or on syde, 1260
 Hym were as good greven
 A grete lord of rentes ;
 He shoulde sonnere ben shryven,
 Shortly to tellen,
 Though he kilde a comly knyght,
 And compasd his mother,
 Then a buffet to beden
 A beggere frere.

"The clene hertes Christ
 He curteyliche blissed
 That coveten no catel 1271
 But Christes fulle blysse,
 That leveth fulliche on God,
 And lelliche thenketh
 On his lore and his lawe,
 And lyveth opon trewthe.
 Freres han forgotten this,
 And folweth another,
 That they may henten they holden,
 By-hirneth it sone ;
 Here hertes ben clen y-hid
 In her heighe cloystre, 1282

As cures from careyne 1283
That is cast in diches.

“ And parfiit Christ
The pesible blissede,
That ben suffrant and sobre,
And susteyne anger.
Asay of her sobernesse,
And thou might y-knowen
Ther ne is no waspe in this world
That wil folloke styngen,
For stappying on a too
Of a styncand frere. 1294

For neyther soveren ne seget
Thei ne suffereth never.
Al thei blessing of God
Beouten thei walken,
For of her suffraunce, for sothe,
Men say but lytel.

“ Alle that persecution
In pure liif suffren,
They han the beneson of God,
Blissed in erthe.
I pray, parceyve now 1305
The pursut of a frere,
In what mesure of a mekenesse
Thise men deleth.

Byhold upon Water Brut
Whou bisiliche thei pursueden,
For he seid hem the sothe.
And yet, syre, ferther
Hy may no more marren hem,
But men telleth
That he is an heretik,
And yvele beleveth. 1316

And precheth it in pulpit 1317
To blenden the puple.

They wolden awyrien that wight
For his wel dedes,

And so they chewen charité,
As chewen shaf houndes.

And thei pursueth the povere,
And passeth pursutes,

Bothe they wyn and thei wolden
Y-worthen so grete,

To passen any manes myght,
To mortheren the soules ; 1328

First to brenne the body
In a bale of fir,

And sythen the sely soule slen,
And senden hyre to helle.

And Christ clerly forbad
His christene, and defended,
They shoulde nought after the face
Never the folke demen."

"Sire," I seide myself,
"Thou semest to blamen.

Why dispisest thou thus 1339
Thise sely pore freres,

None other men so mychel,
Monkes ne prestes,

Chanons ne charthous
That in chirche serveth?

It semeth that thise sely men
Han somewhat the greved,

Other with word, or with werk,
And therefore thou wilnest

To shenden other shamen hem
With the sharp speche, 1350

And bannen holliche, 1351
And her hous greven."

"I prey the," quath Peres,
"Put that out of thy mynde;
Certeyn for soule hele
I say the this wordes.

I preise nought pocessioneres
But pur lytel;

For falshed of freres

Hath fulliche encombred

Manye of this maner men,

And maad hem to leven 1362

Her charité and chasteté,

And shosen hem to lustes,

And waxen to werly,

And wayven the trewethe,

And leven the love of her God,

And the world serven.

But for falshed of freres

I fele in my soule,

Seyng the synful liif,

That sorweth myn herte,

Hou they ben clothed in cloth 1373

That clennest sheweth,

For angeles and archangeles

Alle they whiit useth,

And al aldremen

That ben *ante thronum*.

Thise toknes haven freres taken;

But I trowe that a fewe

Folwen fully that cloth,

But falslyche that useth.

For whiit, in trowthe, bytokeneth

Clennes in soule :— 1384

Gif he have undernethen whiit, 1385
 Thanne he above wereth
 Black, that betokeneth
 Bale for oure synne,
 And mournyng for mis-dede
 Of hem that this useth,
 And sorwe for synful liif,
 So that cloth asketh.
 I trowe there ben nought ten freres
 That for synne wepen.
 For that liif is her lust,
 And therby thei libben, 1396
 In fraytour and in fermori
 Her fostryng is synne ;
 It is her mete at ich a mel,
 Her most sustinaunce.
 Herkne opon Hildegare
 Hou homlich he telleth
 How her sustinaunce is synne ;
 And syker, as I trowe,
 Weren her confessiones
 Clenly destrued,
 Hy shoulde nought beren hem so
 Ne belden so heyghe. [brag,
 For the fallyng of synne
 Socoreth the foles,
 And begileth the grete
 With glaverynge wordes ;
 With glosyng of godspels
 Thei Godes word turneth,
 And passen al the pryvylege
 That Peter after used.
 The power of the apostles
 Thei pasen in speche, 1418

For to sellen the synnes 1419
 For selver other mede.
 And purliche *a pœna*
 The puple asoyleth,
 And *a culpa* also,
 That they may kachen
 Money other money-worth,
 And mede to fonge;
 And ben at lone and at bode,
 As burgeises useth.
 Thus they serven Sathanas,
 And soules bygyleth, 1430
 Marchaunes of malisones,
 Mansede wrecches.
 Thei usen russet also
 Some of this freres,
 That bitokeneth travaile
 And treuth upon erthe.
 But loke whou this lorels
 Laboren the erthe,
 But freten the fruyt that the folke
 Ful lellich beswynketh;
 With travail of trewe men 1441
 Thei tymbren her houses,
 And of the curiouse cloth
 Her copes they beggen;
 And als his gettyng is grete
 He shal ben good holden.
 And right as dranes doth nought
 But drynketh up the huny,
 Whan been with her busynes
 Han brought it to hepe,
 Right so fareth freres
 With folk opon erthe; 1452

They freten up the firste froyt, 1453
 And falsliche lybbeth.
 But alle freres eten nought
 Y-liche good mete,
 But after that his wynnynge is
 Is his wel-fare,
 And after that he bringeth hom
 His bed shal ben graythed,
 And after that his richesse is raught
 He shal ben redy served.
 But se thiself in thi sight
 Whou somme of hem walketh 1462
 With clouted shon,
 And clothes ful feble,
 Wel neigh for-werd,
 And the wlon offe ;
 And his felawe in a frok
 Worth swich fiftene,
 Arayd in rede stone,
 And elles were reuthe :
 And sexe copes or seven
 In his celle hongeth ;
 Though for fayling of good 1475
 His felawe shulde sterve,
 He wolde nought lenen hym a peny
 His liif for to holden.
 I myght tymen tho troiflarden
 To toylen with the erthe,
 Tylyen, and trewlich lyven,
 And her flesh tempren.
 Now mot ich soutere hys sone
 Seten to schole,
 And ich a beggeres brol
 On the book lerne. 1486

And worth to a writere 1487
And with a lorde dwelle;
Other falsly to a frere
The fend for to serven;
So of that beggares brol
An abbot shal worthen,
Among the peres of the lond
Prese to sytten,
And lordes sones lowly
To tho losels aloute,
Knyghtes crouketh hem to
And cruccheth ful lowe; 1498
And his syre a soutere
Y-suled in grees,
His teeth with toylyng of lether
Tatered as a sawe.
Alaas! that lordes of the londe
Leveth swiche wrechen,
And leveth swych lorels
For her lowe wordes.
They shulden maken abbots
Her owen bretheren childre,
Other of som gentil blod, 1509
And so yt best semed,
And fostre none forytoures,
Ne swich false freres,
To maken fat and fulle
And her flesh combren.
For her kynde were more
To y-clense diches,
Than ben to sopers y-set first,
And served with sylver.
A grete bolle-ful of benen
Were beter in hys wombe, 1520

And with the bandes of bakun 1521
 His baly for to fillen,
 Then pertryches, or plovers,
 Or pecokes y-rosted,
 And comeren her stomakes
 With curiuse drynkes,
 That maketh swyche harlotes
 Hordom usen,
 And with her wikked word
 Wymmen bitrayeth.
 God wold her wonyynge 1532
 Were in wildernesse,
 And fals freres forboden
 The fayre ladis chaumbres.
 For knewe lordes her craft,
 Treuly I trowe,
 They shulden nought haunten her
 So holy on nyghtes, [house
 Ne bedden swich brothels
 In so brode shetes;
 But sheten her heved in the stre,
 To sharpen her wittes; [tom,
 Ne ben kynges confessours of cus-
 Ne the counsel of the rewme knowe.
 For Fraunceis founded hem nought
 To faren on that wise,
 Ne Domynyk dued hem nevere
 Swyche drynkers to worthe,
 Ne Helye ne Austyn
 Swyche liif never used,
 But in povert of spirit
 Spended her tyme.
 We have seyn ourself
 In a short tyme 1554

Whou freres wolden no flesh 1555
Among the folk usen ;
But now the harlotes
Han hyd thilke reule,
And for the love of oure Lord
Han leyd hire in water.
Wenest thou ther wolde so fele
Swich warlawes worthen ?
Ne were werliche wele
And her welfare,
Thei shulden delven and dyken,
And dongen the erthe, 1566
And menemong corn breed
To her mete fongen,
And wortes fleshles wrought,
And water to drynken,
And werchen and wolward gon,
As we wrecches usen.
An aunter gif ther wolde on,
Among an hol hundred,
Lyven so for Godes love
In tyme of a wyntere.”
“Leve Peres,” quath I tho, 1577
“I pray that thou me telle
Whou I may conne my Crede
In Christen byleve.”
“Leve brother,” quath he,
“Hold that I segge,
I wil techen the the trouthe,
And tellen the the sothe.—

THE CREDE.

“Leve thou in oure Loverd God
That al the world wrought,

Holy heven eke on hey 1587

Holliche he fourmede,
And is almyghti hymself
Over alle his werkes.

And wrought as his wil was
The werld and the heven ;
And on gentil Jesu Christ,
Engendred of hymselfen,
His owen onlyche sone,
Lord over all y-knowen,
That was clenlich conceived
Clerli in trewthe 1598

Of the heye Holy Gost,
This is the holy beleve.
And of the maiden Marye
Man was he born,
Withouten synful seed,
This is fully the byleve.
With thorn y-crouned, crucified,
And on the cros dyede,
And sythen his blessed body
Was in a stone byried,
And descended a-doun 1609

To the derk helle,
And fet out our formfaderes,
And hy ful fayn weren.
The thyrd day redeliche
Hymself ros fram deeth,
And, on a ston there he stod,
He steigh up to hevene,
And on his fader ryght hand
Redelich he sitteth,
That almyghti God,
Over alle other whyghtes ; 1620

And is herafter to commen, 1621
Christ all himselven,
To demen the quyke and the dede,
Withouten any doute.
And in the heighe Holy Gost
Holly I beleve;
And generall holy chirche also,
Hold this in the minde;
The communion of sayntes,
For soth I to the sayn;
And for our great sinnes
Forgivenes for to getten, 1632
And only by Christ
Clenlich to be clensed;
Our bodies again to risen
Right as we been here;
And the liif everlasting
Leve ich to habben. Amen.

“ Although this flatteryng freres
Wyn, for her pryde,
Disputen of Godes deyté,
As dotardes shulden, 1643
The more the matere is moved
The masedere hi worthen.
Lat the loseles alone,
And leve thou the trewthe;
For these maystres of dyvynité
Many, als I trôwe,
Folwen nought fully the feith,
As fele of the lewede.
Whough may mannes wiit,
Through werk of himselve,
Knownen Christes privité, 1654

That alle kynde passeth ? 1655
 It mot ben a man
 Of also mek an herte,
 That myght with his good liif
 The Holy Gost fongen;
 And thanne nedeth him nought
 Nevere for to studyen ;
 He myght no maistre ben cald,
 For Christ that defended,
 Ne puten no pylion
 On his pild pate,
 But prechen in parfit liif, 1666
 And no pryde usen.
 But al that ever I have seyde,
 Soth it me semeth ;
 And al that evere I have wryten
 Is soth, as I trowe ;
 And for amending of thise men
 Is most that I write.
 God wolde hy wolden ben war,
 And werchen the betere !
 But for I am a lewed man,
 Paraunter I myghte 1677
 Passen par adventure,
 And in some poynt erren,
 I wil nought this matere
 Maistrelly avowen.
 But gif ich have mys-said,
 Mercy ich aske,
 And pray al mannere men
 This matere amende,
 Ich a word by hymself,
 And al, gif it nedeth.
 God of his grete myght, 1688

And his good grace, 1689
Save alle freres
That feithfulli lybben !
And alle tho that ben fals,
Fayre hem amende,
And gyve hem wiit and good wil
Swiche dedes to werch,
That thei may wynnen the liif
That evere shal lesten.”

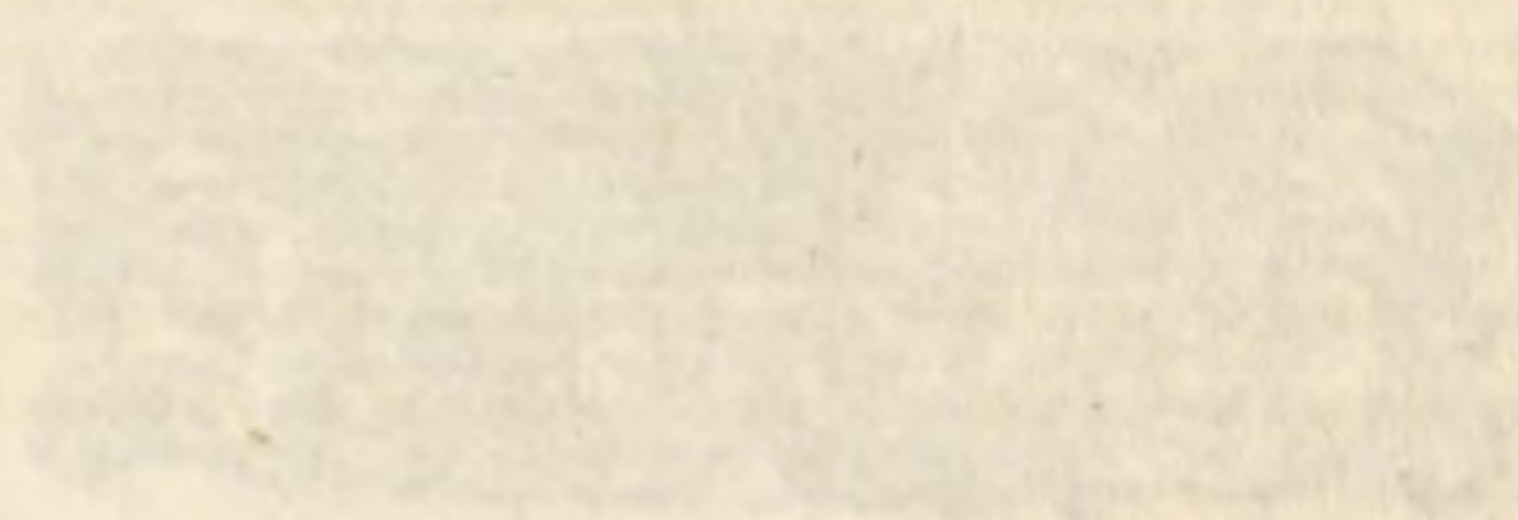
Amen.



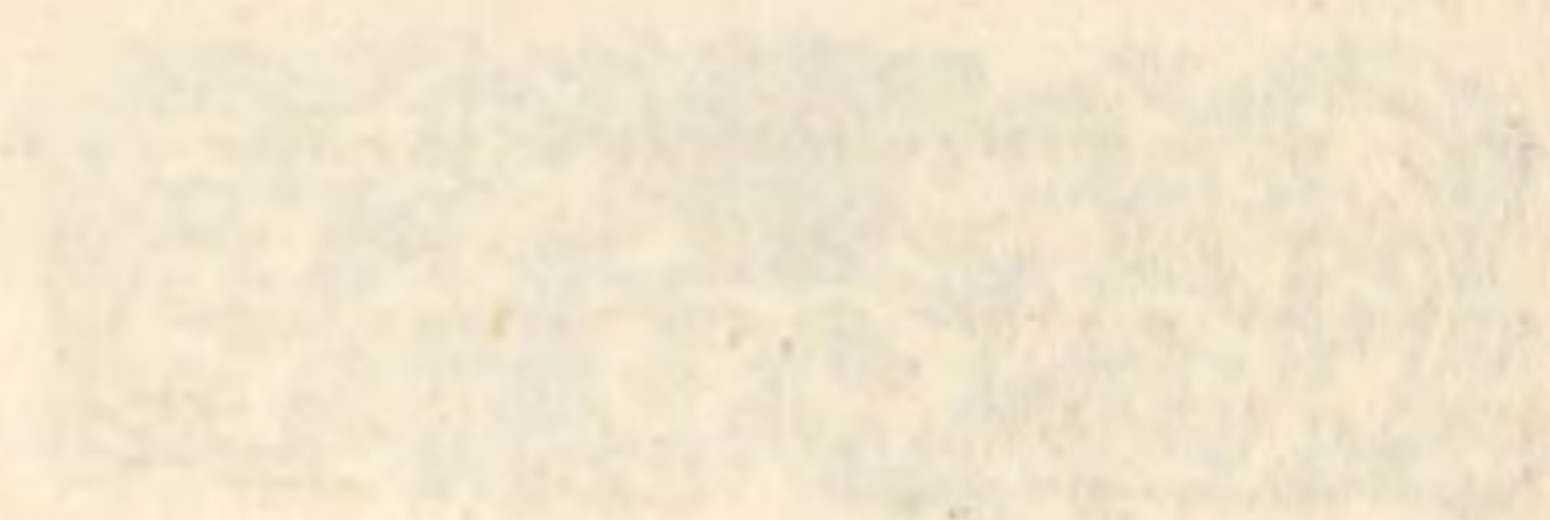


NOTES AND GLOSSARY.





NOTES AND CORRECTIONS





NOTES.

LINE 1. Bale, quoting the first two lines, translates them *In æstivo tempore, cum sol caleret*. The printers of the early editions altered *softe* to *set*.

4, 5. *shroudes . . . sheep*. The other text of this poem reads *Yshop into shrobbis | as y shepherde were*. See the Introduction.

28. The text represented in Whitaker's edition here differs much from the other. Our dreamer is there introduced very unadvisedly telling us of this tower, 'truthe was therynne,' a piece of information which he only learns afterwards from dame 'Holy Church':

Ich was aferd of hure face,
Thauh hue faire were,
And saide, mercy, madame,

Wat may this be to mene,
The tour upon toft, quath hue,
Treuthe ys therynne.

(Passus Secundus, ed. Whit.)

Where there is an evident reference to the "tour on a toft," which has been previously mentioned in the more correct text.

43, 44. Dr. Whitaker, misunderstanding this passage, has printed 'ther' for 'that,' which is in all the MSS. In his gloss. he interprets 'wonnen' by 'to dwell;' and he paraphrases the sentence, 'some destroying themselves by gluttony and excess,' translating it, I suppose, "And there dwell wasters whom gluttony destroyeth." The meaning is, the ploughmen worked hard, "and obtained (wan) that which wasters destroy with their gluttony." The writer of the second Trin. Coll. MS. seems to have understood the meaning of the passage, but not the words, and has 'whom that thise wastours.'

68. I have here to preserve the alliteration, adopted 'giltles,' from the second Trin. Coll. MS., and one of the printed editions, in place of 'synneles,' which the other MS. has. Though we find instances of irregularity in the sub-letters (or alliterative letters in the first line) in *Pierce Plowman*, the chief letter is not so

often neglected. In Whitaker's text the account of the minstrels is very confused. Here the minstrels get gold by their song without sin, but the japers and janglers are condemned as getting their living by what is afterwards called 'turpiloquium,' when they had ability to get it in an honest way.

88. *Roberdes knaves*. These are the same class of malefactors who are named *Roberdesmen* in the Statutes, 5 Ed. III. c. 14. "Et diverses roberies, homicides, et felonies ont esté faitz eintz ces heures par gentz qui sont appellez Roberdesmen, Wastours, et Draghelatche, si est acordé et establi que si homme eit suspecion de mal de nuls tielx, soit-il de jour soit-il de nuyt, que maintenant soient arestus par les conestables des villes." This law was confirmed by 7 Ric. II. c. 5, where the word is again introduced. Whitaker supposes, without any reason, the 'Roberdes knaves' to be Robin Hood's men. The other Trin. Coll. MS. reads *Robertis knaves*.

93. *Seint Jame*. St. James of Compostello was a famous resort of pilgrims in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. An amusing song on the inconveniences which attended the voyage is printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 2.

107. *Walsyngham*. The shrine of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham in Norfolk, also enjoyed an extraordinary celebrity, as a resort of English pilgrims. It appears that the first complaints of the Wicliffite reformers were strongly expressed against this pilgrimage. "Lolardi sequaces Johannis Wiclif prædicaverunt peregrinationes non debere fieri, et præcipue apud Walsingham," etc. Th. Walsingh. p. 340.

116. The four orders of friars were, of course, the Franciscans, Augustines, Dominicans, and Carmelites.

131. These four lines stand thus in Whitaker's text, *Bote holy churche and charité | choppe a-down swich shryvers, | the moste myschif of molde | mounteth up faste*. Whitaker has translated it quite wrong, "May true charity and church discipline knock down these, the greatest pests on earth, who are rapidly increasing!" The simple meaning of the passage, as given by Whitaker, is, "Unless holy church and charity chop down such shrivers (confessors), the greatest mischief of the world is increasing fast." The present text affords a better and equally clear meaning, "Unless holy church and they hold better together, the greatest mischief in the world is increasing, or gaining ground, very fast."

141. *of falshede of fastynge*, the comma has slipped in by accident. The meaning is "of breaking fast-days."

147. *He bunchith hem*, MS. Trin. 2.

168. *the pestilence tyme*. See further on, the note on l. 2497. The great plague of 1349 and 1350 had carried off so much people, that hands were wanting to cultivate the lands in many parishes, and the distress which followed, with the failure of tithes which naturally accompanied it, drove the parsons to plead poverty as an excuse for going to London and seeking other occupations.

192. Whitaker's text inserts the following passage between this line and the one following:—

Conscience cam and acusede hem,
And the commune herde hit,
And seide, 'Ydolatrie ye soffren
In sondrye places menye,
And boxes ben y-set forth
Bounden with yren,
To undertake the tool
Of untrewed sacrifice,
In menyng of miracles
Muche wex hongeth there,
Al the worldle wot wel
Hit myghte nat be trywe.
Ac for it profitith yow to pors-warde,
Ye prelates soffren
That lewede men in mysbylyve
Leven and deien.
Ich lyve wel, by oure Lorde!
For love of youre covetyse,
That al the worlde be the wors;
As holy wryght telleth
What cheste and meschaunce
To children of Israel
Ful on hem that free were,
Thorwe two false preestes.
For the synne of Ophni
And of Finees hus brother,
Thei were disconfit in bataille,
And losten *Archa Dei*,
And fore hure syre sauh hem syngen,
And aoffred hem don ylle,
And noght chasted hem therof,

And wolde noght rebukie hem,
Anon as it was y-told hyme
That the children of Israel
Weren disconfit in bataille,
And *Archa Dei* y-lore,
And hus sones slayen,
Anon he ful for sorwe
Fro hus chaire thare he sat,
And brak hus necke a-tweyne;
And al was for venjaunce
That he but noght hus children.
And for they were preestes,
And men of holy church,
God was wel wrother,
And toke the rather venjaunce.
For-thei ich seye, ye preestes,
And men of holy church,
That soffren men do sacrifice
And worsheppen mawmettes,
And ye sholde be here fadres,
And techen hem betere;
God shal take venjaunce
In alle swiche preestes
Wel harder and grettere,
On suche shrewede faderes,
Than ever he dude on Ophni
And Finees, or in here fadere.
For youre shrewede suffraunce,
And youre owen synne,
Youre masse and youre matynes,
And meny of youre houres, etc.

225. This is the constitutional principle which was universally acknowledged by our early political writers, and of which some strong declarations will be found in my "Political Songs" (published by the Camden Society). The doctrine of "right divine" was certainly not a prevalent one in the middle ages.

291. This fable appears to be of middle-age formation, for it is not found in any of the ancient collections. It does not occur in the fables of Marie. It is however found in the old collection,

in French verse of the fourteenth century, entitled *Ysopet*; and M. Robert has also printed a Latin metrical version of the story from a MS. of the same century. La Fontaine has given it among his fables. It may be observed that the fable is nowhere so well told as in *Piers Ploughman*. (See Robert, *Fables Inédites*, des xii^e, xiii^e, et xiv^e siècles, i, pp. 98–101.) The readers of Scottish history will remember the application of this fable in 1481, by the earl of Angus (popularly named, from this circumstance, Archibald Bell-the-cat), in the conspiracy against the royal favourites, which forms an excellent illustration of our text.

381. *Væ terræ, etc.* Ecclesiastes, x, 16. “*Væ tibi, terra, cujus rex puer est, et cujus principes mane comedunt.*”

423. *and pointeth the lawe.* MS. Trin. 2.

429. after this line the following are inserted in the second MS. of Trin. Coll.

I saugh bisshopis bolde,
And bachelers of devyn,
Become clerkis of acountis
The king for to serve,
Archideknes and denis,
That dignités haven,

To preche the peple
And pore men to fede,
Ben y-lope to Lundone
Be leve of hire bisshop,
And ben clerkis of the kinges bench
The cuntré to shende.

438. *Taillours, tanneris, | And tokkeris bothe.* MS. Trin. 2.

453. The Cottonian MS. Vespas. B. xvi, from which Price has given a long extract in his edition of Warton, has here “*With wyne of Oseye | and wyn of Gascoyne.*” Whitaker’s reading is “*Whit wyn of Oseye and of Gascoyne.*” Price observes, in a note, “*good wyne of Gaskyne, and the wyne of Osee [is the reading of MS. Harl. No. 875].—The same hand already noticed has corrected wyn to weyte (wheat) of Gascoyne;—an obvious improvement.*” I by no means partake in this opinion: *wine* of Gascony, and *not wheat* of Gascony, is perpetually alluded to in the literature of France and England from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. The reading of the text now printed is evidently the original one, which has been corrupted in the others: the wine more particularly known as Gascon, was a red wine. The writer of “*La Desputoison du Vin et de l’Iaue,*” says of it—

Vin de Gascoigne, sa coulour
N’est pas de petite valour;
Les autres vins fet honnorer,
Quant de soi les veult coulourer:
Force donne, aide, et confort,

Et d’un vin foible, fet. i. fort.
Il a de vin plaine sustance;
Il nourrist sans faire grevance:
Aus testes est bons et au flanc.
Et du rouge y a et du blanc.

(*Jubinal, Nouveau Recueil de Contes, &c.* i, 399.)

The 'wyn of the Rochel' (vin de la Rochelle) was also a favourite wine.—

Rochelle, qui tant a de pris,
Que l'en la va de partout querre;
Chascun si l'enclot et l'enserre,

Car il n'est pas à garçonner,
N'en ne la doit q'aus bons donner;—
Por les grans seignors l'en salache.

(*ib.* p. 300).

The "wyn of Oseye" (vin d'Osaie) was a foreign wine, very rare and dear, and sought up by 'gourmands': it is mentioned with those of Malvoisia, Rosetta, and Muscadet. (Depping *Réglemens sur les Arts et Métiers de Paris*, p. lxiii.) It is unnecessary to explain what was 'wyn of the Ryn' (Rhine).

456. *of the Reule | and of the Rochel.* Whitaker.

458. These two lines, omitted in the MS. from which our text is printed, have been added from MS. Trin. 2.

489. *fyve wittes.* The five wits were equivalent to the five senses. One of the characters in the early interlude of *The Four Elements*, a production of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, says:—

I am callyd Sensuall Apetyte,
All craturs in me delyte;
I comferte the *wyttys fyve*,
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge,
I refresh the syght and felynge,
To all creaturs alyve.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure* (chap. xxiv), belonging to this same age, refines upon this notion, and talks of five "internall wittes," answering to the five external wits, or to those which were commonly understood by that name.

522. Genesis xix, 32. It is very singular that this story of Lot and his daughters was the favourite example of the medieval preachers againt drunkenness.

563. Luke xx, 25.

595. *on an eller.* It was the prevailing belief during the middle ages, that the tree on which Judas hanged himself was an elder. Maundevile tells us that this tree was still in existence, when he visited Jerusalem. "Also streghte from Natatorie Siloe is an ymage of ston and of olde auncyen werk, that Absalon leet make; and because thereof, men clepen it the hond of Absalon. And faste by is yit the *tree of eldre* that Judas henge himself upon for despeyr that he hadde, whan he solde and betrayed oure Lord." The same notion continued to exist in the age of Shakespeare, and is alluded to by Shakespeare himself, Ben Jonson, and others.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are *my elder*.

Biron. Well followed: *Judas was hang'd on an elder.*

Love's Labours Lost, v, 2.

681. *Lucifer with legions.* The story of Lucifer's rebellion and fall was extremely popular in the middle ages, and particularly among the Anglo-Saxons, who, in the fine poem ascribed to Cædmon, had given it almost as much detail as Milton had done at a later date. This legend is related in prose in an Anglo-Saxon tract in MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. xiv, fol. 2.

682. The second Trin. Col. MS. has, *Leride it in hevene, | and was the lovelokest | to loke on, aftir oure Lord.*

697—704. Instead of these lines, we find the following in Whitaker's text:

Lord, why wolde he tho,
Thulke wrechede Lucifer,
Lepen on a-lofte
In the northe syde,
To sitten in the sonne side
Ther the day roweth,
Ne were it for northerne men,
Anon ich wolde telle:
Ac ich wolle lacke no lyf,
Quath that lady sotthly.
'Hyt is sykerer by southe,
Ther the sonne regneth,
Than in the north, by meny notes,
No man loyne other.
For theder as the fend flegh,

Hus fote for to sette,
Ther he failede and fuel,
And hus felawes alle.
And helle is ther he is,
And he ther y-bounde,
Evene contrarie suteth Criste,
Clerkus knowen the sothe,
Dixit Dominus Domino meo, sede a dextris meis.
'Ac of this matere
No more mene ich nelle,
He was in the halyday
After heten wayten,
They care noght thauh it be cold
Knaves wen thei worchen.'

Whitaker has translated the last four lines of the foregoing extract thus, "Excepting that hyndes on the holyday look out for warm places, but knaves (servants) when working hard, are indifferent to cold."

695. Isaiah xiv, 14. The citation varies a little from the text of the printed vulgate.

707. *Somme in the eyr.* The monks in the middle ages endeavoured to explain the existence of different classes of spirits and fairies, which the popular creed represented as harmless, or even beneficent creatures, by supposing that some of the angels who fell with Lucifer were less guilty than others, and were allowed to occupy the different elements on the earth instead of being condemned to "the pit." In "The Master of Oxford's Catechism," written early in the fifteenth century, and printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 231, we have the following question and answer,—*C.* Where be the anjelles that God put out of heven, and bycam devilles? *M.* Som into hell, and som reyned in the skye, and som in the erth, and som in waters and in wodys."

815. Mark iv, 24. In qua mensura mensi fueritis, remetietur vobis, et adjicietur vobis.

835. Epist. Jac. ii, 17. Sic et fides, si non habeat opera, mortua est in semetipsa.

862. Luke vi, 38.

901. The second Trin. Col. MS. has—

Frettid with rynges.
Of the pureste perreighe
That prince werde evere,
In red scarlet robid

And ribande with gold.
Ther nis no quen queyntere
That quyk is o-lyve,
'What is this womman,' quod I.

934. Matth. vii, 17. *bonus* (for *bona*) is the reading of the MS. Perhaps it was thought allowable to use the masculine thus before a fem. noun beginning with *a*, for the sake of euphony, as the French still write *mon amie*, instead of *ma amie*, and the like. Whitaker's text has here—

Talis pater, talis filius.
For shal never brere bere
Beris as a vyne,

No on crokyd kene thorne
Kynde fygy's wexe.
Bona arbor bonum fructum facit.

The lines which follow differ considerably in the two texts.

958. Psalm xiv, 1.

991-994. Instead of these lines, the following are substituted in the second Trin. Coll. MS. :—

Sire Symonye is assent
To asele the chartres,
That Fals and Favel
Be any fyn halden,
And fefte Mede therwith
In mariage for evere.
Ther nas halle ne hous
To herberwe the peple,
That iche feld nas ful
Of folk al aboute.

In myddis a mounteyne
At myd-morewe tide
Was pight up a pavyloun
Proud for the nones,
And ten thousand of tentis
Teldit beside,
Of knightes of cuntrés,
Of comeres aboute,
For sisours, for somonours, etc.

And the rest, as far as line 1100, differs very much in the two MSS.

1103. *of Banneburies sokne, | Reynald the reve, | and the redyngkynges menye, | Munde the mylnere.* Whit.

1128. Luke x, 7.

1177. *With floryns ynome.* Edward III had issued, not very long before the date of this poem, the first extensive English gold coinage, to which he gave the Italian name of florins, derived originally from that of the city of Florence.

1204. *to Westmynstre : i. e.* to the courts of law which were held there.

1404. *A moton of golde.* A mutton (mouton) was a small

French coin of gold, which bore the stamp of a lamb or sheep.
See Ducange, v. *Multo*.

1501. Matth. vi, 3.

1523. Regrating, or the buying up of provisions and other things to make extravagant profits by retailing them, was one of the great sources of oppression of the poor by the rich in the middle ages, and was a constant subject of popular complaint.

1529. Whitaker's text adds here,—

Thei have no puteye of the puple
That parcel-mele mote biggen,
Thauh thei take hem untydy thyng,
Thei hold it no treson;
And thauh thei fulle nat ful,
That for lawe y-seelde,
He gripeth therfor as grete
As for the grete treuthe.

Meny sondry sorwes
In cyté fallen ofte,
Bothe thorw fyur and flod,
And al for false puple,
That bygylen good men,
And greveth hem wrongliche,
The wiche cryen on hure knees
That Christ hem avenge
Here on this erthe,
Other elles on helle,
That so bygyleth hem of here good,
And God on hem sendeth
Feveres, other fouler hyveles,
Other fur on here houses,
Moreyne, other meschaunce.
And menye tyme hit falleth,
That innocenee ys y-herde
In hevene amonge seyntes,
That louten for hem to oure Lorde,
And to oure Lady bothe,
To granten gylours on erthe

Grace to amende,
And have here penaunce on pure erthe,
And noght in the pyne of helle.
And thenne falleth the fur
On false menne houses,
And good men for here gultes
Gloweth on fuyr after.
Al thys have we seyen,
That some tyme thorw a brewere
Many burgages y-brent,
And bodyes therynne,
And thorw a candel cloming
In a cursed place,
Fel a-don and for-brende
Forth al the rewe,
For-thy mayres that maken free-men,
Me thynken that thei ouhten
For to spure and aspye,
For eny speche of selver,
What manere mester
Of merchaundise he usede,
Er he were underfonge free
And felawe in youre rolles.
Hit ys noght semly, for soth,
In cyté ne in borw-ton,
That usurers other regratours
For eny kynne geftes,
Be fraunchised for a free-man,
And have fals name.

1548. Job, xv, 34.

1611. *Youre fader she felled*. An allusion to the deposition and death of Edward II.

1652. Provisors were people who obtained from the pope the reversion of ecclesiastical dignities, and several severe statutes were made against them, one well-known one by Edward III.

1674. *Love-daies*. See further on, the note on l. 5634.

1734. *In Normandie*. 1750. *To Caleis*. Allusions, no doubt, to recent events in the wars of Edward III. See the Introduction.

1769. *Caytiflyche thow, Conscience, | Consailedist the kyng leten | In hus enemys honde | Ys heritage of Fraunce*. Whit.

1827. Psalm xiv, 1.—1835. Ps. xiv, 2.—1845. Ps. xiv, 5.

1862. Psalm xxv, 10.

1875. Matth. vi, 5.

1885. *Regum*. The reference is to 1 Sam. xv, which in the old Vulgate was called *primus liber regum*.

1985, 2019. Isaiah ii, 4.

2043. Prov. xxii, 9. *Victoriam et honorem acquirat qui dat munera; animam autem aufert accipientium.*

2099. *lernest*. Whitaker's text has *ledest*.

2149. Psalm xiii, 3. The quotation which follows is from the same verse.

2171. *his sone*. The Black Prince, who was a great favourite with the people.

2175-2186. The variation in Whitaker's text deserves notice. This passage there stands as follows:—

Thenne cam Pees into parlement,
And putte up a bylle,
How that Wrong wilfullich
Hadde hus wif for-leyen;
And how he ravysed Rose,
The riche widewe, by nyghte;
And Margarete of here maidenhod,
As he met hure late.
'Both my goos, and my grys,
And my gras he taketh,
Ich dar nouht for is felaweshepe,
In faith!' Pees saide,

'Bere sickerlich eny selver
To seint Gyles doune;
He watteth ful wel,
Wan ich sulfere taketh,
Wat wey ich wende,
Wel yerne he aspieth,
To robbe me and to ryfle me,
Yf ich ride softe.
Yut he is bolde for to borwe,
And baldelich he payeth:
He borwede of me Bayarde,' etc.

2177. *How Wrong ayeins his wille*. What follows is a true picture of the oppressions to which the peasantry were frequently subjected by the king's purveyors, and by others in power. See the Political Songs, pp. 377, 378; and Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales, pp. 41, 42.

2197. *taillé*, a tally. See the Political Songs, as above quoted. Whitaker translates this passage, which stands thus in his edition,

And taketh me bote a taile
For ten quarters other twelve,

by, "and for ten or twelve quarters of it repaid me but a sheep's tail!"

2298. *in my stokkes*. In my prison. Prisons were usually furnished with stocks, in which, instead of fetters, prisoners were set.

2323. *Beneyt*. St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine order; St. Bernard, of the order of Cistercians; St. Francis, of the Franciscans.

2335. *Galis*. Compostello in Galicia.

2473. *Passus Quintus*. In Whitaker's text, this section, which is called *Passus Sextus*, is prefaced by the following long exordium, intended as a satire against the mendicant friars:—

Thus ich awaked, God wot!
 Wanne ich wonede on Cornhulle,
 Kytte and ich in a cote,
 Clothede as a lollere;
 And a lytel ich let by,
 Leyve me, for sothe,
 Among lolleres of London,
 And lewede heremytes.
 For ich made of tho men,
 As Reson me tauhte.
 For as ich cam by Conscience,
 Wit Reson ich mette,
 In an hote hervest,
 Wenne ich hadde myn hele,
 And lymes to labore with,
 And lovede wel fare,
 And no dede to do
 Bote drynke and to slepe,
 In hele and in unité,
 On me aposede,
 Romyng in remembraunce.
 Thus Reson me arated:
 'Canstow serve,' he seide,
 'Other syngen in a church?
 Other loke for my cokers?
 Other to the carte picche?
 Mowe, other mowen,
 Other make bond to sheves?
 Repe, other be a repe-reyve
 And arise erliche?
 Other have an horne and be hay-warde,
 And liggen out a nyghtes,
 And kepe my corn in my croft
 From pykers and theeves?
 Other shap shoon other clothes?
 Other shep other kyne kepe?
 Eggen, other harwen,
 Other swyne other gees dryve?
 Other eny kyne craft
 That to the comune nudeth,
 Hem that bed-reden be
 Bylyve to fynde?'
 'Certes,' ich seyde,
 'And so me God helpe!
 Ich am to waik to worche
 With sykkel other with sythe;
 And to long, leyf me,
 Lowe for to stoupe,
 To worchen as workeman
 Eny wyle to dure.'

'Then havest thou londes to lyve by,'
 Quath Reson, 'other lynage ryche
 That fynden the thy fode?
 For an hydel man thou semest,
 A spendour that spende mot,
 Other a spille-tyme;
 Other beggest thy lyve
 Aboute ate menne hatches;
 Other faitest upon Fridays
 Other feste dayes in churches;
 The wiche is lollerene lyf,
 That lytel is preysed
 Ther ryghtfulnesse rewardeth
 Ryght as men deserveth.
Reddit unicuique juxta opera sua.
 Ether thou ert broke, so may be,
 In body other in membre,
 Other y-maymed thorow som myshap,
 Werby thou myght be excusede.'
 'Wanne ich yong was,' quath ich,
 'Many yer hennes,
 My fader and my frendes
 Founden me to scole,
 Tyl ich wiste wyterliche
 Wat holy wryt menede,
 And wat is best for the body,
 As the bok telleth,
 And sykerest for the soule,
 By so ich wolde continue.
 And yut fond ich never in faith,
 Sytthen my frendes deyden,
 Lyf that me lyked,
 Bote in thes long clothes.
 Hyf ich by laboure sholde lyf,
 And lyfode deserven,
 That labour that ich lerned best
 Therwhit lyve ich sholde.
In eadem vocatione qua vocati estis.
 And ich lyve in Londene
 And on Londen bothe.
 The lomes that ich laboure with
 And lyfode deserve,
 Ys paternoster and my prymer,
Placebo et dirige,
 And my sauter some tyme,
 And my sevene psalmes.
 Thus ich synge for hure soules
 Of suche as me helpen.
 And tho that fynden me my fode
 Vochen saf, ich trowe,

To be wolcome wan ich come
 Other wyle in a monthe,
 Now with hym, and now with hure,
 And thus gate ich begge
 Withoute bagge other botel,
 Bote my wombe one.
 And also, moreover,
 Me thynketh, syre Reson,
 Men sholde constreyne
 No clerke to knavene werkes.
 For by law of Livitici,
 That oure Lord ordeynede,
 Clerkes that aren crowned
 Of kynde understandyng,
 Sholde nother swynke ne swete,
 Ne swere at enquestes,
 Ne fyghte in no vauntwarde,
 Ne hus fo greve.

Non reddas malum pro malo.

For it ben aires of hevene,
 And alle that ben crounede
 And in queer in churches,
 Cristes owene mynestres.

Dominus pars hereditatis meæ.

Et alibi, Clementia non constringit.

Hit bycometh for clerkus
 Crist for to serven;
 And knaves uncrounede
 To cart and to worche.
 For shold no clerk be crouned,
 Bote yf he y-come were
 Of franklens and freemen
 And of folke y-weddede.
 Bondmen and bastardes,
 And beggers children,
 Thuse bylongeth to labour,
 And lordes children sholde serven,
 Bothe God and good men,
 As here degree asketh;
 Some to synge masses,
 Other sitten and wryte,
 Rede and receyve
 That Reson oughte spende.
 And sith bondemenne barnes
 Han be made bisshopes,
 And barnes bastardes
 Han ben archidekenes;
 And sopers and here sones
 For selver han be knyghtes,
 And lordene sones here laboreres,
 And leid here rentes to wedden
 For the ryght of the reame,
 Ryden ayens oure enemys,
 In consort of the comune
 And the kynges worshep.
 And monkes and moniales,

That mendinauns sholden fynde,
 Han mad here kyn knyghtes,
 And knyght fees purchase.
 Popes and patrones
 Povre gentil blod refuseth,
 And taken Symondes sonne
 Seyntewarie to kepe.
 Lyf-holynesse and love
 Han ben longe hennes,
 And wole, til hit be wered out,
 Or otherwise y-chaunged.
 For-thy rebuke me ryht nouht,
 Reson, ich yow praye;
 For in my conscience ich knowe
 What Crist wolde that ich wroughte.

Preyers of perfyte man,
 And penaunce discret,
 Is the levest labour

That oure Lord pleseth.

Non de solo, ich seyde,

For sothe *vivit homo,*

Nec in pane et pabulo,

The paternoster witnesseth.

Fiat voluntas tua

Fynt ous alle thynges.'

Quath Conscience, 'By Crist!

Ich can nat see this lyeth.

Ac it semeth nouht perfitnesse

In cyties for to begge,

Bote he be obediencer

To pryour other to mynstre.'

'That ys soth,' ich seide,

'And so ich by-knowe

That ich have tynt tyme,

And tyme mys-spended.

And yut ich hope, as he

That ofte haveth chaffarede,

That ay hath lost and lost,

And at the latest hym happeth.

He bouhte suche a bargayn

He was the bet evere,

And sette hus lost at a lef

At the laste ende;

Suche a wynnynge hym warth

Thorw wyrdes of his grace.

Simile est regnum cælorum thesauro abscondito in agro, etc.

Mulier quæ inveniet dragmam, etc.

So hope ich to have of hym

That his almyghty

A gobet of hus grace,

And bygynne a tyme

That alle tymes of my tyme

To profit shal turne.'

'Ich rede the,' quath Reson tho,

'Rathe the to bygynne

The lyf that ys lowable
 And leel to the soule.
 'Ye, and continue,' quath Conscience.
 And to the church ich wente.
 And to the church gan ich go,
 God to honourie,
 Byfor the crois on my knees
 Knocked ich my brest,
 Sykinge for my sennes,
 Segginge my paternoster,
 Wepying and wailinge,
 Tyl ich was a-slepe
 Thenne mete me moche more
 Than ich byfor tolde,

Of the mater that ich mete fyrst
 On Malverne hulles.
 Ich sawe the feld ful of folk
 Fram ende to the other;
 And Reson revested
 Ryght as a pope,
 And Conscience his crocer
 Byfore the kynge stande.
 Reson reverentliche
 Byfor al the reame
 Prechede and provede
 That thuse pestilences
 Was for pure synne, etc.
See l. 2497, of the present edition.

2497. *thise pestilences*.—There were three great pestilences in the reign of Edward III, the terrible effects of which were long fresh in people's minds, and they were often taken as points from which to date common events. Two of them had passed at the period when the Visions of Piers Ploughman are believed to have been written, and are the ones here alluded to. Of the first, or great pestilence, which lasted from 31 May, 1348, to 29 Sept. 1349, the contemporary chroniclers give a fearful account. In a register of the Abbey of Gloucester (MS. Cotton. Domit. A. VIII, fol. 124), we have the following entry:—"Anno Domini m^o.ccc^o.xlviij^o. anno vero regni regis Edwardi III, post conquestum xxij^o. incepit magna pestilentia in Anglia, ita quod *vix tertia pars* hominum remansit." This pestilence, known as the *black plague*, ravaged most parts of Europe, and is said to have carried off in general about two-thirds of the people. It was the pestilence which gave rise to the Decameron of Boccaccio. For an interesting account of it, see Michelet's *Hist. de France*, iii, 342-349. The second pestilence lasted from 15 Aug. 1361, to May 3, 1362, and was much less severe. The third pestilence raged from 2 July to 29 September, 1369.

2500. *The south-westrene wynd | on Saterdag at even*. Tyrwhitt, in his Preface to Chaucer, first pointed out the identity of this wind with the one mentioned by the old chroniclers (Thorn, Decem. Script. col. 2122; Walsingham, p. 178; the continuator of Adam Murimuth, p. 115), as occurring on the evening of Jan. 15, 1362. The fifteenth of January in that year was a Saturday. The following is the account given by Walsingham:—"Anno gratiæ millesimo trecentesimo sexagesimo secundo, qui est annus regni regis Edwardi a conquestu tertii tricesimus sextus, tenuit rex natale apud Wyndesor, et quinto decimo die sequente ventus vehemens, nothus auster affricus, tanta vi erupit, quod

flatu suo domos altas, ædificia sublimia, turres, et campanilia, arbores, et alia quæque durabilia et fortia violenter prostravit pariter et impegit, in tantum quod residua quæ modo extant, sunt hactenus infirmiora." The continuator of Murimuth is more particular as to the time of the day, and in other respects more exact. "A. D. m. ccc. lxii, xv die Januarii, *circa horam vesperarum*, ventus vehemens notus australis affricus tanta rabie erupit," etc.

2529. *And fecche Felis his wyf | Fro wyuene pyne.* MS. Trin. Col. 2.

2547. This was a very old and very common proverb in England. Thus in the Proverbs of Hending (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 110) :—

Ne bue thi child never so duere,
Ant hit wolfe unthewes lerne,
Bet hit other whyle;
Mote hit al habben is wille,
Woltou nultou hit wolfe spille,
Ant bicom a fule.
Luef child lore byhoveth;
Quoth Hendyng.

The proverb is a little varied in another copy of these "Proverbs," p. 194 of the same work. There is a German proverb closely resembling it, "Je lieberes Kind, je schärfere Ruthe."

2551. Prov. xiii, 24.

2569. After this line Whitaker's text has inserted a passage, answering nearly word for word (except in the few first lines) to the passage in our text, ll. 6218-6274.

2573. In the same text, the following lines are here added :—

'And also,' quath Reson,
'Ich rede yow, riche
And comuners, to acorden
In alle kynne treuthe.
Let no kynne consail
Ne covetyze yow departe,
That on wit and on wil
Alle youre wardes kepe.
Lo! in hevne on hy

Was an holy comune,
Til Lucifer the lyere
Leyved that hymselfe
Were wittyour and worthiour
Than he that was hus maister.
Hold yow in unité,
And ye that hother wolde
Is cause of alle combraunce
To confounde a reame.

2586. Matt. xxv, 12.

2594. Whitaker's *Passus Sextus* ends with this line.

2625. Before Envy's confession, and in the place of Lechery, Whitaker's text introduces the confession of Pride :—

Ich, Pruyde, patientliche
Penaunce ich aske;
For ich formest and ferst
To fader and to moder

Have y-be unboxome,
Ich beseche God of mercy;
And unboxome y-be,
Nouht abaissed to agulte

God and alle good men,
 So gret was myn herte;
 Inobedient to holy church,
 And to hem that ther serven,
 Demed for hure yvel vices,
 And excited othere
 Thorw my word and al my wit
 Hure yvel workes to shewe;
 And scorned hem and othere,
 Yf a skyle founde,
 Lauhyng al aloude,
 For lewede men sholde
 Wene that ich were witty
 And wyser than anothere;
 Scorned and unskilful to hem
 That skil shewede,
 In all manere manners
 My name to be y-knowe,
 Semeng a sovereyn on,
 Wer so me byfulle
 To telle eny tale.
 Ich trowede me wiser
 To carpen other to counsaile
 Than eny, lered other lewede.
 Proud of aparail
 In porte amonge the puple,
 Otherwise than ich have,
 Withynne other withoute,
 Me wilnede that men wende
 Ich were in aveyr
 Riche and resonable,
 And ryghtful of lyvyng;
 Bostyng and braggynge
 Wyt meny bolde othes;
 Avauntyng upon my veine glorie
 For eny undernemyng;
 And yut so syngeler by myself
 Ne non so pomp holy,
 Som tyme on a secte,
 Sam tyme on another;
 In all kynne covetyse
 Contrevede how ich myghte
 Be holde for holy,
 And hondred sithe by that encheison;
 Wilnede that men wende
 My werkes were the beste

And konnygest of my craft,
 Clerkes other othere,
 And strengest upon my stede,
 And styvest under gurdell,
 And lovelokest to loken on,
 And lykyngest a-bedde;
 And lykyng of such a lif
 That no lawe preyseth;
 Proud of my faire fetours;
 And for ich songe shrille;
 And what ich gaf for Godes love,
 To godsybbes ich tolde,
 Ther to wene that ich were
 Wel holy and wel almesful.
 And non so bold begger
 To bydden an[d] crave,
 Tales to telle
 In tavernes and in stretes,
 Thyng that nevere was thouhte,
 And yut ich swor ich saah hit,
 And lyed on my lykame
 And on my lyf bothe.
 Of werkes that ich wel dude
 Witnesse ich take,
 And syngen to such
 That sytten me bysyde,
 'Lo! yf ye leyve me nouht,
 Other that ye wene ich lye,
 Ask of hym other of hure,
 And thei conne yow telle
 What ich soffrede an[d] seih,
 And som tyme hadde,
 And what ich knew and couthe,
 Of wat kyn ich kam of;
 Al ich wolde that men wuste,
 When it to pruyde sonede,
 As to preised among the puple,
 Thauh ich povre semede.
*Si hominibus placerem, Christi servus
 non essem. Nemo potest duobus
 dominis servire.*
 'Now God, of hus goodnesse,
 Geve the grace to amende!
 Quath Repentaunce ryght with that;
 And thenne roos Envy.

The description of Envy, which follows, is shorter in Whitaker's text, and differs much from our text.

2819-2822. The discipline here described seems to have been peculiar to the chapter-house of the monasteries. Matth. Paris, p. 848, has an anecdote which illustrates curiously this passage of Piers Ploughman. In speaking of the turbulent Falcasius de Breuté, who had been warned in a vision to offer himself to suffer penance in the monastery of St. Albans, in the reign of

Henry III, he says, "Vestibus igitur spoliatus cum suis militibus, similiter indumentis spoliatis, ferens in manu virgam quam vulgariter *baleis* appellamus, et confitens culpam suam, . . . a singulis fratribus disciplinas nuda carne suscepit."

2846. In the text which Whitaker has printed, the confession of Wrath was followed by that of Luxury or Lechery. It stands as follows in the copy of the same text in MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xvi. (See l. 8713, of our present text.)

Thanne seide Lecherie, Alas!
And to oure Ladi criede,
'Ladi, for thi leve sone,
Loute for me nouthe,
That he have pité on me, putour,
For his pure merci.'
'With that I schal,' quod that schrewe,
'Saterdaies, for thi love,
Drynke with the doke,
And dine but ones.'

I, gulti in gost,
To God I me schrive,
As in likyng of lecherige
My licames gultes,
In wordes, in wedes,
In waityng of eyen;
To eche maide that I mette
I made here a sigge,
Semyng to synne-ward,
And summe can I taste
Aboute the mouth, and binethe
Bigon I to grope,
Til bothe oure wil was on,
To werke we yeden,
As wel fastyng daies,
And hi festes eves,

And wel in Lente as out of Lente,
Al tymes i-liche;
Swiche werkes with us
Weren nevere out of seson,
Til we mighten ne more.
Tho hadde we muri tales
Of putrige and of paramours,
And provede thorw speche,
Handelyng, and halsyng,
And also thorw cussyng,
Excityng heither other
To oure elde synne;
Sotilde songes,
And sente out elde baudes
For te wynne to my wil
Wemmen with gile;
Bi sorcerie sum time,
And sum time be maistrie,
I lai bi the lovelokest,
And lovede hem nevere aftur.
Whan I was eld and hor,
And hadde i-lorn that kynde,
I hadde likyng to lige
Of lecherous tales.
Now, Lord, for thi lewté,
On lecheres have merci.

2850. *Sire Hervy*. Whitaker and Price (in Warton) suppose that there is here a personal allusion, which at the time had become proverbial.

2874. *Symme at the Style*. Whit.

2882. *To Wy and to Wynchestre | I wente to the feyre*. Warton (Hist. of Eng. p. ii, 55, edit. 1840) supposes Wy to be Weyhill, in Hampshire, "where a famous fair still subsists." In fact it is one of the greatest fairs in England, lasting ten days. For anecdotes of the celebrity of the great fair at Winchester in former times, and for some interesting observations on fairs in general, see Warton, loc. cit.

2933. *The Roode of Bromholm*. At the Priory of Bromholm, in Norfolk, there was a celebrated cross, said to be made of fragments of the real cross, and much resorted to by pilgrims. It was brought from Constantinople to England in 1223. The

history of this cross, and the miracles said to have been performed by it at Bromholm, are told by Matthew Paris (p. 268). In the MS. Chronicle of Barthol. de Cotton, it is recorded at the date 1223, "Eo tempore Peregrinatio de Bromholm incepit."

2949. *Frensshe . . . of Northfolk*. Norfolk, it would appear by this, was one of the least refined parts of the island.

3030. In this part of the poem, the smaller variations between the present text and Whitaker's are very numerous. After this line, the following passage is inserted:—

With false wordes and writes
Ich have wonne my goodes,
And with gyle and glosynge
Gadered that ich have;
Meddled my merchaundise,
And mad a good moustre,
The werst lay withynne,
A gret wit ich let hit.
And yf my neyhgebore had an hyne,
Other eny best ellys,
More profitable than myn,
Ich made meny wentes,
How ich myght have hit
Al my wit ich caste;
And bote ich hadde hit by othes away,
At last ich stal hit,
Other pryvyliche hus pors shok,
Unpiked his lokes.
And yf ich yede to the plouh,
Ich pynchede on hus half acre,
That a fot londe other a forwe
Fetchen ich wolde
Of my neyhgeboris next,
Nymen of hus erthe.
And yf y repe, over reche,
Other gaf hem red that repen
To sese to me with here sykel,
That ich sewe nevere.
In haly dayes at holy churche

Wenne ich hurde messe,
Ich hadde nevere witerlich
To byseche mercy
For my mysdedes,
That ich ne mornede offer
For lost of good, leyve me,
Then for lycames gultes.
Thauh ich dedliche synne dude,
Ich dradde hit nat so sore [lost,
As wenne ich lenede and leyvede hit
Other longe er hit were paied.
And yf [ich] sente over see
My servaunt to Brugges,
Other into Prus my prentys,
My profit to awaite,
To marchaunde with monye
And maken here eshaunge,
Myght nevere man comforty me
In the meyn tyme,
Neither matyns ne masse,
Ne othere manere syghtes,
And nevere penaunce performede,
Ne paternoster seyde,
That my mynde ne was
More in my goodes,
Than in Godes grace,
And hus grete myghte.
Ubi thesaurus tuus, ibi cor tuum.
See ll. 8751-8827.

3039. Psa. l. 8.

3083. The confessions of the robber and the glutton are reversed in Whitaker's text, and present many variations. The robber's confession is there preceded by the following curious lines:—

Then was ther a Walishman
That was wonderlich sory,
He hight Yyvan Yeld-ageyn;
'If ich so moche have,
Al that ich wickedlich wan
Setthen ich hit hadde;
And thauh my liflode lache,

Leten ich nelle
That ech man shal have hus,
Er ich hennes wende.
For me ys levere in this lif
As a lorel beggen,
Than in lysse to lyve,
And lese lyf and soule.'

3162. Between this line and the next, MS. Trin. Col. 2, inserts *Bargoyne and beverechis | Begonne for to arise.*

3277, 3278. *rymes of Robyn Hood | and Randolf erl of Chestre.* This seems to be the earliest mention of the ballads of Robin Hood which can now be found. Ritson was quite mistaken (Robin Hood, Introd. p. xlix) in the supposed mention of him by the prior of Alnwick, the title of the Latin song being modern. The passage of Fordun, in which Robin Hood is spoken of, is probably an interpolation.

I am not sure that Ritson is right in taking the *Randolf erl of Chester* of Piers Ploughman, to be Ranulf de Blundevile: it is quite as probable that he was the Ranulf of Chester of the days of Stephen, whose turbulent deeds may have been the subject of popular ballads. Warton (H. E. P. ii, 373), quoting the passage of Piers Ploughman with the word *erl* omitted, conceives it to mean Ralph Higden, and imagines the *rymes* to be the Chester Mysteries, of which he conjectured that Ralph Higden was the author.

3311. *Ite missa est.* The concluding sentence of the service of the Mass.

3407. *the Rode of Chestre.* There was a celebrated cross or rood at Chester, which was long an object of great veneration, and even of pilgrimage, among our Roman Catholic forefathers. "I do not recollect any thing remarkable (says Mr. Pennant, speaking of Chester) on the outside of the walls which has been unnoticed, unless it be the Rood-eye, and the adjacent places."—"The name of this spot is taken from *eye*, its watery situation, and rood, the cross which stood there, whose base is still to be seen." Pennant's Tour in Wales, edit. 1778, p. 191. According to Gough's Camden, the base was still remaining in 1789.

3410. *Roberd the robbere.* This name is rather curious in conjunction with the term *Roberdesmen* mentioned in the note on l. 88. It was no uncommon practice to give punning names in this way to people or classes of people. In a Latin song of the reign of Henry III (Political Songs, p. 49), we have a very curious instance of it, one of the names being, as here, *Robert* :—

Competentur per *Robert*, *robbur* designatur;
Robertus excoriat, extorquet, et minatur.—
Vir quicumque rabidus consors est Roberto.

Still earlier (12th cent.) a scribe says of one of his brothers, "Secundus dicebatur *Robertus*, quia a re nomen habuit, *spoliator* enim diu fuit et *prædo*." (Polit. Songs, p. 354.)

3419. *Dysmas*. In middle-age legends, Dismas and Gestas were the names of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. The former was the one who believed in the Saviour, and received a promise of paradise.

3443. Before this line, Whitaker's text has the following passage :—

Ac whiche be the braunches
That bryngeth me to sleuthe,
Ys wanne a man mourneth nat
For hus mysdedes;
The penaunce that the prest enjoyneth
Parfourmeth uvele;
Doth non almys-dedes,
And drat nat of synne;
Lyveth ayens the byleyve,
And no lawe kepeth;
And hath no lykyng to lerne,
Ne of houre Lord hure,
Bote harlotrie other horedom,
Other elles of som wynnynge.
Wan men carpen of Crist
Other of clenness of soule,
He wext wroth, and wol not huyre
Bote wordes of murthe,
Penaunce and povre men,
The passion of seyntes,
He hateth to huyre therof
And alle that therof carpen.
Thuse beth the braunches, be war,
That bryngeth man to wanhope.
Ye lordes and ladyes,
And legates of holy church,
That feden fool sages,
Flaterers and lyers,
And han lykyng to lythen hem,
In hope to do yow lawe—
Væ! vobis qui ridetis, etc.
And geveth suche mede and mete,
And povre men refusen;
In youre deth deyng,
Ich drede me sore
Lest tho maner men
To moche sorwe yow brynge. [*entur.*
Consensientes et agentes pari pœna puni-
Patriarkes and prophetes,
Prechours of Godes wordes,
Saven thorgh here sermons
Mannes soule fro helle:
Ryght so flaterers and foles
Aren the fendes procuratores,
Entysen men thorgh here tales
To synne and to harlotrie.
Clerkus that knowen this,
Sholde kennen lordes

What David seide of suche men,
As the Sauter telleth:
*Non habitabit in medio domus meæ qui
facit superbiam, qui loquitur ini-*
quum.
Sholde non harlot have audience
In halle ne in chaumbre,
Ther that wys men were,
Whitnesse of Godes wordes;
Nother a mys-prout man
Among lordes alouwed.
Clerkus and knyghtes
Wolcometh kynges mynstrales,
For love of here lordes
Lithen hem at festes;
Muche more, me thenketh,
Riche men auhte
Have beggers byfore hem,
Wiche beth Godes mynstreles,
As he seith hymself,
Seynt Johan berith whittnesse:
Qui vos spernit, me etiam spernit.
Therfor ich rede yow, riche,
Reveles when ye maken,
For to solace youre soules,
Suche mynstrales to have,
The povre for a foul sage
Syttynge at thy table,
Whith a lered man to lere the
What oure Lord suffrede,
For to savy thy saule
Fram Satan thyn enemye,
And fitayle the withoute flateryng
Of Good Friday the feste:
And a blynde man for a bordiour,
Other a bed-reden womman
To crye a largesse byfor oure Lord,
Your good loos to shewe.
Thuse thre manere mynstrales
Maken a man to lauhe;
In hus deth deyng
Thei don hym gret comfort,
That by hus lyfe loveth hem,
And loveth hem to huyre.
Thuse solaceth the soule,
Til hymself be falle
In a wele good hope, for he wroghte so,
Among worthy seyntes,

Ther flaterers and foles
Whith here foule wordes
Leden tho that lithen hem
To Luciferes feste,
With *Turpiloquio*, a lay of sorwe,
And Lucifers fitele,

To perpetual peyne
Other purgatorye as wykke,
For he litheth and loveth
That Godes lawe despiteth.
*Qui histrionibus dat, dæmonibus sacri-
ficat.*

3466. *qui manet*, &c. Epist. Joan. iv, 16.

3477. Epist. Paul. ad Ephes. iv, 8.

3484. Isai. ix, 2.

3496. Matt. ix, 13.

3502. John i, 14.

3520. Psalm xxxv, 8.

3545. *Signes of Synay, | and shelles of Galice . . . keyes of Rome.* It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark that the articles mentioned here were borne by the pilgrim to indicate the particular holy sites which he had visited. The reader will readily call to mind the lines of a modern poet:—

The summon'd Palmer came in place,
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With *Peter's keys* in cloth of red
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The *scallop shell* his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought.

3622. *Seint Thomas shryne.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. It may not perhaps be generally known that an interesting description of this shrine, when in its glory, is given by Erasmus, Colloq. *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*.

3713. *eten apples un-rosted.* One of the many specimens of the burlesque manner in which scripture was frequently quoted in these times. A very singular passage (but in a tract professedly burlesque) occurs in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 83):—"Peter askud Adam a full greyt dowlfull question, and seyd, 'Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appuli unpard?' 'For sothe,' quod he, 'for y had no wardyns fryde.'"

3826. *leven*, should be *lenen*.

3890. Luke xiv, 10.

3944, 3948. Psalm xlviii, 29.

3997. *the rode of Lukes.* The second Trin. Col. MS. has *be the rode of Chestre*. There was a famous cross at Lucca, but whether a part of the real cross, I have not ascertained. Calvin, in his most able and entertaining *Admonitio de Reliquiis*, declines undertaking a list of all the places where pieces of the real cross were shown. "Denique si congesta in acervum essent omnia

quæ reperiri possent, integrum navis onus efficerent : cum tamen evangelium testificetur ab unico homine ferri potuisse. Quantæ igitur audaciæ fuit, ligneis frustis sic totum implere orbem, quibus ferendis ne trecenti quidem homines sufficient?" *Calvini, Opusc. p. 277.* There was also at Lucca one of the impressions of our Saviour's face on the handkerchief of Veronica. The peculiar oath of William Rufus was by the holy face at Lucca.

4027. *with hey trolly lolly.* MS. Trin. Col. 2.

4154. In the second Trin. Col. MS. the passage stands as follows :—

Ne hadde Peris but a pese lof,
Thei preyede hym beleve,
And with a bene batte
He hadde betwene,
And hitte hunger therwith
Amydde hise lippes,
And blodde in it the bodyward
A bolle ful of growel,

Ne hadde the fisician ferst
Defendite him watir,
To abate the barly bred,
And the benis y-grounde,
Thei hadde be ded be this day,
And dolven al warm.
Faitours for fer, etc.

4194. *Thei corven here coppes, | and courtepies made.* Whitaker, who translates it, "*They carved wooden cups, and made themselves short cloaks.*" It ought to be, "*They cut their copes to make courtpies (a kind of short cloaks) of them.*"

4242. Paul Epist. ad Galat. vi, 2.

4251. Scimus enim qui dixit, mihi vindicta, et ego retribuam. Paul. ad Heb. x, 30 ; conf. Paul. ad Rom. xii, 19.

4256. Luke xvi, 9.

4272. Propter frigus piger arare noluit. Prov. xx, 4.

4306. Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis, beatus es et bene tibi erit. Psal. cxxvii, 2.

4336. *His mawe is alongid.* MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

4336. Whitaker's text inserts here the following passage, which is curious as containing the same word, *latchdrawers*, that occurs in Edward's statute, quoted before in the note to l. 88 :—

Thenk that Dives for hus delicat lyf
To the devel wente,
And Lazar the lene beggere
That longed after cromes,
And yut had he hem nat,
For ich Hunger culde hym,
And suthe ich sauh hym sute,
As he a syre were,
At alle manere ese
In Abrahame lappe.
An yf you be of power,
Peers, ich the rede,

Alle that greden at thy gate
For Godes love after fede,
Parte wit hem of thy payn,
Of potage and of souel,
Lene hem som of thy loof,
Thauh thu the lesse chewe.
And thauh lyers and latchedrawers,
And lolleres knocke,
Let hem abyde tyl the bord be drawe,
Ac bere hem none cromes,
Tyl al thyn nedy neihebores
Have none y-maked.

4339. *Phisik . . . hise furred hodes . . . his cloke of Calabre.* Whitaker cites, in illustration of the dress of the physician, the costume still worn by the Doctors of Medicine in the universities. Chaucer gives the following description of the dress of the "Doctour of Phisike":—

In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata, and with sendal."

(Cant. T. Prolog, 441.)

Calabre appears to have been a kind of fur: a document in Rymer, quoted by Ducange, speaks of an *indumentum foderatum cum Calabre*.

4390. *ripe chiries manye.* This passage, joined with the mention of cherry-time in l. 2794, shows that cherries were a common fruit in the fourteenth century. "Mr. Gough, in his *British Topography*, says that cherries were first brought in by the Romans, but were afterwards lost and brought in again in the time of Henry VIII, by Richard Harris, the king's fruiterer; but this is certainly a mistake. When in the New Forest in Hampshire in the summer of 1808, I saw a great many cherry-trees, apparently, of much more considerable age than the time of Henry VIII. The *very old* trees were universally of the kind called *merries*." H. E.

4431. Cato, Distich. i, 21 :—

Infantem nudum quum te natura crearit,
Paupertatis onus patienter ferre memento.

4453. *so seide Saturne.* See the Introduction, p. xii.

4490. Whitaker's text reads after this line :—

Leel and ful of love,
And no lord dreden,
Merciable to meek,
And mylde to the goode,
And bytynge on badde men
Bote yf thei wolde amende,
And dredeth nat for no deth

To distruye by here powere
Lecherie among lordes,
And hure luther custymes,
And sithen lyve as thei lereth men,
Oure lorde Treuthe hem graunteth,
To be peeres to Apostles, &c.

4525. *sette scolers to scole.* It was common in the *scholastic* ages for scholars to wander about gathering money to support them at the universities. In a poem in MS. Lansdowne, No. 762, the husbandman, complaining of the many burdens he supports in taxes to the court, payments to the church, and charitable contributions of different kinds, enumerates among the latter the alms to scholars :—

Than cometh clerkys of Oxford, and mak their mone,
To her scole-hire they most have money.

4547. Psa. xiv, 5. Qui pecuniam suam non dedit ad usuram, et munera super innocentem non accepit.

4571. Psa. xiv, 1.

4593. Matt. vii, 12. Luke vi, 31.

4619. *Catons teehyng*. "Cui des videto," is the twenty-third of the "Distichorum Lemmata" of Dionysius Cato.

4620. *the clerke of stories*. Called, elsewhere, *maister of stories*. These names were given popularly to Peter Comestor, author of the famous *Historia Scolastica*, a paraphrase of the Bible history, with abundance of legendary matter added to it. The title given him by the author of *Piers Ploughman* is not uncommon in English treatises of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Lydgate, *Minor Poems*, p. 102 (Ed. Halliwell), speaks of Comestor thus:—

Maister of storyes, this doctour ful notable,
Holding a chalice here in a sonne cliere.

4621. Instead of ll. 4621–4658, the following long and curious passage is substituted in the text adopted by Mr. Whitaker:—

Wot no man, as ich wene,
Who is worthy to have.
The most needy aren oure neighebores,
And we nyme good hede;
As prisoners in puttes,
And poore folke in cotes
Charged with children
And chef lordes rente,
That thei spynnyng may spare,
Spynen hit in hous hyre,
Bothe in mylk and in mele,
To maken with papelotes
To aglotye with here gurlles
That greden after fode.
Al so hemselfe
Suffren muche hunger,
And wo in winter tyme;
With wakyng a-nyghtes
To ryse to the ruel,
To rocke the cradel,
Bothe to karde and to kembe,
To clouten and to wasche,
To rubbe and to rely,
Russches to pilie,
That reuthe is to rede
Othere in ryme shewe
The wo that theese women
That wonyeth in cotes,
And of meny other men
That muche wo suffren,

Bothe a-fyngrede and a-furst,
To turne the fayre outwarde;
And beth abasshed for to begge,
And wolle nat be y-knowe
What hem needeth att here neihebores
At non and at even.
This Wit wot witerly,
As the world techeth,
What other byhoveth
That hath meny children,
And hath no catel bote hus crafte
To clothy hem and to fede,
And fele to fonge therto,
And fewe pams taketh.
Ther is payn and peny ale,
As for a pytaunce y-take;
Cold flesch and cold fyssh,
For veneson y-bake.
Frydays and fastyng-dayes
Ferthyng worth of muscles
Were a feste for suche a folke,
Other so fele cockes.
Theese were almes to helpe
That han suche charges,
And to comforte suche cotyers,
And crokede men and blynde.
Ac beggers with bagges, the wiche
Brewhouses ben here churches,
Bote thei be blynde other broke,
Other elles syke,

Thauh he falle for defaute,
 That faiteth for hus lyfode,
 Reicheth nevere, ye ryche,
 Thauh suche lorelles sterven;
 For all that han here hele
 And here eyen syghte,
 And lymes to laborye with,
 And lolleres lyf usen,
 Lyven ayens Godes lawe,
 And love of holy church.
 And yut arn ther other beggers,
 In hele, as it semeth;
 Ac hem wanteth here witt,
 Men and women bothe,
 The wiche aren lunatik lollers
 And leperes aboute,
 And mad, as the mone sitt,
 More other lasse:
 Thei caren for no cold,
 Ne counteth of no hete,
 And are mevenge after the mone,
 Moneyles thei walke,
 With a good wil wit-lees,
 Meny wyde contreys,
 Ryght as Peter dude and Paul,
 Save that thei preche nat,
 Ne myracles maken;
 Ac meny tymes hem happeth
 To prophetien of the puple,
 Pleyninge, as hit were.
 And to oure sight, as hit semeth,
 Suththe God hath the myghte
 To yeven eche a whit wit,
 Welthe, and his hele,
 And suffreth suche so gon,
 Hit semeth to myn inwitt,
 Hit arn as hus aposteles suche puple,
 Other as his prevye disciples;
 For he sente hem forth selverles,
 In a somer garnement,
 Withoute bred and bagge,
 As the Bok telleth.
Quando misi vos sine pane et pera.
 Bar-fot and bred-les,
 Beggeth thei of no man;
 And thauh he mete with the meyere
 In mydest the strete,
 He reverenceth hym ryght nouht
 No rather than another.
Neminem salutaveris per viam.
 Suche manere of men,
 Matheu ous techeth,
 We sholde have hem to house,
 And help hem when thei come. [*tuam.*
Et egenos vagosque induc in domum
 For hit aren murye mouthede men,

Mynstrales of hevene
 And Godes boyes bordiours,
 As the Bok telleth.
*Si quis videtur sapiens, fiet stultus ut
sit sapiens.*
 And alle manere mynstrales,
 Men wot wel the sothe,
 To underfonge hem faire
 Byfalle for the ryche;
 For the lordes love and ladies
 That thei with lengen,
 Men suffren al that suche seyn,
 And in solas taken;
 And yut more to suche men
 Doth, er thei passe,
 Gyven hem gyftes and gold,
 For grete lordes sake.
 Ryght so, ye riche,
 Rather ye sholde, for sothe,
 Wolcomen and worsshepen
 And with youre goode helpen
 Godes mynstrales, and hus messagers,
 And hus murye burdiers,
 The wiche are lunatik lollares
 And leperes aboute.
 For under Godes secré seel
 Here synnes ben y-keverede.
 For thei bereth no bagges,
 Ne non botels under clokes,
 The wiche is lollaren lyf
 And lewede eremytes,
 That loken ful louheliche
 To lacchen mennes almesse,
 In hope to suten at even
 By the hote coles,
 Unlouke hus legges abrod,
 Other lygge at hus ese,
 Reste hym and roste hym,
 And his ryg turne,
 Drynke drue and deepe,
 And drawe hym thanne to bedde,
 And when hym lyketh and lust
 Hus leve ys is to aryse;
 When he rysen, rometh out,
 And ryght wel aspieth
 War he may rathest have a repast,
 Other a rounde of bacon,
 Sulver other fode-mete
 And some tyme bothe,
 A loof other alf a loof,
 Other a lompe of chese,
 And carieth it hom to hus cote,
 And cast hym to lyve
 In ydelnesse and in ese,
 And by others travayle.
 And wat frek of thys folde

Fisketh thus aboute
 With a bagge at hus bak,
 Abegeneldes wyse,
 And can som manere craft,
 In cas he wolde hit use,
 Thorgh wiche craft he couthe come
 To bred and to ale,
 And owar more to an hater
 To helye with hus bones,
 And lyveth lyk a lollere,

Godes lawe him dampneth.
 Lolleres lyvyng in sleuthe,
 And overe lond stryken,
 Beeth nat in thys bulle, quath Peers,
 Til thei ben amended,
 Nother beggars that beggen,
 Bote yf thei have neede.
 The Bok blameth alle beggerye,
 And banneth in this manere: etc.

4645. Luke xix, 23.

4659. Ps. xxxvi, 25. Junior fui, etenim senui: et non vidi
 justum derelictum, nec semen ejus quærens panem.

4695. Here again, after many verbal variations from our text,
 Whitaker's text adds the following long passage, which is very
 curious, and well worthy to be preserved. Whitaker calls it
 "one of the finest passages in the whole poem."

Ac eremites that enhabiten hem
 By the heye weyes,
 And in borwes among brewesters,
 And beggen in churches
 Al that holy eremytes
 Hateden and despisede,
 As rychesses and reverences
 And ryche mennes almesse,
 These lolleres, lache-draweres,
 Lewede eremytes,
 Coveyten the contrarie,
 As cotyers thei lybben,
 For hit beth bote boyes,
 Lolleres atten ale,
 Of language of lettrure
 Ne lyf-holy as eremytes
 That wonnede wyle in wodes
 With beres and lyones.
 Some had lyfode of here lynage,
 And of no lyf elles;
 And some lyvede by here lettrure
 And labour of here hondes;
 Some had foreynes to frendes,
 That hem fode sente;
 And bryddes brouhten to some bred,
 Werby thei lyveden.
 Alle thuse holy eremytes
 Were of hye kynne,
 Forsoke londe and lordshap
 And lykynge of the body;
 Ac thuse eremytes, that edefyen
 Thus by the hye weyes,
 Wylen were workmen,
 Webbes and taillours,
 And carters knaves,

And clerkus without grace,
 Heelden hungry hous,
 And had much defaute,
 Long labour and lyte wynnynge,
 And atte laste aspiden
 That faitours in frere clothyng
 Had fatte chekus;
 For-thi lefte thei here laboure,
 Theese lewede knaves,
 And clothed hem in copes,
 Clerkus as hit were,
 Other on of som ordre,
 Othere elles prophite,
 Ayens the lawe he lyveth,
 Yf Latyn be trywe:
Non licet nobis legem voluntate, sed vo-
luntatem conjungere legi.
 Now kyndeliche, by Crist!
 Beth suche callyd lolleres,
 As by Englisch of oure eldres,
 Of olde menne techynge,
 He that lolleth his lame,
 Other his leg out of the joynte,
 Other meymed in som membre,
 For to meschief hit souneth;
 And ryght so sothlyche
 Suche manere eremytes
 Lollen ayen the bylyeve
 And lawe of holy church.
 For holy church hoteth
 Alle manere puple
 Under obedience to bee,
 And buxum to the lawe,
 Furst religious of religion
 Here ruele to holde,

And under obedience to be
 By dayes and by nyghtes,
 Lewede men to laborie,
 Lordes to honte
 In frythes and in forestes
 For fox and other bestes
 That in wilde wodes ben,
 And in wast places,
 As wolves that wyrhyeth men,
 Wommen, and children,
 And upon Sonedayes to cesse,
 Godes service to huyre,
 Bothe matyns and messe,
 And after mete in churches
 To huyre here eve song
 Every man ouhte.
 Thus it bylongeth for lorde,
 For lered and lewede,
 Eche halyday to huyre
 Hollyche the service,
 Vigiles and fastyng dayes
 Forthere to knowe,
 And fulfille tho fastynges
 Bote infirmité hit made,
 Poverté othere penaunces,
 As pilgrymages and travayles.
 Under this obedience
 Arn we echone.
 Who so brekyeth this, be wel war,
 Bot yf he repente,
 Amenden hym and mercy aske,
 And meekliche hym shryve,
 Ich drede me, and he deye,
 Hit worth for dedlich synne
 Acounted byfore Crist,
 Bote Conscience excuse hym.
 Loke now were theese lolleres
 And lewede eremytes,
 Yf thei breke thys obedience
 That ben so fro church,
 Wher see we hem on Sonedayes
 The servise to huyre?
 As matyns by the morwe
 Tyl masse bygynne,
 Other Sonedayes at eve songe,
 See we wol fewe;
 Othere labory for our lyfode
 As the lawe wolde
 Ac at mydday meel tyme
 Ich mete with hem ofte,
 Conynge in a cope
 As he a clerke were,
 A bachelor other a beaupere
 Best hym bysemeth,
 And for the cloth that kevereth hem
 Cald his here a frere,

Whassheth and wypeth,
 And with the furste suteth.
 Ac while he wrought in thys worlde,
 And wan hus mete with Treuthe,
 He sat atte syd benche
 And secounde table,
 Com no wyn in hus wombe
 Thorw the weke longe,
 Nother blankett in hus bed,
 Ne white bred byfore hym.
 The cause of al thys caitifté
 Cometh of meny bisshepes,
 That suffren suche sottes
 And othere synnes regne.
 Certes ho so thurste hit segge,
Symon quasi dormit.
Vigilate were fairour,
 For thow hast gret charge:
 For meny waker wolves
 Ben broke into foldes.
 Thyne berkeres ben al blynde,
 That bryngeth forth thy lambren;
Disperguntur oves, thi dogge
 Dar nat beerke.
 The tarre is untydy
 That to thyne sheep bylongeth;
 Hure salve ys of *supersedeas*
 In someneres boxes,
 Thyne sheep are ner al shabbyd,
 The wolf sheteth woolle.
Sub molli pastore lupus lanam cacat, et
grex incustoditus dilaceratur eo.
 Hoow hurde wher is thyn hounde,
 And thyn hardy herte,
 For to wyne the wolf
 That thy woolle fouleth.
 Ich leyve for thy lacchesse
 Thow leest meny wederes,
 And ful meny fayre flus
 Falsliche wasshe.
 When thy lord loketh to have
 Allowance for hus bestes, [myd,
 And of the monye thow haddist ther-
 Hus meable to save,
 And the woolle worth weye,
 Woo ys the thenne!
Redde rationem villicationis tuæ,
 Other arerage ffalle.
 Then hyre hurde, as ich hope,
 Hath nouht to quyty thy dette,
 Ther as mede ne mercy
 May nat a myte avayle,
 Bote have this for that,
 Tho that thow toke
 Mercy for mede,
 And my lawe breke;

Loke now for thi lacchesse
Whether lawe wol the graunt
Purgatorie for thy paye,

Other perpetuel helle. [ther,
For shal no pardone praye for yowe
Nother princes letteres.

4708. Matth. xxv, 46. Et ibunt hi in supplicium æternum ;
justi autem in vitam æternam.

4721. Psal. xxii, 4.

4739. Psal. xli, 4.

4745. Luke xii, 22. Conf. Matth. vi, 25.

4764. "Dixit insipiens in corde suo, non est Deus," is the
commencement of Psalms xiii. and lii.

4769. Prov. xxii, 10. Ejice derisorem, et exhibit cum eo jur-
gium, cessabuntque causæ et contumeliæ.

4771. *Perkyn*, the diminutive of Peter, or Piers. Formerly
the diminutives of people's names were constantly used as marks
of familiarity or endearment, as Hawkyn or Halkyn for Henry,
Tymkyn for Tim or Timothy, Dawkyn for David, Tomkyn for
Thomas, &c.

4796. Cato, Distich. ii, 31.

Somnia ne cures, nam mens humana quod optans,
Dum vigilat, sperat, per somnum cernit id ipsum.

4847. Matth. xvi, 19.

4941. Prov. xxiv, 16. Septies enim cadet justus, *et resurget* :
impii autem corruent in malum.

4963. *To falle and to stonde*. I by no means agree with
Price's interpretation of this phrase, or in his preference of the
reading *to falle if he stonde*. (Note on Warton ii, 67.) The
motion of the boat causes the firm man alternately to fall and
stand ; be he ever so stable, he stumbles now and then, but his
strength is shown in his being able to recover himself. Such are
the moral slips which even the just man cannot avoid. But if
the man in the boat be too weak to arise again and place himself
at the helm, his boat and himself will be lost for want of strength
and guidance. So it is with the wicked man. The completion
of the phrase quoted from Proverbs, as given in the preceding
note, shows the justice of this explanation.

5014. *if I may lyve and loke*. Price (in Warton) first pointed
out the identity between this expression and the one so common
in Homer : it is "one of those primitive figures which are com-
mon to the poetry of every country."

Οὐτις, ἐμεῦ ζῶντος καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκομένοιο,
Σοὶ κοίλης παρὰ νηυσὶ βαρείας χεῖρας ἐποίσει.

Il. i, 88.

Whitaker's interpretation is nonsense, "If I have space to live

and look in the book." Other instances of this phrase occur in ll. 12132, 13268, and 13303 of *Piers Ploughman*.

5082. 2 Corinth. xi, 19.

5157. *of four kynnnes thynges*. The medieval notion of the manner in which the elements were mixed together in the formation of the human body, here alluded to, appears to partake more of Western legend than of Eastern tradition. In the English verses on Popular Science (given in my "Popular Treatises of Science written during the Middle Ages," p. 138), we have the following curious account of the four things forming the body, and the influence of each :—

Man hath of urthe al his bodi, of water he haveth wete,
Of eyr he haveth wynd, of fur he haveth hete.
Ech quic thing of alle this foure, of some hath more other lasse;
Ho so haveth of urthe most, he is slou as an asse;
Of vad colour, of hard hide, boustes forme, and ded strong,
Of moche thoght, of lute speche, of stille grounyng, and wraththe long,
A slough wrecche and ferblet, fast and loth to geve his god,
Sone old, and noght wilful, stable and stedefast of mode.

And so on with the other elements. This doctrine of the composition of man from the four elements became a very popular one in the sixteenth century, when the poets frequently allude to it, as may be seen in the examples given by Nares (*v. ELEMENTS*). In the *Mirror for Magistrates* (*King Forrex*, page 76), it is said :—

If we behold the substance of a man,
How he is made of *elements* by kind,
Of earth, of water, aire, and fire, than
We would full often call unto our mind,
That all our earthly joys we leave behind.

Massinger (*Renegado* iii, 2) says :—

———— I've heard
Schoolmen affirm, man's body is compos'd
Of *the four elements*.

In Shakespeare (*Twel. N.* ii, 3), Sir Toby Belch inquires, "Does not our life consist of *the four elements*?" and Brutus is commended for possessing these elements properly blended, in which the perfection of a man's nature was supposed to consist :—

His life was gentle; and the *elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.* *Jul. Cæs.* v, 5.

On the other hand, the ill mixing of these elements was supposed to be accompanied with a corresponding derangement of the intellectual faculties. Thus, in one of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, a madman is addressed :—

I prithee, thou *four elements* ill brew'd,
Torment none but thyself: Away, I say,
Thou beast of passion.

B. and Fl. Nice Valour, act i, p. 312.

The more mythic form of this legend gives *eight things* to the formation of the body, instead of four. Our earliest notice of this legend in England occurs in the prose Anglo-Saxon Dialogue between Saturn and Solomon (Thorpe's *Analecta*, p. 95):—

“Saga me þæt andworc þe Adám wæs of-ge-worht se ærusta man? Ic þe secge of viii punda ge-wihte. Saga me hwæt hatton þage? Ic þe secge þæt æroste wæs fóldan pund, of ðam him wæs flesc ge-worht; oðer wæs fyres pund, þanon him wæs þæt blóð reád and hát; þridde wæs windes pund, þanon him wæs seo æðung ge-seald; feorðe wæs wolcnes pund, þanon him wæs his módes unstaðelfæstnes ge-seald; fife wæs gyfe pund, þanon him wæs ge-seald se fat and geðang; syxste wæs blostnena pund, þanon him wæs eagenas myssenlicnys ge-seald; seofode wæs deawes pund, þanon him becom swat; eahtothe wæs sealtes pund, þanon him wæron þa tearas sealte.”—*Tell me the matter of which Adam the first man was made? I tell thee, of eight pound-weights. Tell me their names? I tell thee, the first was a pound of earth, of which his flesh was made; the second was a pound of fire, from which his blood was red and hot; the third was a pound of wind, of which breath was given him; the fourth was a pound of cloud, whereof was given him his instability of mood; the fifth was a pound of . . . , whereof was given him fat and sinew; the sixth was a pound of flowers, whereof was given him diversity of eyes; the seventh was a pound of dew, whereof he had sweat; the eighth was a pound of salt, whereof he had salt tears.* This legend was still prevalent in England as late as the fifteenth century, when we find it among the curious collection of questions (closely resembling those of Saturn and Solomon just quoted) entitled “Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxinford and his Scoler” (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i, p. 230),—“C. Whereof was Adam made? M. Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iij^{de} of wynde, the iiijth of clowdys, the vth of aire wherethorough he speketh and thinketh, the vjth of dewe wherby he sweteth, the vijth of flowres, wherof Adam hath his ien, the viijth is salte wherof Adam hath salt teres.” A similar account is given in an extract from an old Friesic manuscript communicated to the *Zeitschrift für Deutsches Alterthum*, by Dr. James Grimm,—“God scôp thene êresta meneska, thet was Adam, fon achta wendem; that bēnete fon tha stēne, thet flâsk fon there erthe, thet blôd fon tha wetere, tha herta fon tha winde, thene togta (l. thochta) fon tha wolken, the(ne) suêt fon tha dawe, tha lokkar fon tha gerse, tha âgene fon there sunna, and tha blêrem on thene helga ôm.”—*God created the first man, who*

was Adam, of eight elements: the bone from the stone, the flesh from the earth, the blood from the water, the heart from the wind, the thought from the cloud, the sweat from the dew, the hair from the grass, the eyes from the sun.

5169. *a proud prikere of Fraunce.* A proud rider of France. Until the fifteenth century there appears to have been a strong prejudice among the lower orders against horsemen: their name was connected with oppressors and foreigners. Horses appear to have been comparatively little used for riding among the Anglo-Saxons until they were introduced by the Norman favourites of Edward the Confessor, in whose reign we read that the Anglo-Saxon soldiers in Herefordshire were defeated by the Welsh owing to their awkwardness on horseback, having been unadvisedly mounted by their Norman commander. The Anglo-Norman barons of the three following centuries, with their numerous household of knights and attendants who plundered and oppressed the peasantry and middle classes of society, kept alive the prejudice alluded to, and we trace it in several popular songs. In a song of the reign of Edward I (Political Songs, p. 240), we find the following lines:—

Whil God wes on erthe
And wondrede wyde,
Whet wes the resoun
Why he nolde ryde?
For he nolde no grom
To go by ys syde,
Ne grucchyng of no gedelyng
To chaule ne to chyde.

Spedeth ou to spewen,
Ase me doth to spelle;
The fend ou afretie
With fleis ant with felle!
Herkneth hideward, horsmen,
A tidying ich ou telle,
That ye shulen hongen,
Ant herbarewen in helle!

5276. Epist. ad Philippens. iii, 19.

5283. Epist. Joan. iv, 16.

5289. Matth. xxv, 12; Psal. lxxx, 13. Et dimisi eos secundum desideria cordis eorum, ibunt in advectionibus suis.

5305. *the four doctours.* The four doctors *par excellence* of the western church were, I believe, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome.

5354. Ecclesiast. i, 16.

5363. Epist. Jacob. ii, 10. Quicumque autem totam legem servaverit, offendat autem in uno, factus est omnium reus.

5412. *as Caym was on Eve.* See further on l. 5549. According to a very curious legend, which was popular in the middle ages, Cain was born during the period of penitence and fasting to which our first parents were condemned for their breach of obedience.

5415. Psa. vii, 15. Concepit dolorem et peperit iniquitatem.

5417. Whitaker's text inserts before this line—

Caym, the cursed creature,
Conceyved was in synne;
After that Adam and Eve
Hadden y-synged,
Withoute repentaunce
Of here rechelessnesse,
A rybaud thei engendrede,
And a gome unryghtful;

As an hywe that ereth nat
Auntreth hym to sowe
On a leye lond,
Ayens hus lordes wille,
So was Caym conceyved,
And so ben cursed wrettches
That lycame han ayen the lawe
That oure Lord ordeynede.

5423. Gen. vi, 7. pœnitent enim me fecisse eos.

5464. Ezech. xviii, 20.

5470. Whitaker's text adds here:—

Westminster lawe, ich wot,
Worcheth the contrarie;
For thauh the fader be a frankelayne,

And for a felon be hanged,
The heritage that the air sholde have
Ys at the kynges wille.

5479. Matt. vii, 16.

5497. John xiv, 6.

5507. *many a peire, sithen the pestilence.* The continuator of William de Nangis, who gives a detailed account of the effects of the great pestilence on the Continent, mentions the hasty marriages which followed it, but he gives quite a different account of their fruitfulness. "Cessante autem dicta epidimia, pestilentia, et mortalitate, nupserunt viri qui remanserunt et mulieres ad invicem, conceperunt uxores residuæ per mundum ultra modum, nulla sterilis efficiebatur, sed prægnantes hinc inde videbantur, et plures geminos pariebant, et aliquæ tres infantes insimul vivos emittebant." The writer goes on to observe, "Sed proh dolor! ex hujus renovatione sæculi non est mundus propter hoc in melius commutatus. Nam homines fuerunt postea magis avari et tenaces, cum multo plura bona quam antea possiderent; magis etiam cupidi et per lites, brigas, et rixas, atque per placita, seipsos conturbantes. . . . Charitas etiam ab illo tempore refrigerescere cæpit valde, et iniquitas abundavit cum ignorantibus et peccatis; nam pauci inveniebantur qui scirent aut vellent in domibus, villis, et castris informare pueros in grammaticalibus rudimentis."—*Contin. G. de Nangis, in Dacherii Spicileg. iii, 110 (ed. 1723).*

5515. *do hem to Dunmowe.* This is, I believe, the earliest allusion at present known to the custom of the flitch of bacon at Dunmow, which was evidently, at that time, a matter of general celebrity. In Chaucer, about half a century later, the Wife of

Bath says of her two old husbands, and of the way in which she tyrannized over them,—

The bacoun was nought fet for hem, I trowe,
That som men fecche in Essex at Donmowe.—*Cant. T.* 5799.

In a curious religious poem preserved in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, written about the year 1460, from which some extracts are printed in the "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*," ii, 27-29, we have the following satirical allusion to this custom:—

I can fynde no man now that wille enquire
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
For they repent hem within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;
That cawsith the weis to be rowgh and over-grow,
That no man may fynd path or gap,
The world is turnyd to another shap.

Befe and moton wylle serve wele enow;
And for to seche so ferre a lytill bakon flyk,
Which hath long hanggid resty and tow;
And the wey, I telle you, is comborous and thyk,
And thou might stomble, and take the cryk;
Therfor bide at home, what so ever hap,
Tylle the world be turnyd into another shap.

One or two other allusions to this custom have been found in manuscripts of the fifteenth century, and in the sixteenth century these allusions become more numerous.

5563. 1 Corinth. vii, 1.

5613. *Margery perles*. A margarite pearl, *perle marguerite*. The Latin name for a pearl (*margarita*) seems to be the origin of this expression.

5634. *a love day | to lette with truthe*. Love days (*Dies amoris*) were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or to violence. The ecclesiastics seem generally to have had the principal share in the management of these transactions, which throughout the *Visions of Piers Ploughman* appear to be censured as the means of hindering justice and of enriching the clergy. A little further on, Religion is blamed for being "a ledere of love-dayes." (l. 6219.) In Chaucer, it is said of the friar:—

And over al, ther eny profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowe of servyse.

* * * * *

And rage he couthe and pleye as a whelpe,
In love-dayes, ther couthe he mochil helpe.
For ther was he not like a cloysterer
With a thredbare cope, as a pore scoler,
But he was like a maister or a pope.—*Cant. T.* 249, 259.

5646. The quotation is made up from Job xxi, 7; and Jerem. xii, 2.

5651. Psal. lxxii, 12.

5659. Psal. x, 4. Quoniam quæ perfecisti, destruxerunt: justus autem quid fecit?

5739. Psal. cxxxi, 6.

5769. Isai. lviii, 7.

5778. Tob. iv, 9. Si multum tibi fuerit, abundanter tribue; si exiguum tibi fuerit, etiam exiguum libenter impertiri stude.

In what follows, Whitaker's text is in parts much more brief than the one now printed; there are also many transpositions, and other variations, which are not of sufficient importance to be pointed out more particularly.

5801. *in a pryvee parlour.* 5803. *in a chambre with a chymenee.* This is a curious illustration of contemporary manners. The hall was the apartment in which originally the lord of the household and the male portion of the family passed nearly all their time when at home, and where they lived in a manner in public. The chambers were only used for sleeping, and as places of retirement for the ladies, and had, at first, no fire-places (*chymenees*), which were added, in course of time, for their comfort. The parlour was an apartment introduced also at a comparatively late period, and was, as its name indicates, a place for private conferences or conversation. As society advanced in refinement, people sought to live less and less in public, and the heads of the household gradually deserted the hall, except on special occasions, and lived more in the parlour and in the "chambre with a chymenee." With the absence of the lord from the hall, its festive character and indiscriminate hospitality began to diminish; and the popular agitators de-claimed against this as an unmistakeable sign of the debasement of the times.

5829. Ezech. xviii, 19.

5835. Galat. vi, 5.

5844. Pauli Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

5911. *seven artz.* In the scholastic system of the middle ages, the whole course of learning was divided into seven arts, which were, grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy. They were included in the following memorial distich:—

Gram. loquitur, Dia. vera docet, Rhet. verba colorat,
Mus. canit, Ar. numerat, Geo. ponderat, As. colit astra.

5963. *a baleys.* See before, the note on l. 2819.

5990. *Caton*. Distich. lib. i, 26.

6009. Galat. vi, 10.

6022. Galat. vi, 2.

6037. The second Trin. Coll. MS. reads here—

Experimentis of Alkenemye
Of Albertis makyng,
Nigromancie and permansie

The pouke to reisen,
Gif thou thenke, etc.

6146. Matth. vii, 3.

6179. Matth. xv, 14; Luke vi, 39; Mark (?)

6186. *mausede*. An error of the press for *mansede*. See the Glossary.

6191. *Offyn and Fynes*. Ophni and Phinees. See 1 Samuel iv (in the Vulgate called 1 Kings).

6199. Psal. xlix, 21.

6207. Isai. lvi, 10.

6217. The text of the Trin. Coll. MS. 2, differs very much from ours in this part of the poem. Instead of 6217–6277, we have the following lines:—

Ac now is Religioun a ridere
And a rennere aboute,
A ledere of ladies,
And a lond biggere;
Poperith on a palfrey
To toune and to toune;
A bidowe or a biselard
He berith be his side;
Godis flessch and his fet
And hise fyve woundis
Arn more in his mynde
Than the memorie of his foundours.
This is the lif of this lordis
That lyven shulde with Do-bet,

And wel away wers,
And I shulde al telle.
I wende that kinghed and knighthed,
And caiseris with erlis,
Wern Do-wel and Do-bet
And Do-best-of-hem-alle.
For I have seighe it myself,
And siththen red it aftir,
How Crist counseilleth the comune,
And kenneth hem this tale, [cipes
Super cathedram Moisi sederunt prin-
For-thi I wende that tho wyes
Wern Do-best-of alle.
I nile not scorne, etc.

6223. *an heepe of houndes*. "Walter de Suffield, bishop of Norwich, bequeathed by will his pack of hounds to the king, in 1256. Blomefield's Norf. ii, 347. See Chaucer's Monke, Prol. v, 165. This was a common topic of satire. It occurs again fol. xxvii, a [l. 3321, of the present Edition]. See Chaucer's Testament of Love, page 492, col. ii, Urr. The Archdeacon of Richmond, on his visitation, comes to the priory of Bridlington in Yorkshire, in 1216, with ninety-seven horses, twenty dogs, and three hawks. Dugd. Mon. ii, 65." WARTON.

6251. Psal. xix, 8.

6259. *the abbot of Abyngdone*. There was a very ancient and famous abbey at Abingdon in Berkshire. Geoffrey of Monmouth was abbot there. It was the house into which the monks, strictly

so called, were first introduced in England, and is, therefore, very properly introduced as the representative of English monachism.

6266. Isai. xiv, 4, 5.

6289. Ecclesiasticus x, 10.

6291. Catonis Distich. iv, 4.

Dilige denari, sed parce dilige, formam;
Quem nemo sanctus nec honestus captat ab ære.

6327. Colos. iii, 1.

6353. *mæchaberis*. A mistake in the original MS. for *necaberis*, as it is rightly printed in Crowley's edition.

6372. John iii, 13.

6414. Matth. xxiii, 2. Super cathedram Moysi sederunt Scribæ et Pharisei.

6440. Psal. xxxv, 8.

6476. Ecclesiastes ix, 1.

6504. Matth. x, 18. The quotation is not quite literal.

6528. For *idiotæ irapiunt*, read *idiotæ vi rapiunt*: the error was caused accidentally in the printing, and has escaped in the present edition.

6571. Matth. xx, 4.

6741. John iii, 3.

6755. Matth. vii, 1.

6764. Psal. l, 21.

6815. Isai. lv, 1.

6825. Mark xvi, 16.

6831. *may no cherl chartre make*. Such was the law of *vileinage*, then in existence. There is a curious story illustrative of the condition of the *cherl* or peasant, in the *Descriptio Norfolciensium*, in my *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, p. 94. The 'cherl,' vilein, or bondman, could not even be put apprentice without the licence of the lord of the soil. In the curious poem on the Constitution of Masonry (14th cent.) published by Mr. Halliwell, the master is particularly cautioned on this point:—

The fowrthe artycul thys moste be,
That the mayster hym wel be-se
That he no bondemon prentys make,
Ny for no covetyse do hym take;
For the lord that he ys bonde to,
May fache the prentes whersever he go.

Early History of Freemasonry in England, p. 14.

6859. *Trojanus*. 6869. *Gregorie*. The legend here allude d

to is given briefly as follows, in the life of St. Gregory in the Golden Legend, fol. lxxxvii,—

“In the tyme that Trayan themperour regned, and on a tyme as he wente toward a batayll out of Rome, it happed that in hys waye as he shold ryde a woman a wydowe came to hym wepyng and sayd: I praye thee, syre, that thou avenge the deth of one my sone, whyche innocently and wythout cause hath ben slayn. Themperour answerd: yf I come agayn fro the batayll hool and sounde, thenne I shall do justyce for the deth of thy sone. Thenne sayd the wydowe: Syre, and yf thou deye in the bataylle, who shall thenne avenge hys deth for me? And the wydowe sayd, is it not better that thou do to me justice, and have the meryte thereof of God, than another have it for thee? Then had Trayan pyté, and descended fro his horse, and dyde justyce in avengynge the deth of her sone. On a tyme saynt Gregory went by the marked of Rome whyche is called the marked of Trayan. And thenne he remembred of the justyce and other good dedes of Trayan, and how he had ben pyteous and debonayr, and was moche sorowfull that he had ben a paynem; and he toured to the chyrche of saynt Peter waylyng for thorroure of the mescreaunce of Trayan. Thenne answerd a voys fro God, sayng: I have now herd thy prayer, and have spared Trayan fro the payne perpetuelly. By thys thus, as somme saye, the payne perpetuell due to Trayan as a mescreaunt was somme dele take awaye, but for all that was he not quyte fro the pryson of helle; for the sowle may well be in helle, and fele ther no payne, by the mercy of God.”

6907. 1 John iii, 15.

6938. Luke xiv, 12.

6964. John viii, 34.

6981. Galat. vi, 2.

7015. Matth. vii, 3.

7063. Luke x, 40.

7072. Luke x, 42.

7113. Although our writer quotes the circumstance from Luke xviii, the words he gives are from Matth. xix, 21.

7113. In Whitaker's text the following passage is here inserted:—

Thus consaileth Crist
In comun ous alle,
'Ho so coveyteth to come
To my kynriche,
He mot forsake hymself,
Hus suster, and hus brother,

And al that the worlde wolde,
And my wil folwen.'
Nisi renunciaveritis omnia quæ possi-
detis, etc.
Meny proverbis ich myghte have
Of meny holy seyntes,

To testifie for treuthé
 The tale that ich shewe,
 And poetes to preoven hit,
 Porfirie and Plato,
 Aristotle, Ovidius,
 And ellevene hundred,
 Tullius, Tholomeus,
 Ich can nat telle here names,
 Preoven pacient poverté
 Pryns of alle vertues.
 And by greyn that groweth,
 God ous alle techeth.
*Nisi granum frumenti cadens in terra,
 et mortuum fuit, ipsum solum manet.*
 Bot yf that sed that sowen is,
 In the sloh sterve,
 Shal nevere spir springen up,
 Ne spik on strawe curne:
 Sholde nevere wete wexe,
 Bote wete fyrste deyde;
 And other sedes also
 In the same wyse,
 That ben leide on louh eerthe,
 Y-lore as hit were,
 And thorw the grete grace of God,
 Of greyn ded in erthe
 Atte the laste launceth up
 Werby lyven alle.
 Ac sedes that ben sowen
 And mowe suffre wyntres,
 Aren tydyor and tower
 To mannes by-hofte,
 Than seedes that sowen beeth
 And mowe nouht with forste,
 With wyndes, ne with wederes,
 As in wynter tyme,
 As lynne-seed, and lik-seed,
 And Lente-seedes alle,
 Aren nouht so worthy as whete,
 Ne so wel mowen
 In the feld with the forst,
 And hit freese longe.
 Ryght so, for sothe,
 That suffre may penaunces
 Worth alowed of oure Lorde
 At here laste ende,
 And for here penaunce be preysed,
 As for puyre martir,
 Other for a confessour y-kud,
 That counteth nat a ruysshe
 Fere ne famyne,
 Ne false menne tonges;
 Bote as an hosebonde hopeth
 After an hard wynter,
 Yf God gyveth hym the lif
 To have a good hervest,

So preoveth thees prophetes
 That pacientliche suffreth
 Myschiefs and myshappes,
 And menye tribulacions,
 Bytokneth ful triweliche
 In tyme comynge after
 Murthe for hus mornynge,
 And that muche plenté.
 For Crist seide to hus seyntes
 That for hus sake tholeden
 Poverté, penaunces,
 Persecution of body,
 Angeles in here angre
 On this wise hem grate,
Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.
 Youre sorwe into solas
 Shal turne atte laste,
 And out of wo into wele
 Youre wyrdes shul chaunge.
 Ac so redeth of riche,
 The revers he may fynde,
 How God, as the Godspel telleth,
 Geveth hem foul towname,
 And that hus gost shal go,
 And hus good byleve,
 And asketh hym after
 Ho shal hit have,
 The catel that he kepeth so
 In coffres and in hernes,
 And ert so loth to lene
 Thet leve shalt needes.
*O stulte, ista nocte anima tua egredia-
 tur, thesaurizat et ignorat.*
 An unredy reve
 Thi residue shal spene,
 That menye moththe was ynne
 In a mynte while;
 Upholderes on the hul
 Shullen have hit to selle.
 Lo! lo! lordes, lo!
 And ladies taketh hede,
 Hit lasteth nat longe
 That is lycour swete,
 Ac pees-coddes and pere-ronettes,
 Plomes and chiries,
 That lyghtliche launceth up,
 Litel wile dureth,
 And that that rathest rypeth,
 Roteth most sannest.
 On fat londe and ful of donge
 Foulest wedes groweth,
 Right so, for sothe,
 Suche that ben bysshopes,
 Erles and archdekenes,
 And other ryche clerkes,
 That chaffaren as chapmen,

And chiden bote thei wyne,
 And haven the worlde at here wil
 Other wyse to lyve;
 Right as weodes wexen
 In wose and in dunge,
 So of rychesse upon richesse
 Arist al vices.
 Lo! lond overe-layde
 With marle and with donge,
 Whete that wexeth theron
 Worth lygge ar hit repe;
 Right so, for sothe,
 For to sigge treuthe,
 Over plenté pryde norssheth
 Ther povert destrueth hit.
 For how hit evere be y-wonne,
 Bote hit be wel dispended,
 Worliche wele is wuked thyng
 To hym that hit kupeth.
 For yf he be feer therfro,
 Ful ofte hath he drede
 That fals folke fetch away
 Felonliche hus godes.
 And yut more hit maketh men
 Meny time and ofte
 To synegen, and to souchen
 Soteltees of gyle,
 For covetyze of that catel
 To culle hem that hit kepeth;
 And so is meny men y-morthred
 For hus money and goodes;
 And tho that duden the dede
 Y-dampned therfore after,
 And he, for hus harde heldynge,
 In helle paraunter:
 So covetise of catel
 Was combraunce to hem alle.
 Lo! how pans purchasede
 Faire places, and drede,
 That rote is robbers
 The richesse withynne.

[*Passus quartus de Dowel.*]

Ac wel worth Povert,
 For he may walke unrobbede,
 Among pilours in pees,
 Yf pacience hym folwe.
 Oure prynce Jhesu povert chees,
 And hus aposteles alle,
 And ay the lenger thei lyveden
 The lasse good thei hadde.
Tanquam nihil habentes, et omnia pos-
sidentes.
 Yut men that of Abraam
 And Job were wonder ryche,

And out of numbre tho men
 Menye meobles hadden.
 Abraam, for al hus good,
 Hadde muche teene,
 In gret povert was y-put,
 A pryns as hit were
 Bynom hym ys housewif
 And heeld here hymself,
 And Abraam nat hardy
 Ones to letten hym,
 Ne for brightnesse of here beauté
 Here spouse to be byknowe.
 And for he suffrede and seide nouht,
 Oure Lord sente tokne,
 That the kynge cride
 To Abraam mercy,
 And deliverede hym hus wif,
 With muche welthe after.
 And also Job the gentel
 What joye hadde he on erthe,
 How bittere he hit bouhte!
 As the book telleth.
 And for he songe in hus sorwe,
Si bona accipimus a Domino,
 Dereworthe dere God,
 Do we so *mala*;
 Al hus sorwe to solas
 Thorgh that songe turnede,
 And Job bycam a jolif man,
 And al hus joye newe.
 Lo how patience in here povert
 Thees patriarkes relevede,
 And brouhte hem al above
 That in bale rotede,
 As greyn that lyth in the greot
 And thorgh grace atte laste
 Spryngeth up and spredeth,
 So spedde the fader Abraam,
 And also the gentel Job,
 Here joie hath non ende.
 Ac leveth nouht, ye lewede men,
 That ich lacke richesse,
 Thauh ich preise povert thus,
 And preove hit by ensamples,
 Worthiour as by holy writ,
 And wise philosophers,
 Bothe two but goode,
 Be ye ful certayn,
 And lyves that our Lorde loveth,
 And large weyes to hevene.
 Ac the povre pacient
 Purgatorye passeth
 Rathere than the ryche,
 Thauh thei renne at ones.
 For yf a marchaunt and a messenger
 Metten to-gederes,

For the parcels of hus paper
 And other pryvey dettes,
 Wol lette hym as ich leyve
 The lengthe of a myle;
 The messenger doth namore
 Bote hus mouth telleth,
 Hus lettere and hus ernde sheweth,
 And is anon delyvered;
 And thauh thei wende by the wey
 Tho two to-gederes,
 Thauh the messenger made hus wey
 Amyde the whete,
 Wole no wys man wroth be,
 Ne hus wed take,
 Ys non haiwarde y-hote
 Hus wed for to take.
Necessitas non habet legem.
 Ac yf the marchaunt make hus way
 Overe menne cornne,
 And the haywarde happe
 With hym for to mete,
 Other hus hatt, other hus hed,
 Other elles hus gloves,
 The merchaunt mot for-go,
 Other moneys of huse porse,
 And yut be lett, as ich leyve,
 For the lawe asketh
 Marchauns for here merchandise
 In meny place to tullen.
 Yut thauh thei wenden on wey
 As to Wynchestre fayre,
 The marchaunt with hus marchaundise
 May nat go so swythe
 As the messenger may,
 Ne with so mochel ese.
 For that on bereth bote a boxe,
 A brevet therynne,
 Ther the marchaunt ledeth a male
 With meny kynne thynges;
 And dredeth to be ded therefore,
 And he in derke mete
 With robbours and with revers
 That riche men despoilen,
 Ther the messenger is ay murye,
 Hus mouthe ful of songes,
 And leyveth for hus letters
 That no wight wol hym greve.
 Ac yut myghte the marchaunt
 Thorgh monye and other yestes
 Have hors and hardy men,
 Thauh he mette theoves,
 Wolde non suche asailen hym
 For hem that hym folweth,
 As saffliche passe as the messenger,
 And as sone at hus hostel.
 Ye, wyten wel, ye wyse men,

What this is to mene.
 The marchaunt is no more to mene
 Bote men that ben ryche
 Aren accountable to Crist
 And to the kyng of hevene,
 That holden mote the heye weye,
 Evene ten hestes,
 Bothe lovyne and lene,
 The leele and the unleele,
 And have reuthe, and releve
 With hus grete richesse
 By hus power alle manere men
 In meschief y-falle,
 Fynde beggars bred,
 Backes for the colde,
 Tythen here goodes tryweliche,
 A tol as hit semeth
 That oure Lord loketh after
 Of eche a lyf that wyneth,
 Withoute wyles other wrong,
 Other wommen atte stuwes,
 And yut more, to make pees,
 And quyte menne dettes,
 Bothe spele and spare
 To spene upon the needful,
 As Crist self comandeth
 To alle Cristene puple.
Alter alterius onera porta.
 The messenger aren the mendinans
 That lyveth by menne almesse,
 Beth nat y-bounde, as beeth the riche,
 To bothe the two lawes,
 To lene and to lere,
 Ne lentenes to faste,
 And other pryvey penaunces
 The wiche the preest wol wel,
 That the law yeveth leve
 Suche lowe folke to be excused,
 As none tythes to tythen,
 Ne clothe the nakede,
 Ne in enquestes to come,
 Ne contumax thauh he worthe
 Halyday other holy eve
 Hus mete to deserve;
 For yf he loveth and byleyveth
 As the lawe techeth,
Qui crediderit et baptizatus fuerit, etc.
 Telleth the lord a tale,
 As a triwe messenger, [lettere
 And sheweth by seel and suthe by
 With wat lord he dwelleth,
 Kneweleche hym crystene
 And of holy churche byleyve,
 Ther is no lawe, as ich leyve,
 Wol let hym the gate,
 Ther God is gatwarde hymself

And eche a gome knoweth.
The porter of pure reuthe
May parforme the lawe
In that he wilneth and wolde
Ech wight as hemself;
For the wil is as muche worth
Of a wretche beggere
As al that the ryche may reyme
And ryght fulliche dele,

7128. Matth. xvii, 20.

7131. Psal. xxxiii, 11.

7141. Psal. xlii, 1.

7191. James, ii, 10.

7194. *over-skipperis*. Those who skipped over words in reading or chanting the service of the church. The following distich points out the classes of defaulters in this respect:—

*Ecclesiæ tres sunt qui servitium male fallunt;
Momylers, for-scyppers, ovre-lepers, non bene psallunt.*

Reliq. Antiq. p. 90. Poems of Walter Mapes, p. 148.

A still more numerous list of such offenders is given in the following lines from MS. Lansdowne, 762, fol. 101, v^o:—

*Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequitur almos:
Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar,
Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.*

Tutivillus was the popular name of one of the fiends (see Towneley Mysteries, pp. 310, 319; *Reliq. Antiq. p. 257*). According to an old legend, a hermit walking out met one of the devils bearing a large sack, very full, under the load of which he seemed to labour. The hermit asked him what he carried in his sack. He answered that it was filled with the fragments of words which the clerks had skipped over or mutilated in the performance of the service, and that he was carrying them to hell to be deposited among the stores there.

7195. Psal. xlvi, 7, 8.

7264. *Briddes I biheld*. A similar sentiment is expressed in the following parallel passage of a modern poet.

But most of all it wins my admiration
To view the structure of this little work—
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all:
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly then
We boast of excellence, where noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.—*Hurdis*.

And as muche mede
For a myte that he offreth,
As the riche man for al is moneye,
And more, as by the Godspel:
Amen dico vobis quia hæc vidua pauper-
So that povre pacient *[cula, etc.*
Is parfitest lif of alle,
And alle parfit preestes
To poverte sholde drawe.

7342. Ecclesiasticus xi, 9.

7344. Instead of ll. 7344-7363, Whitaker's text has the following passage :—

'Ho suffreth more than God?' quath he,
'No gome, as ich leyve.
He myght amende in a mynt while
Al that amys stondes.
Ac he suffreth, in ensauple
That we sholde all suffren.
Ys no vertue so feyr
Of value ne of profit,
As ys suffraunce, soveraynliche,
So hit be for Godes love,
And so wittnesseth the wyse,
And wysseth the Frenshe,
Bele vertue est suffraunce,
Mal dire est petite venjaunce;
Bien dire e bien souffrer
Fait ly suffrable à bien vener.

For-thi,' quath Reson, 'Ich rede the,
Rewele thi tonge evere;
And er thow lacke eny lyf,
Loke ho is to preise.
For is no creature under Cryst,
That can hymselfe make;
And yf cristene creatures
Couthen make hemselfe,
Eche lede wolde be lacles,
Leyf thow non othere.
Man was mad of suche matere,
He may nat wel asterte,
That som tymes hym tit
To folwen hus kynde.
Caton acordeth herwith:
Nemo sine crimine vivit.

7347. Genes. i, 31.

7363. Cato, Distich. i, 5.

Si vitam inspicias hominum, si denique mores,
Quum culpent alios, nemo sine crimine vivit.

It may be observed here, that Whitaker, in his note on this passage, has very much misunderstood Tyrwhitt (in Chaucer, Cant. T. 3227), in making him the authority for calling the author of the *Disticha de Moribus* an obscure French writer. Tyrwhitt says that the mode in which Chaucer spells his name (Caton) seems to show that the French translation was more read than the Latin original. The same observation would apply to the present poem: but I am very doubtful how far it is correct. The Distiches of Cato were translated into English, French, German, &c. and were extremely popular. The author of these Distiches, Dionysius Cato, is supposed to have lived under the Antonines, and has certainly no claim to the title of *an obscure French writer*.

7441-7642. Instead of these lines, Whitaker has the following :—

And wissede the ful ofte
What Dowel was to mene,
And counsailede the, for Cristes sake,
No creature to bygyle,
Nother to lye nor to lacke,
Ne lere that is defendid,
Ne to spille speche,
As to speke an ydel;
And no tyme to tene,

Ne trywe thyng to teenen;
Lowe the to lyve forth
In the lawe of holy church,
Thenne dost thow wel, withoute drede,
Ho can do bet no forse.
Clerkes that connen al, ich hope,
Thei con do bettere;
Ac hit suffuseth to be saved,
And to be suche as ich tauhte:

Ac for to lovye and lene,
 And lyve wel and byleyve,
 Ys y-calid *Caritas*,
 Kynde-love in English,
 And that is Dobet, yf eny suche be,
 A blessed man that helpeth,
 And pees be and pacience,
 And povre withoute defaute.
Beatus est dare quam petere.
 As catel and kynde witt
 Encombe ful menye,
 Woo is hym that hem weldeth,
 Bote he hym wel dispeyne.
Scientes et non facientes variis flagellis
vapulabunt.
 Ac comunliche connyng
 And unkynde rychesse,
 As lorels to be lordes,
 And lewede men techeres,
 And holy churche horen help,
 Averous and coveytous,
 Droweth up Dowel,
 And destruyeth Dobest.
 Ac grace is a gras therfore
 To don hem eft growe;
 Ac grace groweth nat,
 Til God wil gynne reyne,
 And wokie thorwe goode werkes
 Wikkede hertes;
 Ac er suche a wil wol wexe,
 God hymself worcheth,
 And send forth seint espirit
 To don love sprynge.
Spiritus ubi vult spirat, etc.
 So grace withoute grace

7453. Luke xii, 38.

7461. Heb. xii, 6.

7464. Psalm xxii, 4.

7470. *makynge*s. 7483. *make*.—There is a curious analogy between the Greek and the Teutonic languages in the name given to the poet—the Greek ποιήτης (from ποιεῖν), the Anglo-Saxon *scóp* (from *sceopan*, to make or create), and the Middle-English *maker*, preserved in the later Scottish *makkar* (also applied to a poet), have all the same signification. In the Neo-Latin tongues a different, though somewhat analogous, word was used: the French and Anglo-Norman *trouvère*, and the Provençal *trobador*, signify a finder or inventor.

7484. Catonis Distich. iii, 5.

7500. 1 Cor. xiii, 13. Nunc autem manent fides, spes, charitas, tria hæc: major autem horum est charitas.

7528, &c. *Aristotle*, *Ypocras*, and *Virgile*.—These three names

Of God and of good werkes,
 May nat bee, bee thow siker,
 Thauh we bid evere.
 Cleregie cometh bote of siht,
 And kynd witt of sterres,
 As to be bore other bygete
 In suche constellacion
 That wit wexeth therof,
 And othere wordes bothe.
Vultus hujus sæculi sunt subjecti multi-
bus cælestibus.
 So grace is a gyfte of God,
 And kynde witt a chaunce,
 And cleregie and connyng of kynde
 Wittes techynge;
 And yut is cleregie to comende
 Fore Cristes love more,
 Than eny connyng of kynde witt,
 Bote cleregie hit rewele.
 For Moyses wutnesseth that God wrot
 In stoon with hus fynger,
 Lawe of love owre Lorde wrot,
 Long er Crist were;
 And Crist cam and confermede,
 And holy-churche made,
 And in sond a sygne wrot,
 And seide to the Jewes,
 'That seeth hym synneles,
 Cesse nat, ich hote,
 To stryke with stoon other with staf
 This strompett to dethe.'
Qui vestrum sine peccato est, etc.
 For-thi ich consailly alle Cristene
 Cleregie to honoure, etc.

were the great representatives of ancient science and literature in the middle ages. Aristotle represented philosophy, in its most general sense; Virgil represented literature in general, and more particularly the ancient writers who formed the *grammar* course of scholastic learning, whether verse or prose; Ypocras, or Hippocrates, represented medicine. They are here introduced to illustrate the fact that men of science and learning, as well as warriors and rich men, experience the vicissitudes of fortune.

7534. *Felice*. Perhaps this name is only introduced for the sake of alliteration.

7536. *Rosamounde*. I suppose the reference is to "fair Rosamond."

7554. Luc. vi, 38.

7567. John iii, 8.

7572. John iii, 11.

7582. John iii, 8.

7600. *thorough caractes*. It was the popular belief in the middle ages, that while the Jews were accusing the woman taken in adultery, Christ wrote with his staff on the ground the sins of the accusers, and that when they perceived this they dropped their accusation in confusion at finding that their own guilt was known. See this point curiously illustrated in Mr. Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, pp. 220, 221. These are the *characters* alluded to in *Piers Ploughman*.

7624. Luke vi, 37.

7701. 1 Cor. iii, 19.

7709. Luke ii, 15.

7714. Matth. ii, 1.

7721. Luke ii, 7.

7779. Psalm xxxi, 1.

7795. Luke vi, 39. The ignorance and inefficiency of the parish priests appear to have become proverbial in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the latter century a canon of Lilleshul in Shropshire, named John Myrk, or Myrkes, composed an English poem, or rather metrical treatise, on their duties, which he commences by applying to them this same aphorism of our Saviour:—

God seyth hymself, as wryten we fynde,
That whenne the blynde ledeth the blynde,
Into the dyche they fallen boo,
For they ne sen whare by to go.
So faren prestes now by dawes,
They beth blynde in Goddes lawe, etc.

MS. Cotton. Claud. A II.

It had previously been applied in the same manner to the parish priests by the author of a long French poem (apparently written in England in the fourteenth century) entitled *Le Miroir de l'Ome* (*Speculum Hominis*), as follows:—

Dieus dist, et c'est tout verité,
Qe si l'un voegle soit mené
D'un autre voegle, tresbucher
Falt ambedeux en la fossée.
C'est un essample comparé
As fols curetz, qui sanz curer

Ne voient pas le droit sentier,
Dont font les autres forsvoier,
Qui sont après leur trace alé.
Car fol errant ne puet quider,
Ne cil comment nous puet saner,
Qui mesmes est au mort naufré.

MS. in the possession of Mr. J. Russell Smith.

The following picture of the corrupt manners of the parish priests at this time is extracted from a much longer and more minute censure in the same poem:—

Des fols curetz aucy y a,
Qui sur sa cure demourra
Non pour curer, mais q'il sa vie
Endroit le corps plus easera.
Car lors ou il bargaignera
Du seculiere marchandie,

Dont sa richesse multeplie;
Ou il se donne à leccherie,
Du quoy son corps delitera;
Ou il se prent à venerie,
Qant duist chanter sa letanie,
Au bois le goupil huera.

7802. Psal. xv, 5. We might be led to suppose that this was the “neck verse” in the time of Piers Ploughman. In later times the text which was given to read to those who claimed the benefit of clergy is said to have been the beginning of Psal. lv, *Miserere mei*, &c.

7840. Eccl. v, 5.

7846. *Trojanus*. See the note on line 6859.

7854. Matth. xvi, 27. *Filius enim hominis venturus est in gloria Patris sui cum angelis suis: et tunc reddet unicuique secundum opera ejus.*

7915. *his flessch is foul flessch*. Yet in spite of the “foulness” of its flesh, the peacock was a very celebrated dish at table. For an account of the use made of the peacock in feasts, see *Le Grand d'Aussy*, *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, tom. i, pp. 299–301, and 361. In the Romance of Mahomet, 13th century, it is said of Dives—

Et dou Riche qui tant poon
Englouti et tant bon poisson,
Tante piéche de venison,
Et but bon vin par grant delit, &c.

Roman de Mahomet, l. 301.

7944. *Avynet*. In the 14th and 15th centuries, as any grammar was called a *Donet*, because the treatise of Donatus was

the main foundation of them all, so, from Esop and Avienus from whom the materials were taken, any collection of fables was called an *Avionet* or an *Esopet*. The title of one of these collections in a MS. of the Bibl. du Roi at Paris is, *Compilacio Ysopi alata cum Avionetto, cum quibusdam addicionibus et moralitatibus*. (Robert, *Fabl. Inéd. Essay*, p. clxv.) Perhaps the reference in the present case is to the fable of the Peacock who complained of his voice, the 39th in the collection which M. Robert calls *Ysopet*, in the morality to which are the following lines:—

Les riches conteront
Des biens qu'il aront
En ce siecle conquis.
Cil qui petit ara,
De petit contera
Au Roy de paradis.

Qui vit en povreté,
Sans point d'iniquité,
Moult ara grant richesse
Es cieux, en paradis,
O dieux et ses amis
Seront joyeux et aise.

7961. Whitaker's text reads here:—

Thus Porfirie and Plato,
And poetes menye,
Lykneth in here logyk
The leeste fowel oute;
And whether hii be saf other nat saf

The sothe wot not clergie,
Ne of Sortes ne of Salamon
No scripture can telle,
Wether thei be in helle other in hevene,
Other Aristotle the wise.

7961. *Aristotle, the grete clerk*. From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries the influence of Aristotle's writings in the schools was all-powerful. It was considered almost an impiety to go against his authority. He was indeed "the great clerk."

7967. *Sortes*. I suppose this is an abbreviated form of the name Socrates. It occurs again in one of the poems printed among the Latin Poetry attributed to Walter Mapes (Camden Society's Publication), which has the following lines:—

Adest ei bajulus cui nomen Gnato,
Præcedebat logicum gressu fatigato,
Dorso ferens sarcinam ventre tensus lato,
Plenam vestro dogmate, o *Sortes et Plato*.

7987. 1 Peter iv, 18.

8015. Psalm xxii, 4.

8073. *a maister*. This word was generally used in the scholastic ages in a restricted sense, to signify one who had taken his degrees in the schools—a master of arts.

8103. Luke x, 7.

8133–8137. These are the indications of different Psalms. Psalm li begins with the words, *Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*. The thirty-first Psalm com-

mences with the words, *Beati quorum remissæ sunt iniquitates, et quorum tecta sunt peccata.* *Beatus vir*, is the beginning of Psalm i. The fifth verse of Psalm xxxi contains the words *Dixi: Confitebor adversum me injustitiam meam Domino.*

8141. Psalm xxxi, 6.

8146. Psalm l, 19.

8153. Isaiah v, 22.

8155. Whitaker's text has—

And ete meny sondry metes,
Mortrews and poddynges,
Braun and blod of the goos,
Bacon and colhopes.

The second Trin. Coll. MS. has—

And sette many sundry metis,
Mortreux and puddynges,
Braun and blood of gees,
Bacoun and colopis.

8164. 2 Corinth. xi, 24, 25, 27.

8170, 8177. 2 Cor. xi, 26.

8202. *Mahoun*. Mahoun was the middle-age name of Mohammed, and in the popular writers was often taken in the mere sense of an idol or pagan deity.

8204. *justly wombe*. MS. Trin. Coll. 2.

8225. *in a frayel*. Whitaker's text has *in a forel*, which he explains by "a wicker basket." The second Trin. Coll. MS. has also *in a forell*. *Forel* is the Low-Latin *forellus*, a bag, sack, or purse: a *frayel* (*fraellum*) was a little wicker basket, such as were used for carrying figs or grapes.

8273. Matth. v, 19.

8292. Psalm xiv, 1.

8368. 1 John iv, 18.

8416. Luke xix, 8.

8418. Luke xx, 1-4.

8444. *Surré*. Syria.

8474. *a mynstrall*. The description of the minstrel given here is very curious. For a sketch of the character of this profession see Mr. Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages;" and for more enlarged details of the history of the craft the reader may consult the Introduction to Percy's Reliques, and Chappell's History of National Airs.

8518. *a pardon with a peis of leed*. The papal bulls, &c., had seals of lead, instead of wax.

8526. Marc. xvi, 17, 18.

8541. Acts iii, 6.

8554. Whitaker's text omits all that follows here to l. 8958 of our text, entering very abruptly upon the subject there treated. Some of the intervening matter had already been inserted in other places in Whitaker's text. See our notes on ll. 2846 and 3030.

8567. *cart . . . with breed fro Stratforde.* Stratford-at-Bow is said to have been famous in old times for its numerous bakers, who supplied a great part of the metropolis. Stowe, in his Survey of London, p. 159 (who appears to have altered the text of Piers Ploughman to suit his own calculation, for all the manuscripts and printed editions I have collated give "twice *twenty* and ten"), observes, "And because I have here before spoken of the bread carts comming from Stratford at the Bow, ye shall understand that of olde time the bakers of breade at Stratford were allowed to bring dayly (except the Sabbaoth and principall feast) diverse long cartes laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the pennie wheate loafe heavier then the penny wheate loafe baked in the citie, the same to be solde in Cheape, three or foure carts standing there, betweene Gutherans lane and Fausters lane ende, one cart on Cornehill, by the conduit, and one other in Grasse streete. And I have reade that in the fourth yere of Edward the second, Richard Reffeham being maior, a baker named John of Stratforde, for making bread lesser than the assise, was with a fooles whoode on his head, and loaves of bread about his necke, drawne on a hurdle through the streets of this citie. Moreover in the 44. of Edward the third, John Chichester being maior of London, I read in the visions of Pierce Plowman, a booke so called, as followeth. *There was a careful commune when no cart came to towne with baked bread from Stratford: tho gan beggers weepe, and workemen were agast, a little this will be thought long in the date of our Dirte, in a drie Averell a thousand and three hundred, twise thirtie and ten, &c.* I reade also in the 20. of Henrie the eight, Sir James Spencer being maior, six bakers of Stratford were merced in the Guildhall of London, for baking under the size appoynted. These bakers of Stratford left serving of this citie, I know not uppon what occasion, about 30 yeares since."

8573. *a drye Aprill.* This is without doubt the dry season placed by Fabyan in the year 1351, which, as he describes it, began with the month of April. The difference of the date arises probably from a different system of computation. Fabian says, "In the sommer of this xxvii yeare, it was so drie that it

was many yeres after called the drie sommer. For from the latter ende of March, till the latter ende of Julye, fell lytle rayne or none, by reason whereof manye inconveniences ensued."

8576. *Whan Chichestre was maire.* According to Fabyan, John Chichester was mayor only once, in 1368, 1369, which was the period of the "thirde mortalytie." The other authorities seem to agree in giving this as the year of Chichester's mayoralty. He may perhaps have been mayor more than once. See INTRODUCTION.

8645. Galat, i, 10.

8685. Psalm x, 7.

8707, 8708. The two persons mentioned here (the shoemaker of Southwark and dame Emma of Shoreditch) were probably eminent sorcerers and fortune-tellers of the time.

8768-8778. To understand fully this passage, it must be borne in mind that the corn lands were not so universally hedged as at present, and that the portions belonging to different persons were separated only by a narrow furrow, as is still the case in some of the uninclosed lands in Cambridge-shire.

8812. *Brugges.* Bruges was the great mart of continental commerce during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

8813. *Pruce-lond*—Prussia, which was then the farthest country in the interior of Europe with which a regular trade was carried on by the English merchants.

8827. Matth. vi, 21.

8858. Luke, vi, 25.

8879. Psalm ci, 7.

8891. *a lady of sorwe.* The old printed edition has a *laye of sorow.*

8900. Whitaker has no division here, but continues the previous *passus*, and omits many lines and has many variations in what follows.

8903. *I slepe therinne o nyghtes.* This passage is curious, because at the time the poem was written, it was the custom for all classes of society to go to bed quite naked, a practice which is said to have been not entirely laid aside in the sixteenth century. We see constant proofs of this practice in the illuminations of old manuscripts. The following memorial lines are written in the margin of a MS. of the thirteenth century :—

Ne be thi winpil nevere so jelu ne so stroutende,
 Ne thi faire tail so long ne so trailende,
 That tu ne schalt at evin al kuttid bilevin,
 And tou schalt to bedde gon so nakid as tou were [borin].
MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. VI, fol. 22, ro.

In the *Roman de la Violette*, the old nurse expresses her astonishment that her young mistress should retain her chemise when she goes to bed:—

Et quant elle son lit fait a,
 Sa dame apiele, si se couche
 Nue en chemise en la couche;
 C'onques en trestoute sa vie
 La biele, blonde, l'escavie,
 Ne volt demostrer sa char nue.
 La vielle en est au lit venue,
 Puis li a dit: 'Dame, j'egart

Une chose, se Dex me gart,
 Dont je sui molt esmervillie,
 C'onques ne vous vi despoillie,
 Et si vous ai vij. ans gardée;
 Molt vous ai souvent esgardée
 Que vo chemise ne sachiés!'

Rom. de la Viol. l. 577.

The lady explains her conduct by stating that she has a mark on the breast which she had promised that no one should ever see.

8906. Luke xiv, 20.

8950. *noon heraud ne harpour*. Robes and other garments were among the most usual gifts bestowed upon minstrels and heralds by the princes and great barons. See before, ll. 8480, 8481.

8970. Matth. vi, 25, 26.

8999. John xiv, 13; xv, 16. Matth. iv, 4.

9036. Psalm cxliv, 16.

9039. *fourty wynter*. During the forty years that the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, they did not apply themselves to agriculture.

9049. *Sevene slepe*. The legend of the seven sleepers was remarkably popular during the middle ages.

9101. Psalm xxxi, 1.

8177. Psalm lxxv, 6.

9179. Psalm lxxii, 20. Whitaker's *Passus sextus de Dowel* ends with this quotation.

9317. Both in the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, and in the Creed, there are frequent expressions of indignation at the extravagant expenditure in painting the windows of the abbeys and churches. It must not be forgotten that a little later the same feeling as that exhibited in these satires led to the destruction of many of the noblest monuments of medieval art.

9344. Mat. xix, 23, 24.

9347. Apocal. xiv, 13.

9352. Matth. v, 3.

9452. Compare the defence of poverty in Chaucer (Cant. T. 6774):—

Juvenal saith of poverté merily:
 The poore man, whan he goth by the way,
 Beforn the theves he may sing and play.
Poverté is hateful good; and, as I gesse,
 A ful gret bringer out of besinesse;
 A gret amender eke of sapience,
 To him that taketh it in patience.
 Poverté is this although it seme elenge,
Possession that no wight wol challenge.
 Poverté ful often, whan a man is low,
 Maketh his God and eke himself to know:
 Poverté a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
 Thurgh which he may his veray frendes see.
 And therefore, sire, sin that I you not greve,
 Of my poverté no more me repreve.

The definition given in Piers Ploughman is taken from the Dialogues of Secundus, where it is thus expressed:—"Quid est paupertas? Odibile bonum, sanitatis mater, curarum remotio, absque sollicitudine semita, sapientiæ reparatrix, negotium sine damno, intractabilis substantia, possessio absque calumnia, incerta fortuna, sine sollicitudine felicitas." (MS. Reg. 9 A xiv, fol. 140, v^o.) See also Roger de Hoveden, p. 816, and Vincent de Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. x, c. 71.

9510. *the paas of Aultone*. Whitaker has *Haultoun*, and says that this pass is Halton "in Cheshire, formerly infamous to a proverb as a haunt of robbers."

9528. *Cantabit. etc.* The author has modified, or the scribes have corrupted, the well-known line of Juvenal,

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

9665. These definitions will be found in Isidore, Etymol. lib. xl, c. 1, and Different. lib. ii, c. 29. They are repeated by Alcuin, De Anim. Rat. N. x, p. 149, *Anima* est, dum vivificat; dum contemplatur, *spiritus* est; dum sentit, *sensus* est; dum sapit, *animus* est; dum intelligit, *mens* est; dum discernit, *ratio* est; dum consentit, *voluntas* est; dum recordatur, *memoria* est.

9708. Prov. xxv, 27.

9740. Epist. ad Rom. xii, 3.

9751. *the seven synnes*. The seven deadly sins were—pride, anger, envy, sloth, covetousness, gluttony, and lechery. "Now ben they cleped chiefetaines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen alle other sinnes. The rote of thise sinnes than

is pride, the general rote of alle harmes. For of this rote springen certain braunches: as, ire, envie, accidie or slouthe, avarice or coveitise (to commun understanding) glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of thise chief sinnes hath his braunches and his twigges." Chaucer, *Persones Tale*, p. 40.

9766. *Psal.* cxvi, 7; iv, 3.

9828. *in Latyn.* The monks had collections of comparisons, similitudes, proverbs, &c. to be introduced in their sermons, and even when preaching in English they generally quoted them in Latin. This I suppose to be the meaning of the expression here.

9918. *Matth.* xviii, 3.

9934. 1 *Corinth.* xiii, 4.

9946. 1 *Corinth.* xiii, 12.

9957. *a tunicle of Tarse.* Tarse was the name given to a kind of silk, said to have been brought from a country of that name on the borders of Cathai, or China. Chaucer (*Cant. T.* l. 2162), describing "the king of Inde," says—

His coote armour was of a cloth of Tars,
Cowched of perlys whyte, round and grete.

Ducange (v. *Tarsicus*) quotes a visitation of the treasury of St. Paul's, London, in 1295, where there is mention of *Tunica et dalmatica de panno Indico Tarsico* Besantato de auro, and of a *Casula de panno Tarsico*.

10004. *Psal.* vi, 7.

10009. *Psal.* l, 19.

10062. *Matth.* vi, 16.

10069. *Edmond and Edward.* St. Edmund the martyr, king of East Anglia, and king Edward the Confessor.

10124. *Psal.* iv, 9.

10159. *Antony and Egidie.* Whitaker has *Antonie and Ersenie*. St. Antony is well known as the father and patron of monks, and for the persecutions he underwent from the devil. St. Giles, or Egidius, is said to have been a Greek, who came to France about the end of the seventh century, and established himself in a hermitage near the mouth of the Rhone, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Nismes. Arsenius was a noble Roman who, at the end of the fourth century, retired to Egypt to live the life of an anchoret in the desert.

10174. *after an hynde cride.* The monkish biographer of St. Giles relates, that he was for some time nourished with the milk of a hind in the forest, and that a certain prince discovered

his retreat while hunting in his woods, by pursuing the hind till it took shelter in St. Giles's hermitage.

10182. *Hudde a bird.* This incident is not found in the common lives of St. Antony.

10187. *Poul.* Paul was a Grecian hermit, who lived in the tenth century in the wilderness of Mount Latrus, and became the founder of one of the monastic establishments there. He was famous for the rigorous severity of his life.

10203. *Marie Maudeleyne.* By Mary Magdalen here is meant probably St. Mary the Egyptian, who lived in the fifth century, and who, according to the legend, after having spent her youth in unbridled debauchery, repented in her twenty-ninth year, and lived during the remainder of her life (forty-seven years) in the wilderness beyond the Jordan, without seeing one human being during that time, and sustained only by the precarious food which she found in the desert.

10239. Whitaker's text here adds a passage relating to Tobias :—

Marie Magdalene
By mores levede and dewes;
Love and leel byleyve
Heeld lyf and soule togedere.
Maria Egyptiaca
Eet in thyrti wynter
Bote thre lytel loves,
And love was her souel.
Ich can nat rekene hem ryght now,
Ne reherce here names,
That lyveden thus for oure Lordes love
Meny longe yeres,
Whitoute borwyng other beggyng,
Other the boke lyeth;
And woneden in wildernesse
Among wilde bestes;
Ac dorst no beste byten hem
By daye ne by nyghte,
Bote myldeliche whan thei metten
Maden louh chere,
And feyre byfore tho men
Fauhned whith the tayles.
Ac bestes brouhte hem no mete,
Bote onliche the fouweles;
In tokenyng that trywe man
Alle tymes sholde
Fynde honeste men in holy men
And other ryghtful people.
For wolde never feithful goud
That freres and monkes token
Lyfode of luther wynnynge
In al here lyf tyme;
As wytneseth holy writt
Whot Thobie deyde

To is wif, whan he was blynde,
Herde a lambe blete,—
'A! wyf, be war,' quath he,
'What ye have here ynne.
Lord leyve,' quath the lede,
'No stole thyng be here!'
*Videte ne furtum sit. Et alibi, Melius
est mori quam male vivere.*
This is no more to mene,
Bote men of holy church
Sholde receyve ryght nauth
Bot that ryght wolde,
And refuse reverences
And raveres offrynges;
Thenne wolde lordes and ladies
Be loth to agulte,
And to take of here tenaunts
More than treuthe wolde;
And marchauns merciable wolde be,
And men of lawe bothe.
Wold religouse refuse
Raveres almesse,
Then Grace sholde growe yut
And grene-leved wexe,
And Charité, that child is now,
Sholde chaufen of hem self,
And comforte all crystene,
Wold holy church amende.
Job the parfit patriarch
This proverbe wrot and tauhte,
To makye a man lovyne mesure,
That monkes beeth and freeres.
Nunquam dicit Job, rugiet onager, etc.

Throughout this part of the poem, Whitaker's text differs very much in words and phraseology from the one now printed, but it would take up too much space to point out all these variations.

10247. Job vi, 5.

10270. 2 Corinth. ix, 9.

10303. These sentences appear to be quotations from the fathers of the Latin Church.

10332. *lussheburwes*. A foreign coin, much adulterated, common in England in the middle of the fourteenth century. Chaucer (C. T. 15445) uses the word in a very expressive passage :—

This maketh that oure wyfes wol assaye
Religious folk, for thay may bettre paye
Of Venus payementes than may we :
God woot ! no *lusscheburghes* paye ye.

Among the foreign money, mostly of a base quality, which came into this country in the fourteenth century, the coinage of the counts of Luxemburg, or, as it was then called, Lusenburg (hence called *lussheburwes* and *lusscheburghes*), seems to have been the most abundant, and to have given most trouble. These coins were the subject of legislation in 1346, 1347, 1348, and 1351 ; so that the grievance must have been at its greatest height at the period to which the poem of Piers Ploughman especially belongs. Many of these coins are preserved, and found in the cabinets of collectors ; they are in general very much like the contemporary English coinage, and might easily be taken for it, but the metal is very base.

10368. *Grammer, the ground of al*. In the scholastic learning of the middle ages, grammar was considered as the first of the seven sciences, and the foundation-stone of all the rest. See my Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature, introductory to vol. i of the *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, p. 72. The importance of grammar is thus stated in the *Image du Monde* of Gautier de Metz (thirteenth century) :—

Li primeraine des vij. ars,
Dont or n'est pas seus li quars,
A ichest tans, chou est gramaire,
Sans laquele nus ne vaut gaire
Qui à clergie veut aprendre :
Car petit puet sans li entendre.
Gramaires si est fondemens
De clergie et coumenchemens ;
Cou est li porte de science,

Par cui on vient à sapience,
De lettres en gramaire escole
Qui enseigne et forme parole,
Soit en Latin ou en Roumans,
Ou en tous langages palans ;
Qui bien saroit toute gramaire,
Toute parole saroit faire.
Par parole fist Dius le monde,
Et sentence est parole monde.

10398. *Corpus Christi feeste.* Corpus Christi day was a high festival of the church of Rome, held annually on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in memory, as was said, of the miraculous confirmation of transubstantiation under pope Urban IV.

10418. *This Makometh.* This account of Mohammed was the one most popularly current in the middle ages. According to Hildebert, who wrote a life of the pseudo-prophet in Latin verse in the twelfth century, Mohammed was a Christian, skilled in magical arts, who, on the death of the patriarch of Jerusalem, aspired to succeed him:—

Nam male devotus quidam baptisinate lotus,
Plenus perfidia vixit in ecclesia.
* * * * *

Nam cum transisset Pater illius urbis, et isset
In cœlum subito corpore disposito,
Tunc exaltari magus hic et pontificari
Affectans avide; se tamen hæc pavide
Dixit facturum, nisi sciret non nociturum
Si præsul fiat, cum Deus hoc cupiat.

His intrigues being discovered, the emperor drives him away, and in revenge he goes and founds a new sect. The story of the pigeon (which is not in Hildebert) is found in Vincent of Beauvais, Spec. Hist. lib. xxiii, c. 40. This story is said to be founded in truth. Neither of them are found in the Roman de Mahomet (by Alexander du Pont), written in the thirteenth century, and edited by MM. Reinaud and Michel, Paris, 1831, 8vo, a work which contains much information concerning the Christian notions relative to Mohammed in the middle ages.

10478. John xvi, 24.

10481, 10486. Matth. v, 13.

10499. *Ellevenne holy men.* The eleven apostles who remained after the apostasy of Judas and the crucifixion of their Lord.

10550. *Ne fesauntz y-bake.* The pheasant was formerly held in the same honour as the peacock (see before the note on l. 7915), and was served at table in the same manner. It was considered one of the most precious dishes. See Le Grand d'Aussy, Hist. de la Vie privée des François, ii, 19. The Miroir de l'Ome (MS. in the possession of Mr. Russell Smith) says (punning) of the luxurious prelates of the fourteenth century,—

Pour le phesant et le bon vin
Le bien-faisant et le divin
L'evesque laist à nonchalure;
Si quiert la coupe et crusequin,
Ainz que la culpe du cristin
Pour corriger et mettre en cure.

10523. Matth. xxii, 4.

10581. Mark xvi, 15.

10585. *So manye prelates.* 10699. *that huppe aboute in Engeland.* The pope appointed many titular bishops of foreign sees in which, from the nature of circumstances, they could not possibly reside, and who therefore were a burthen upon the church. Some of these prelates appear to have resorted to England, and to have exercised the episcopal functions, consecrating churches, &c. The church of Elsfield, in Oxfordshire, was consecrated by a foreign bishop. (See Kennett's *Parochial Antiquities*.)

10593. John x, 11.

10599. Matth. xx, 4, 7.

10606. Matth. vii, 7.

10617. Galat. vi, 14.

10632. *That roode thei honoure.* A cross was the common mark on the reverse of our English money at this period, and for a long time previous to it. The point of satirical wit in this passage of *Piers Ploughman* appears to be taken from the old Latin rhymes of the beginning of the thirteenth century. See the curious poem *De Cruce Denarii*, in Walter Mapes, p. 223. Another poem in the same volume (p. 38) speaks thus of the court of Rome:—

Nummis in hac curia non est qui non vacet;
Cruz placet, rotunditas, et albedo placet.

10637. *Shul torne as templers dide.* The suppression of the order of the Templars was at this time fresh in people's memories. It was the general belief, and not without some foundation, that the Templars had entirely degenerated from their original sanctity and faithfulness, and that before the dissolution of the order they were addicted to degrading vices and superstitions; and they were accused of sacrificing everything else to their grasping covetousness.

10659. *Whan Constantyn.* The Christian church began first to be endowed with wealth and power under the emperor Constantine the Great.

10649. Luke i, 52.

10695–10699. Instead of these lines, Whitaker's text has the following:—

And bereth name of Neptalym,
Of Nynyve and Damaske.
For when the holy kynge of hevene
Sende hus sone to eerthe,

Meny myracles he wroughte,
Man for to turne,
In ensample that men sholde
See by sad reyson

That men myghte nat be savede
 Bote thorw mercy and grace,
 And thorw penaunce and passioun,
 And parfyght byleyve;
 And bycam a man of a mayde,
 And *metropolitanus*
 And baptisede an busshopped
 Whit the blode of hus herte,
 Alle that wilkede other wolde
 Whit inwhight byleyve hit.
 Meny seint sitthe
 Suffrede deth alsoo,
 For to enferme the faithe
 Ful wyde where deyden,
 In Inde and in Alisaundrie,

In Ermanye, in Spayne;
 An fro mysbyleve
 Meny man turnede.
 In savacion of mannys saule
 Seynt Thomas of Cauntelbury
 Among unkynde Cristene
 In holy church was sleye,
 And alle holy church
 Honourede for that deyng:
 He is a forbusur to alle busshopes,
 And a bryghthe myrour,
 And sovereynliche to alle suche
 That of Surrye bereth name,
 And nat in Engelounde to huppe aboute,
 And halewen men auters.

In the remainder of this passus, Whitaker's text differs much from the one I have printed, but in such a manner that to give here the variations it would be necessary to reprint the whole. In the remainder of the poem, the variations are not great or important, being only such as we always find in different copies of poems which enjoyed considerable popularity.

10716. Isai. iii, 7.

10721. Malach. iii, 10.

10733. Luke x, 27. *Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et ex tota anima tua, et ex omni mente tua, et proximum tuum sicut teipsum.*

10755. John xi, 43.

10787. *litlum and litlum*, by little and little, gradually. It is the pure Anglo-Saxon phrase. In the Anglo-Saxon version of Genesis xl, 10, the Latin *paulatim* is rendered by *lytlum and lytlum*.

10844. Psal. xxxvi, 24.

10891. Matth. xii, 32.

11000. Luke i, 38.

11023. Matth. ix, 12. Mark ii, 17. Luke v, 31.

11033. Matth. xxvi, 37.

11044. Matth. xi, 18.

11074. Matth. xxi, 13.

11121. Matth. xviii, 7.

11238. Matth. xxvii, 46, and Mark xv, 34.

11299. Rom. iv, 13.

11322. John i, 29 and 36.

11396. Matth. v, 40.

11518, 11520. *lo ! here silver . . . two pens*. It must be remembered that at this period the mass of the coinage, including pence, halfpence, and farthings, was of silver ; copper came into use for

the smaller coinage at a later period. Two pence of Edward III would be worth about two shillings of our modern money.

11670. Cant. xii, 32.

11708. *tu fabricator omnium*. This was one of the hymns of the catholic church.

11866. Luke xiii, 27.

11883. 1 Corinth. xiii, 1.

11894. Matth. vii, 21.

11998. *Thre thynges*. This proverb is frequently quoted by the satirical and facetious writers of the middle ages. Thus in Chaucer (C. T. 5860):—

Thou saist, that droppying houses, and eek smoke,
And chydyng wyves, maken men to fle
Out of here oughne hous.

In the poem entitled *Golias de Conjuge non ducenda*, in Walter Mapes, p. 83, the proverb is alluded to in the following words:—

Fumus, et mulier, et stillicidia,
Expellunt hominem a domo propria.

There was an old French proverbial distich to the same effect,—

Fumée, pluye, et femme sans raison,
Chassent l'homme de sa maison.

12040. 2 Corinth. xii, 19.

12097. *to be dubbed*. These and the following lines contain a continued allusion to the ceremonies of knighthood and tournaments.

12106. Psal. cxvii, 26.

12211. Matth. xxvii, 54.

12232, 12244. *Longeus . . . this blynde bacheler*. This alludes to one of the many legends which the monks engrafted upon the scripture history. Longeus is said to have been the name of the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with his spear; and it is pretended that he was previously blind from his birth, but that the blood of the Saviour ran down his spear, and a drop of it touching his eye, he was instantly restored to sight, by which miracle he was converted. See, in illustration of this subject, Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 334; *The Towneley Mysteries*, p. 321; *Jubinal, Mystères inédits du quinzième Siècle*, tom. ii, pp. 254—257; &c.

12319, 12418, 12420. *Mercy and Truthe, . . . Pees . . . Right-wisnesse*. Lydgate seems to have had this passage in his mind,

when he described the four sisters in the following lines at the commencement of one of his poems (MS. Harl. 2255, fol. 21) :—

Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn
 Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer,
 Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,
 And with foure sustryn, moost goodly of ther cheer,
 List nat departe nor severe in no maneer,
 Of oon accord by vertuous encrees,
 Joyned in charité, pryncessis moost enteer,
 Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

12361. *a tale of Waltrot*. This name, like Wade in Chaucer, appears to have been that of a hero of romances and tales, or a personage belonging to the popular superstitions. Perhaps it may be connected with the old German *Waltschrat* (*satyrus, pilosus*). See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 270.

12438. Psal. xxix, 6.

12566. Matth. xiv, 28.

12601. Psal. xxiii, 7, 9.

12599. *a spirit speketh to helle*. The picture of the "Harrowing of Hell," which here follows, bears a striking resemblance to the analogous scene in the old Mysteries, particularly in that edited by Mr. Halliwell under this title, 8vo, 1840. Compare the play on the same subject in the Towneley Mysteries, p. 244.

12645, 12668, 12676. *sevene hundred wynter thritty wynter two and thritty wynter*. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers always counted duration of time by *winters* and *nights*: for so many years, they said so many winters, and so many nights for so many days. This form continued long in popular usage, and still remains in our words *fortnight* and *se'nnight*.

12663. *Gobelyn*. Goblin is a name still applied to a devil. It belongs properly to a being of the old Teutonic popular mythology, a hob-goblin, the "lubber-fiend" of the poet, and seems to be identical with the German *kobold*. (See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 286.) *Gobelin* occurs as the name of one of the shepherds in the Mystery of the Nativity, printed by M. Jubinal in his *Mystères inédits*, vol. ii, p. 71. It occurs as the name of a devil in a song of the commencement of the fourteenth century, *Political Songs*, p. 238 :—

Sathanas huere syre
 Seyde on is sawe,
 Gobelyn made is gerner
 Of gromene mawe,

12679. *to warne Pilates wif*. This is an allusion to a popular legend prevalent at this time that the devil wished to hinder

Christ's crucifixion, and that he appeared to Pilate's wife in a dream, and caused her to beseech her husband not to condemn the Saviour. It was founded on the passage in Matthew xxvii, 19. *Sedente autem illo pro tribunali, misit ad eum uxor ejus, dicens: Nihil tibi et justo illi: multa enim passa sum hodie per visum propter eum.* The most complete illustration of the passage of Piers Ploughman will be found in Halliwell's *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 308, "Pilate's Wife's Dream."

12691. *And now I se wher a soule | Cometh hiderward seil-lynge, | With glorie, &c.* With this beautiful passage may be compared a very similar one in the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton:—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim.

12753. *y-lik a lusard.* In the illuminations of manuscripts representing the scene of the temptation, the serpent is often figured with legs like a lizard or crocodile, and a human face.

12759. Matth. v, 38.

12781. Matth. v, 17.

12801. *thorough a tree.* Some of the medieval legends go still farther, and pretended that the tree from which the wood of the cross was made was descended directly from a plant from the tree in Paradise of which Adam and Eve were tempted to eat the fruit.

12805. Psal. vii, 16.

12840. Psal. l, 6.

12876. 2 Corinth. xii, 4.

12886. Psal. cxlii, 2.

12896. *Astroth.* This name, as given to one of the devils, occurs in a curious list of actors in the *Miracle Play of St. Martin*, given by M. Jubinal, in the preface to his *Mystères inédits*, vol. ii, p. ix. It is similarly used in the *Miracle Play of the Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul*, Jubinal, ib. vol. i, p. 69. In one of the *Towneley Mysteries* (p. 246), this name is likewise given to one of the devils:—

Calle up *Astarot* and *Anaballe*,
To gyf us counselle in this ease.

12937. Psal. lxxxiv, 11.

12942. Psal. cxxxii, 1.

13222. 1 Sam. xviii, 7.

13274. Luke xxiv, 46.

13317. John xx, 29.

13375. *Veni creator spiritus*. The first line of the hymn at vespers, on the feast of Pentecost.

13412. 1 Corinth. xii, 4.

13550. Cato, Distich. 14, lib. ii:—

Esto forti animo cum sis damnatus inique;
Nemo diu gaudet qui iudice vincit iniquo.

13789. *I knew nevere cardynal*. The contributions levied upon the clergy for the support of the pope's messengers and agents was a frequent subject of complaint in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

13807. *At Avynone among the Jewes*. In the middle ages there was a large congregation of Jews at Avignon, as in most of the principal cities in the south of France. In the civil dissensions which disturbed Italy during this century, the pope was frequently obliged to take shelter at Avignon and other places within the French territory.

13825. Matth. v, 45.

13855. Rom. xii, 19; Hebr. x, 30.

14142. *Kynde cessedede*. The lines which follow contain an allusion to the dissipation of manners which followed the pestilence.

14191, 14196. *Westmynstre Halle . . . the Arches*. The law courts have been held at Westminster from the earliest Anglo-Norman times, it being the king's chief palace. The court of the arches was a very ancient consistory court of the archbishop of Canterbury, held at Bow church in London, which was called St. Mary de Arcubus or St. Mary le Bow, from the circumstance of its having been built on arches.

14211. *leet daggen hise clothes*. An account of the mode in which the rich fashionable robes of the dandies of the fourteenth century were dagged, or cut in slits at the edges and borders, will be found in any work on costume: it is frequently represented in the contemporary illuminations in manuscripts. Chaucer, in the "Persones Tale," when treating of pride and of the "superfluitee of clothing," speaks of "the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres," &c. And again, "if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and dagged clothing to the povre

peple, it is not convenient to were for hir estate," &c. In the Alliterative Poem on the Deposition of Richard II (printed for the Camden Society), p. 21, the clergy is blamed for not preaching against the new fashions in dress:—

For wolde they blame the burnes
That broughte newe gysis,
And dryve out *the dagges*
And alle the Duche cotis.

Whitaker gives the following singular explanation of this passage:—"Let *dagge hus clothes*, probably, let them fall to the ground, or divested himself of them; for warriors are 'succinct' for battle as well as 'for speed!'"

14265. *A glazene howve*. I suppose this means that, in return for his gold, Physic gave him a hood of glass, *i. e.* a very frail protection for his person.

14367. *of the Marche of Walys*. Whitaker's text reads, *of the March of Yrelonde*. The clergy of the Welsh border appear, from allusions in other works, to have been proverbial for their ignorance and irregularity of life.

14438. Psal. cxlvi, 4.

14444. *wage menne to werre*. This is a curious account of the composition of an army in the fourteenth century.

14482. Exod. xx, 17.

14511. *suffre the dede in dette, i. e.*, The friars persuade people to leave to them, under pretence of saving their souls, the property which was due to their creditors, and thus, after their death, their debts remain unpaid.

14615, 14617. *this lymytour . . . he salvede so oure wommen*. The whole of this passage, taken with what precedes, is an amusing satire upon the limitour. Compare the description of the limitour given by Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales, ll. 208–271, who alludes to his kindness for the women. The limitour was a friar licensed to visit and beg within certain limits. His pertinacity and inquisitiveness in visiting, alluded to in the name given him in Piers Ploughman (Sir Penetransdomos), is admirably satirized by Chaucer, in the opening of the "Wif of Bathes Tale:"—

In olde dayes of the kyng Arthour,
Of which that Britouns speken gret honour,
Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie;
The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old oppynyoun, as I rede

I speke of many hundrid yer ago ;
 But now can no man see noon elves mo.
 For now the grete charité and prayeres
 Of lymytours and other holy freres,
 That sechen every lond and every streem,
 As thik as motis in the sonne-beem,
 Blesynge halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
 Citees and burghes, castels hihe, and toures,
 Thropes and bernes, shepnes and dayeries,
 This makith that ther ben no fayeries :
 For ther as wont was to walken an elf,
 Ther walkith noon but the lymytour himself,
 In undermeles and in morwenynges,
 And saith his matyns and his holy thinges,
 As he goth in his lymytacioun.

NOTES TO THE CREED.

65. *a Minoure.* These were the Gray or Franciscan Friars, founded at the beginning of the thirteenth century by St. Francis of Assise. They are supposed to have come to England in 1224, when they settled, first at Canterbury, and afterwards at London.

75. *a Carm.* 95. *Maries men.* The Carmelites, or White Friars, pretended to be of great antiquity, and were originally established at Mount Carmel, from whence they were driven by the Saracens about the year 1238. They were brought into England in 1244, and settled first at Alnwick in Northumberland, and at Ailesford in Kent.

About the date (or a little before) of our poem, the Carmelites appear to have been very active in asserting in a boasting manner the superiority of their order over the others. An anecdote told by Fuller (*History of Cambridge*, p. 113), under the year 1371, affords a curious illustration. "John Stokes, a Dominican, born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, but studying in Cambridge, as champion of his order, fell foul on the Carmelites, chiefly for calling themselves 'The brothers of the Blessed Virgin,' and then by consequence all knew whose uncle they pretend themselves. He put them to prove their pedigree by Scripture, how the kindred came in. In brief, Bale saith, 'he left red notes in the white coats of the Carmelites,' he so belaboured them with

his lashing language. But John Hornby a Carmelite (born at Boston in Lincolnshire) undertook him, called by Bale Cornutus, by others Hornet-bee, so stinging his stile. He proved the brothership of his order to the Virgin Mary by visions, allowed true by the infallible popes, so that no good Christian durst deny it."

130. *Freres of the Pye*. The *Fratres de Pica*, or Friars of the Pye, are said to have received their name from the circumstance of their wearing their outer garment black and white like a magpie. Very little is known of their history. They are said to have had but one house in England.

143. *Robartes men*. See before the notes on the Vision, ll. 88 and 3410.

155. *miracles of mydwyves*. The monks had many relics and superstitious practices to preserve and aid women in childbirth. One of the commissioners for the suppression of the monasteries mentions among the relics of a house he had visited, "Mare Magdalens girdell, and yt is wrappyde and coveride with white, sent also with gret reverence to women traveling:" he had previously spoken of "oure Lades gyrdell of Bruton, rede silke, wiche is a solemne reliquie sent to women travelyng wiche shall not miscarie *in partu*." (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 249.) See the account of a gem, which had a similar virtue, in Matthew Paris's History of the Abbots of St. Albans.

305. *the Prechoures*. The Black Friars, or Dominicans, were founded by St. Dominic, a Spanish monk of the end of the eleventh century. They were called Friars Preachers, because their chief duty was to preach and convert heretics. They came into England in 1221, and had their first houses in Oxford.

327. *posternes in privité*. These private posterns are frequently alluded to in the reports of the Commissioners for the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. One of them, speaking of the abbey of Langden, says, "Wheras immediatly descendyng fro my horse, I sent Bartlett your servant, with all my servantes to circumcept the abbay and surely to kepe *all bake dorres and startyng hoilles*, and I myself went alone to the abbottes logeyng joyning upon the feldes and wode, *evyn lyke a cony clapper full of startyng hoilles*." (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 127.) Another commissioner (MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv, fol. 35), in a letter concerning the monks of the Charter-house in London, says, "These charterhowse monkes wolde be callyde solytary, but to the cloyster dore ther be above xxiiij. keys in the handes of xxiiij. persons, and hit is lyke my

letters, unprofytable tayles and tydinges and sumtyme perverse concell commythe and goythe by reason therof. Allso to the buttrey dore ther be xij. sundrye keys in xij. [mens] handes, wherin symythe to be small husbandrye."

351. *merkes of merchauntes*. Their ciphers or badges painted in the windows. For examples, see the note in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. ii, p. 98, last edition.

481. *euelles*. Perhaps for *evel-les*, i. e. without evil.

534. *the Austyns*. The Austin Friars, or Friars Eremites of the order of St. Augustine, came into England about the year 1250. Before the end of the fourteenth century they possessed a great number of houses in this island.

566. *the foure ordres*. The four principal orders of Mendicant Friars. See note on the Vision, l. 116.

721. *harkne at Herdforthe*. This appears to be an allusion to some event which had recently occurred among the Franciscans at Hertford, or at Hereford: if the latter, perhaps they had been active in the persecution of Walter Brut. See below, l. 1309.

745. *than ther lefte in Lucifere*. Than there existed in Lucifer, before his fall. See before, the note on l. 681 of the Vision.

771. *couuen*. Probably an error of the old printed edition for *connen*.

869. *lath*. Perhaps an error of the printer of the first edition for *lay*.

911. Matth. vii, 15.

911. *werwolves*. People who had the power of turning themselves into, or were turned into, wolves. This fearful superstition, which is very ancient, was extremely prevalent in the middle ages. In French they were called *Loup-garous*. The history of a personage of this kind forms the subject of the *Lai de Bisclaveret*, by Marie de France. Sir Frederick Madden has published a very remarkable Early-English metrical romance on the subject of "William and the Werwolf." See on this superstition Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 620-622.

954. *Golias*. There is perhaps here an allusion to the famous satire on the Monkish orders entitled *Apocalypsis Goliae*, printed among the poems of Walter Mapes.

967. *the kynrede of Caym*. In the popular belief of the middle ages, hob-goblins and evil spirits (which haunted the wilds and the waters) literally, and bad men figuratively, were represented as being descended from the first murderer, Cain. In Old-English poetry, *Caymes kyn* is a common epithet for very

wicked people. In the Anglo-Saxon romance of Beowulf, the Grendel is said to be of "Cain's kin."

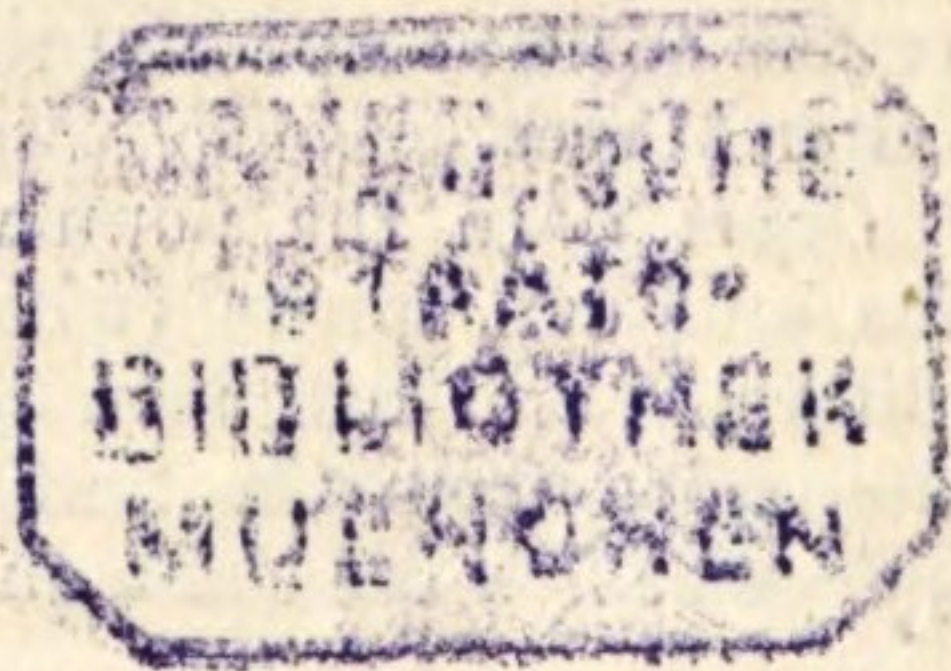
1051. *wytnes on Wyclif*. In the persecutions to which Wycliffe was subjected for his opinions in 1382, his most violent opponents were the Mendicants. He died in 1384, quietly at his living of Lutterworth.

1189. *a lymytoure*. See before, the note on l. 14615 of the Vision.

1178. *stumlen in tales*. An allusion to the idle and superstitious tales with which the monks filled their sermons, in place of simple and sound doctrine.

1309. *Water Brut*. Walter Brut (or Bright) was a native of Herefordshire, and was prosecuted by the Bishop of Hereford for heresy in 1393. A long account of his defence will be found in Foxe's Acts and Monuments.

1401. *Hildegare*. I suppose this refers to St. Hildegardis, a nun who flourished in the middle of the twelfth century, and who was celebrated among the Roman Catholics as a prophetess. Her prophecies are not uncommon in manuscripts, and they have been printed. Those which relate to the future corruptions in the monkish orders are given in Foxe's Acts and Monuments, book vi, and in other works.





GLOSSARY.

[The figures in the following Glossary refer to the *page* of the text. Words preceded by a †, occur only in the CREED. A. S. and A. N. distinguish the two different languages of which our own is composed, Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman.]

A.

a, prefixed to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has sometimes a negative, sometimes an intensative power: before nouns and adjectives it represents *on* and *at*, as, a-brood, a-fore (æt-foran), a-rowe (i. e. *on a row*), a-loft (i. e. *on high*), &c. In words of Anglo-Norman origin, it answers to the prepositions, *a*, *ab*, *ad*, of the original Latin words

a (A. N.) 355, *ah!* (an interjection)

abidyng (A. S.) 413, *patient*

abiggen (A. S.) 35, 127, abien, 58, abugge, 122, abye, 164, abyen, 393, *to make amends for, to atone for.* pret. s. aboughte, 168, 190, 231, 268.

part. past. abought, 392

abite (A. S.) 331, *to bite, nip*

a-blende (A. S.) 377, a-blynden, *to blinde, dazzle.* pret. s. a-blente, 388

abosten (A. N.) 126, *to assault*

abouten, aboute (A. S.) *about*

a-brood (A. S.) *abroad*

ac (A. S.) *but, and*

a-cale (A. S.) 393, *cold.* It occurs in the Romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 59):

That night he sat wel sore a-kale,
And his wif lai warme a-bedde.

accidie (A. N.) 99, *sloth, a fit of slothfulness*

acombren (A. N.) *to embarrass, bring into trouble*

acorden (A. N.) *to agree, accord*

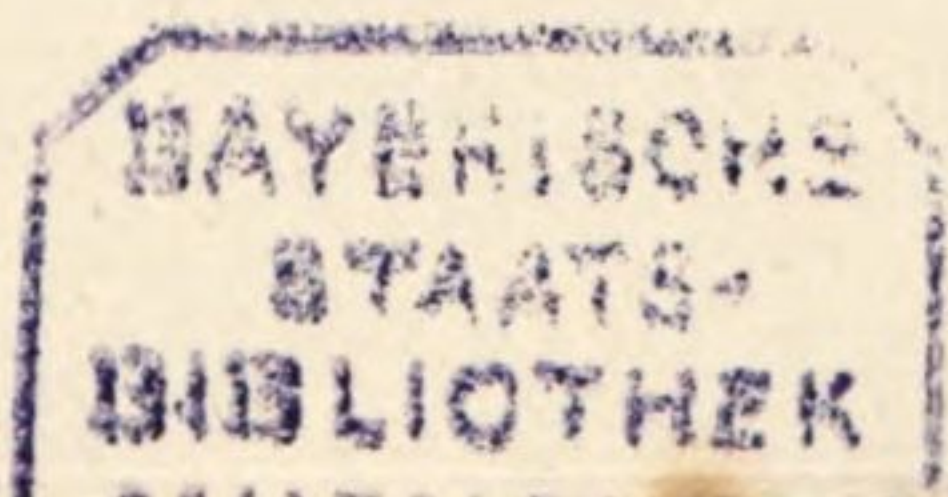
acorse, acursen (A. S.) 375, *to curse.* acorsed, 375, *accursed*

acoupen (A. N.) 272, *to blame, accuse.* (for acoulpen)

a-drād (A. S.) 397, *afraid*

a-drenchen (A. S.) 198, *to drown*

afaiten, 291, affaiten 9, 81, 119, (A. N.) *to tame*



a-feren (A. S.) 395, 435, *to frighten, drive away*. a-fered, 376, *afraid, terrified*
 affraynen (A. S.) 347, *to ask, question, interrogate*
 afore (A. S.) *before*
 aforthe (A. S.) 129, *to afford*
 afrounte (A. N.) *to encounter, attack, accost rudely*. pret. s. afrounted, 425
 a-fyngred (A. S.) 133, 176, 283, 403, *a-hungred, hungry*
 a-furst (A. S.) 176, 283, *a-thirst, thirsty*. The two forms, *a-fyngred* and *a-furst*, appear to be characteristic of the dialect of the counties which lay on the Welsh border. They occur once or twice in MS. Harl. 2253, which, in my Specimens of Lyric Poetry, I have shown to have been written in Herefordshire. They also occur in several other manuscripts which may probably be traced to that part of England. In the Romance of Horn, in the MS. just mentioned, we have the lines :—

Horn set at grounde,
 Him thohte he wes y-bounde,
 He seide, Quene, so hende,
 To me hydeward thou wende,
 Thou shench us with the vurstē,
 The beggares bueth *a-furste*.

i. e. the beggars are thirsty. Whitaker gives a very remarkable translation of *a-furst* and *a-fyngred*, i. e. *frost-bitten, and with aching fingers*. Ritson has no less inaccurately explained *a-furste* in

the Romance of Horn, by *at first*: the Cambridge MS. of this Romance, earlier and better than the MS. Harl., reads :—

Thu gef us with the furste,
 The beggeres beoth of *thurste*.

ayein (A. S.) *again, in return for*.
 ayeins, *against, towards*
 a-gulte (A. S.) 273, 313, 318, 365, *to fail in duty towards any one, offend, sin against*
 aiels (A. N.) 314, *forefathers*
 † aisliche (A. S.) 471, *fearfully*.
 The Anglo-Saxon *egeslice*
 aken (A. S.) *to ache*. pret. pl. oke, 359
 al (A. S.) *all*. pl. alle, gen. pl. alre, aller. oure aller fader, 342, *the father of us all*. your aller heed, 424, *head of you all*
 a-leggen (A. N.) 207, *to allege*
 a-liry (A. S.) 124, *across, cross-legged*
 alkenamye (A. N.) 186, *alchemy*
 allowen (A. N.) 294, *to allow, approve*
 a-loft (A. S.) 378, *on high*
 almarie (A. N.) 288, *a cupboard*
 almesse (A. S.) *alms*
 a-lough, a-logh (A. S.) 241, 242, *below*
 † aloute (A. S.) 495, *to salute*
 als (A. S.) *also*
 a-maistren, a-maistryen (A. N.) *to overcome, be master of*
 amenden (A. N.) *to make amends for*
 amercy (A. N.) *to amerce*
 amortisen (A. N.) 314, *to amortize, to give property in mortmain*

- ampulle (A. N.) 109, *a small vessel containing holy water or oil*
- an (A. S.) 2, *on*
- ancres (A. S.) 3, 308, *anachorites, monks who live in solitude*. It is applied to nuns, in the early English Rule of Nuns. See *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii, p. 1
- and (A. S.) the conjunction, is frequently used in the sense of *if*. *and men crye*, 362, *if men cry*
- aniente (A. N.) 365, *to destroy, annihilate, reduce to nothing*
- anoon (A. S.) *anon*
- anoy (A. N.) *annoyance*
- † anuel (A. N.) 475, *an annuity*: a yearly salary paid to a priest for keeping an anniversary
- apayen (A. N.) 123, *to satisfy, to please*
- apeiren (A. N.) 8, 111, 125, 127, 141, *to lessen, diminish, impair*
- apertli (A. N.) *openly*
- appenden, apenden (A. N.) 17, *to belong, appertain to*
- apposen (A. N.) 18, 43, 252, 318, *to raise questions, to object*
- arate (A. S.) 208, 283, *to rate, scold, correct* (the A. S. *are-tan*?)
- arayen (A. N.) *to array*
- arere (A. N.) *backwards, back*
- arwe, *pl.* arewes (A. S.) 432, *an arrow*
- arst (A. S.) 287, *first, erst*
- ascapen (A. N.) *to escape*
- askes (A. S.) *ashes*
- asondry (A. S.) 358, *separated*
- aspere (A. N.) 303, *to spare*
- aspein (A. N.) *to espy. part. s.* aspied, 350
- assaien, assaie (A. N.) 334, 336, *to assay, try*
- assetz (A. N.) 362, *assets sufficient to pay the debts or legacies of a testator*. A law term
- assoille (A. N.) 57, 188, 407, 419, *to assoil, absolve, to explain or solve*
- astronomien (Lat.) *an astronomer*
- a-thynken (A. S.) 374, *to repent*
- attachen (A. N.) 40, *to attach, indict*
- atte (A. S.) *at the*. *atte nale*, 124, *at the ale*, a corruption of the Saxon, *æt þan ale*
- attre (A. S.) 243, *poison, venom*
- a-tweyne (A. S.) *in two*
- aught (A. S.) *something, anything, everything*
- auncer (A. N.) 90, *a small vessel or cup*. In Low-Latin it is called *anceria*. See Ducange, s. v. who quotes from a charter of the date of 1320 the words, *Una cum cuppis, anceriis, tonis, et aliis utensilibus*
- auntren (A. N.) *to venture, adventure. pret. s.* auntrede, 382, auntred, 435
- auter, *pl.* auteres (A. N.) *altar*
- avarouser (A. N.) *more avaricious*
- aventrous (A. N.) 370, *adventurers, adventurous persons*
- aventure (A. N.) *an adventure, an accident. an aventure*, 47, *by adventure, by chance*
- avoutrye (A. N.) *adultery*
- avowen (A. N.) *to make a row*
- avowes (A. N.) *vows, promises*
- awaiten (A. N.) 346, *to watch, wait. a-wayte*, 193, *to see or discover by watching*

awaken (A. S.) *to awake. pret. s. awaked, 396, awakned, 424, a-wook, 147, part. past. awaked, 425*

awreken (A. S.) *to avenge, revenge. part. pas. a-wroke, 129*

† awyrien (A. S.) 490, *to curse, execrate*

axen (A. S.) 71, *to ask. pret. s. asked, 81*

ay (A. S.) *ever, always*

B.

bakstere (A. S.) 14, 47, *a woman who bakes*

bale (A. S.) 70, 209, 381, 371 (?), *evil, mischief, punishment*

† bale (A. S.) 490, *a bon-fire (rogus)*

baleis (A. N.) 184, 229, *a rod*

baleisen (A. N.) 87, *to beat with a rod*

balled (A. S.) 436, *bald. balled reson, 176, a bald reason, a bare argument*

ballok-knyf (A. S.) 302, *a knife hung from the girdle*

bannen, banne (A. N.) 18, 143, 167, 310, *to ban, curse, banish. pret. s. banned, 173*

banyer (A. N.) 321, *a banner-bearer, standard-bearer*

barn (A. S.) 353, *a child*

baselarde (A. N.) 61, 302, *a kind of large dagger, carried in the girdle*

batauntliche (A. N.) 286, *hastily. Cotgrave gives the Fr. phrase, il arriva tout batant, he came very hastily*

baude (A. S.) *a bawd*

baudy (A. N.) 88, *dirty, applied*

to garments. Thus in Chaucer, Cant. T. 1. 16102 :—

His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite

As in effect to him, so mote I go. It is al baudy and to-tore also.

baw (A. S.) 210, 419, *an interjection of contempt. Whitaker says that the word is still used in Lancashire, and that "the verb means alvum levare"*

bayard (A. N.) 72, *a term for a horse. It means properly a bay-horse*

beau-peere (A. N.) 383, *a common title for a monk. "Beau-pere, titre que l'on donnoit aux religieux." Roques.*

beche (A. S.) *a beech-tree*

bede, *pl. bedes (A. S.) prayer. Our modern word beads is derived from this word, because it was by such articles, hung on a cord, that our forefathers reckoned the number of their prayers*

bedeman (A. S.) 45, *a person who prays for another*

† been (A. S.) 493, *bees*

beigh (A. S.) *pl. beighes, rings, bracelets, collars*

bekene (A. S.) 363, *a beacon*

† beldyng (A. S.) 483, *building. belded, 483, built*

† bellyche (A. N.) 461, *fairly*

bel-sire (A. N.) 168, *grandfather, or rather, an ancestor*

belwe (A. S.) 222, *to bellow*

ben (A. S.) *to be. pres. pl. arn, aren or ben, we beth, 391, ye aren, 301, they arn, 375. subj. sing. weere, 15, 19, 417, pl. were. what she were, 19*

bene (A. S.) *a bean*, † *pl.* benen (A. S.) 495, *beans*

† beneson (A. N.) 489, *blessing*

† beouten (A. S.) 489, *without*

beren, bere (A.S.) *to bear. pr. s.*

he berth, 341. *pret. s.* bere, 54,

bar, 28, 109, *pl.* baren, 98.

part. pas. born, y-bore, 377

bergh (A. S.) 112, *a hill, mount*

bern (A. S.) 416, *a barn*

best, beest, *pl.* beestes (A. N.) *a beast, animal*

bet (A. S.) 389, *better*

bete (A. S.) 375, *to beat. pret. s.*

bette, 184, 436. *part. pas.* y-bet

bete (A. S.) 131, *to amend, heal, abate. that myghtt not bete my bale (Sir Amadas, 1. 46), that might not amend my misfortune. bete his nede (Rom. of Alexand. 1. 5065, in Weber), to satisfy his need*

bettre (A. S.) *better*

bi- or be- is a very common prefix to words in our language derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and has chiefly an intensative power, although it modifies the meaning in various degrees. Many verbs are no longer known, except in this compound form. Thus we have:—

bi-dravelen (A. S.) 88, *to slobber or slaver on anything*

bi-fallen (A. S.) *to befall, happen. pr. sing.* bifel

bi-yete (A. S.) *begetting, off-spring*

bi-ginnen (A.S.) *to begin. pret. s.* bi-gonne, 106

bi-heste (A. S.) 50, *a behest, command*

bi-hest, (A.S.) 432, *a promise*

bi-holden, (A. S.) *to behold. pr. sing.* biheeld

† bi-hirnen (A. S.) 488 (?)

bi-hoten (A. S.) *to promise.*

pres. s. bi-hote, 104. *pret.*

s. bi-highte, 81, 345, 389.

bi-hote God, 133, *an exclamation*

by-japen (A. S.) 386, 453, *to mock*

bi-kennen (A. S.) 31, 154, *to commit to*

bi-knowen (A. S.) 13, 45, *to know, recognize, acknow-*

ledge. pret. s. bi-knewe, 404.

part. past, bi-knowe, 370

bi-lien (A. S.) 174, bi-lye, 101, *to calumniate. part. past,* bi-lowen, 29

bi-love (A.S.) 184, *false love(?)*

bi-loven (A. S.) 130, *to make friends (?)*

by-menen (A. S.) *to signify. pret. s.* by-mente, 370

by-molen (A. S.) 273, 274, *to spot, stain*

by-nymen (A.S.) *to take from. part. past,* by-nomen, 62

bi-quasshen (A. S.) 384, *to crush to pieces*

bi-reve (A. S.) 132, *to take from, bereave*

bi-rewe (A.S.) 242, *to rue*

bi-seken, bi-sechen, 18 (A.S.) *to beseech. pret.* bi-soughte.

part. pas. bi-sought

bi-semen (A.S.) *to appear*

bi-setten (A. S.) 93, 95, *to place, set*

bi-seggen (A.S.) *to reproach, insult. part. past,* bi-seye, 437

- bi-sherewen (A.S.) 75, *to curse*
 bi-shetten (A.S.) 40, *to shut up.*
part. past, bi-shet, 405
 bi-sitten (A.S.) 36, 195, *to beset*
 †be-slomered, 476, *bedaubed*
 bi-snewed (A. S.) 301, *snowed*
over, covered with snow
 bi-speren (A.S.) 303, *to lock up*
 bi-swynken (A. S.) 323, *to*
labour hard. pret. pl. bi-
swonke, 442
 bi-tiden (A. S.) *to happen to,*
betide
 bi-wicchen (A. S.) 405, *to be-*
witch
 bicche (A.N.) 98, *a bitch*
 bidden, bidde (A.S.) *to pray, to*
to ask, beg, to require, to order.
pres. s. he bit, 308, 188. pret.
s. bidde, bad, pl. beden, 372,
404. part. act. biddynge.
(if he) bede, 157
 bidder (A. S.) *pl. bidderes, an*
asker, petitioner
 biden (A.S.) 387, 428, *to bide,*
wait. part. past, boden
 bienfait (A.N.) *a benefit*
 bi-girdle (A. S.) 156, *a bag to*
hang at the girdle, a purse
 bi-hynde (A.S.) *behind*
 bikere (A.S.) 429, *to skirmish,*
fight
 †bild (A.S.) 460, *a building*
 bile (A.S.) *a bill*
 bilyve (A.S.) 410, 425, *food*
 bynden (A.S.) *to bind. pret. s.*
bond, 352. part. pas. bounden
 bisie (A.S.) *busy*
 bismere, bismare (A.S.) 82, 413,
infamy, reproach, disgrace
 biten, bite (A.S.) 446, *to bite,*
urge. pres. s. betit, 225. pret.
s. boot, 82
 byte (A.S.) 381, *a morsel, bit*
 bi-time (A.S.) *betimes*
 bittre (A.S.) 393, *bitterly*
 bi-yonde (A.S.) *beyond: when*
used indefinitely it signifies
beyond sea, ultra mare
 blancmanger (A.N.) 252, *a made*
dish for the table. Receipts
for cooking it are given in
most of the early tracts on
cookery
 bleden (A.S.) *to bleed. pret. s.*
bledde, 402, 415
 blenche (A.S.) 112, *to draw back*
 blende (A. S.) 181, *to blind.*
blent, blinded
 †blenyng (A. S.) 468, *blister-*
ing
 bleren (A.S.) *to blear, to make a*
person's sight dim, impose
upon him. bler-eighed, 367,
blear-eyed
 blisse (A.S.) *joy, happiness*
 blisful (A.S.) *joyful, full of hap-*
piness, blessed
 bloody (A.S.) 129, 213, *by blood,*
of or in blood
 bloo (A.S.) *blue*
 blosmen (A.S.) *to blossom. pret.*
blosmede
 blowen (A.S.) *to blow. pret. s.*
blewe, blew. part. past. y-
blowe, 360
 blustren (A. N. ?) 108, *to wander*
or stray along without any
particular aim
 bochier (A. N.) *a butcher*
 †bode () 493 (?)
 bolden (A. S.) *to encourage, em-*
bolden
 bole (A. S.) *a bull*
 bolk (A. S.) 100, *a belching*
 bolle (A. S.) 83, 99, *a bowl*

- bollen, bolne (A. S.) *to swell.*
pres. s. bolneth, 84
 book, *pl. bokes* (A. S.) *a book*
 boold (A. S.) 373, *bold*
 boon (A. S.) *a bone*
 boor (A. S.) *a boar*
 boot (A. S.) *a boat*
 boote (A. S.) 70, 139, 189, 209,
 233, 266, *help, reparation,*
amendment, restoration, re-
medy
 bootne (A. S.) *to restore, remedy.*
part. pas. bootned, 128
 boot-les (A. S.) 369, *without*
boots
 borde (A. S.) *table.* Hence the
 modern use of the word *board*
 when we speak of "*board*
and lodging"
 bord-les (A. S.) 239, *without*
table
 borgh, 70, 143, 181, 346. bo-
 rough, 426, 439, *pl. borwes,*
 19 (A. S.) *a pledge, surety. s.*
in obj. case, borwe, 285
 borwen (A. S.) 71, *to give secu-*
rity, or a pledge to release a
person or thing, to bail, to
borrow. pret. s. borwed
 bosarde (A. N.) 189, *a worthless*
or useless fellow. It is pro-
 perly the name of a worthless
 species of hawk, which is un-
 fit for sporting; and is thus
 used in Chaucer's version of
 the Romance of the Rose,
 l. 4033:—
 This have I herde ofte in saying,
 That man ne maie for no daunting
 Make a sperhawke of a bosarde.
 The original is,—
 Ce oï dire en reprovier,
 Quel'en ne puet fere espervier
 En nule guise d'ung busart.
- bosten (A. S.) *to boast. part.*
past, y-bosted, 351
 bote-les (A. S.) 381, *without*
remedy
 botenen (A. N.) *to button. †part.*
past, y-botend, 468, buttoned
 bothe (A. S.) *both.* The genitive,
botheres, of both, occurs. hir
botheres myghtes, 340, the
might of both of them. hir bo-
theres right, 371, the right of
each of them
 botrasen (A. N.) 113, *to make*
buttresses to a building
 bouchen (A. N.) 5, *to stop peo-*
ple's mouths (?)
 bouken (A. S.) 274, 306, *to buck*
(clothes)
 bour (A. S.) *a bower, chamber*
 bourde (A. S.) *a game, joke*
 bourdyng (A. N.) 297, *jesting*
 bourn, *g. bournes* (A. S.) *a*
stream or river
 bowe (A. S.) 112, *a bough,*
branch
 bown (A. S.) 37, *ready*
 boy (A. S.) 6 (?)
 boye (A. S.) 214, *a lad servant*
 brenden (A. S.) *to breed. pret. pl.*
bredden
 brede (A. S.) *breadth*
 breed (A. S.) *bread*
 breeth (A. S.) 388, *breath*
 breken (A. S.) *to break, tear. pret.*
s. brak, 388. part. pas. y-
broken, broke, y-broke, 416
 breme (A. S.) 241, *vigorous,*
fierce, furious. Chaucer, C.
 T. l. 1701, speaking of Ar-
 cite and Palamon, says they
 —"foughten breme, as it
 were bolles two," *fought as*
fiercely as two bulls. In the

- Romance of Sir Amadas (Weber, p. 250) a person is described as coming "lyke a breme bare," *like a fierce boar*. It appears to be most commonly applied to animals. In the Towneley Mysteries, p. 197, Anna says to Cayphas, "Be not to breme," *be not too fierce*.
- brennen, brenne (A. S.) 360, *to burn*. pret. s. brende, 367. part. pas. brent
- bresten (A. S.) *to burst*. pret. s. brast, 127
- brevet (A. N.) 5, *a little brief or letter*
- brewestere (A. S.) 14, 47, *a woman who brews*
- brid, pl. briddes (A. S.) *a bird*
- bringen (A. S.) *to bring*. pret. s. broughte, broghte. part. past, y-brought, broght, 235
- brocage (A. N.) 33, 289, *a treaty by a broker or agent*. It is particularly applied to treaties of marriage, brought about in this way. In Chaucer's Romance of the Rose l. 6971, Fals Semblant says, —
I entremete me of *brocages*.
I maken pece, and mariages.
So in the Miller's Tale (C. T. 3375), it is said of Absolon, He woweth hire by mene and by *brocage*,
And swor he wolde ben hir owne page.
That is, he wooed her by the agency of another person, whom he employed to persuade her to agree to his wishes.
- broches (A. N.) *brooches, jewels*.
- broches, 362, *matches (?)*
- brocour (A. N.) 31, 32, 45, 84, *a seller, broker, maker of bargains*
- broke (A. S.) *a brook*
- brok, pl. brokkes (A. S.) 199, *an animal of the badger kind*
- brol (A. S.) 55, 494, 495, *a child, brat*. Reliquiæ Antiquæ, ii, 177 :—
Whan hi commith to the world, hi doth ham silf sum gode,
Al bot the wrech *brol* that is of Adamis blode.
- brood (A. S.) *broad*
- brotel (A. S.) 133, *weak, brittle, unsteady*
- †brothels (A. S.) 496, *wretches, men of bad life*. In the Coventry Mysteries (Ed. Halliwell, p. 308), the term is applied to the damned who suffer punishment in hell :—
In bras and in bronston the *brethellys* be brent,
That wene in this werd my wyl for to werke.
- In another play in the same collection, p. 217, it is applied to the woman taken in adultery :—
Com forthe, thou bysmare and *brothel* bolde.
- brouke (A. S.) 209, *to enjoy, use, to brook*
- brugg, pl. brugges (A. S.) *a bridge*
- bruneste (A. S.) *brownest*
- buggen, bugge (A. S.) 412, *to buy*. pres. pl. biggen. pret. boughte. part. act. buggyng, 410
- bummen (A. S. ?) 90, *to taste (?)*

burde (A. S.) 44, 404, *a maiden, damsel, lady*

burdoun (A. N.) 108, *a staff*

burel (A. N.) *a kind of coarse brown woollen cloth.* burel clerkes, 191. Tyrwhit (Glos. to Chaucer) thinks this means *lay clerks*. In the *Canterbury Tales*, l. 7453, the friar says:—

And more we se of Goddis secré thinges,
Than *borel folk*, although that thay ben kinges,
We lyve in povert and in abstinence,
And *borel folk* in riches and dispence.

The hoste says (l. 15440)—

Religioun hath take up al the corn
Of tredyng, and we *burel men* ben schrympes.

Borel folk and *borel men* evidently mean *laymen*.

burgage (A. N.) 48, *lands or tenements in towns, held by a particular tenure*

burgeise (A. S.) *burgess, inhabitant of a borough*

burghe (A. S.) 135, *burgh, town*

burghe (A. S.) *castrated*, applied to a hog. *burghe swyn*, 34, *a barrow hog*

burjonen (A. N.) 299, *to bud, or spring*

burn (A. S.) *pl. burnes, a man.* buyrn, 341, 346

†burwgh (A. S.) 458, *a castle, palace, or large edifice*

busk, *pl. buskes* (A. S.) 223, *a bush*

busken (A. S.) 44, 167, *to busk, go, to array, prepare*

buxom (A. S.) *obedient.* buxomnesse, *obedience*

II.

C. K.

caas (A. N.) *case*

cacchen (A. S.) 238, *to catch, take. part. past, caught*, 361

cachepol (A. S.) 372, 373, *a catchpole*

kaiser, kayser (A. S.) 404, *an emperor*

cammoke (A. S.) 414, *a weed more commonly known by the name of rest-harrow (anonis)*

kan (A. S.) *can*

capul, caple (A. N.) 354, *pl. caples*, 415, 416, *a horse* (said to be derived from the Low-Latin *caballus*)

caractes (A. N.) 233, *characters*

cardiacle (Gr.) 266, 430, *a disease affecting the heart*

careful (A. S.) *pl. carefule*, 403, *full of care*

carien (A. S.) *to carry*

caroyne, careyne (A. N.) *carrion, flesh, a corpse*

carpen (A. N.) 356, 400, *to talk, chat, tell. part. pas. y-carped*, 313

†cary (A. N.?) 475, *a kind of coarse cloth*

casten (A. S.) *to cast*

catel (A. N.) 70, 78, 175, 437, *goods, property, treasure, possessions*

cauken (A. S.?) 223, 241, *a technical term, applied to birds at their time of breeding. It is found in the St. Albans Book of Hawking, 1496, sign. A. i.; "And in the tyme of their (the hawks') love, they calle, and not cauke."*

kaurymaury, 81, *care, trouble?*

†cautel (A.N.) 469, *a cunning trick*

kaylewey () 334 (?).

kemben (A.S.) 174, *to comb*

kene (A.S.) *sharp, earnest*

kennen, kenne (A.S.) 355, 396, 410, *to teach. pres. pl. konne, 3. imperat. kenne (teach), 621. pret. kenned, 67, 241, kennede, 409*

kepen, kepe (A.S.) *to keep, to abstain, 60. pret. pl. kepten, 235, 404. have kepe this man, 352, have this man to keep*

kernelen (A.N.) 113, *to embattle a building, build the battlements*

kerse (A.S.) 174, *cress*

kerven (A.S.) *to carve. †part. past, y-corven, 460.*

kerver, 184, *a sculptor*

cesse (A.N.) 375, *to end, cease*

kevere (A.N.) 445, *to recover*

kex (A.S.) 361, *the dried stalk of hemlock*

chace (A.N.) 351, *to race, to go fast*

chaffare (A.S.) 131, 292, 301, 305, 338, *to deal, traffic, trade*

chaffare (A.S.) 3, 31, 84, 268, 305, *merchandise*

challengen (A.N.) *to challenge, claim. chalangynge, 82. challenged, 87*

chapitle (A.N.) *a chapter*

†chaple (A.N.) 485, *a chapel*

chapman (A.S.) *a merchant, buyer*

†chapolories (A.N.) 483, *chapelaries*

†charthous (A.N.) 490, *Carthusians*

chastilet (A.N.) *a little castle*

chatre (A.N.) 287, *to chatter*

chauncelrie (A.N.) *chancery*

cheke (A.S.) 68, *the cheek. maugree hire chekes, 68. We have in Chaucer, maugré thin eyen, maugré hire hed, &c. See Tyrwhit's Gloss. v. Maugre. One of these instances is exactly analogous to the passage of Piers Ploughman (C. T. l. 6467):—*

And happed, al alone as sche was born,

He saugh a mayde walkyng him byforn,
Of which mayden anoon maugré hir heed,

By verray fors byraft hir maydenhed.

cheker (A.N.) *the exchequer*

chele (A.S.) 176, 439, *cold*

chepen (A.S.) 296, *to buy*

chepyng (A.S.) 68, 135, *market, sale*

cherl (A.S.) 210, *pl. cherles, 337, 375, a serf, peasant, churl*

†cherlich (A.N.) 485, *richly, sumptuously*

chervelle (A.S.) 134, *chervil, a plant which was eaten as a pot-herb (cerrefolium)*

chese (A.S.) 296, *to choose*

cheeste, cheste (A.S.) 33, 169, 253, *dissension, strife, debate*

cheve (A.N.) 375, *to compass a thing, to succeed, or bring to an end, to obtain, adopt. pres. s. cheveth, 287. pret. pl. cheveden, 3, chewe, 381, 439. lat hem chewe as thei chosen, let them take as they choose*

chewen (A.N.) 26, 490, *to eschewe*

chibolle (A.N.) 134, *a kind of leek, called in French ciboule*

chicke, *pl.* chicknes, 67 (A.S.)
a chicken
 chevysaunce (A.N.) 92, 426, *an*
agreement for borrowing mo-
ney
 chiden (A.S.) *to chide*
 child (A.S.) *a child.* *gen. pl.*
childrene, 72
 chymenee (A.N.) 179, *a fireplace*
 chirie-tyme, 86, *cherry-time*
 chyvelen (A.S.?) 88, *to become*
shrivelled
 †chol (A.S.) 464, *the jowl*
 kidde, *see* couthen
 kirk (A.S.) *a church*
 kirtel (A.S.) *a kirtle, frock*
 kissen (A.S.) 395, *to kiss.* *pret.*
s. kiste, 394
 kith, kyth (A.S.) 55, 324, 400,
relationship, family connec-
tion. *to kith and to kyn*, 268,
to family connection and kin-
dred
 kitone (A.N.) *kitten, young cat*
 clawe (A.S.) 274, *to brush, to*
stroke
 clene (A.S.) *pure, clean.* *clenner*,
 410, *purser.* *clennesse, purity,*
cleanness
 clepen, clepe (A.S.) *to call.* *pret.*
cleped, 436. *part. pas.* *cleped*,
 174
 clergie (A.N.) *science, clergy*
 clerk (A.N.) *pl. clerkes, gen. pl.*
clerkene, 72, *a scholar*
 cler-matyn (A.N.) 135, *a kind*
of fine bread
 cleven (A.S.) *to split, cleave (in-*
transitive). *pret. s. cleef*,
 373
 cleymen (A.N.) 389, *to claim.*
pret. s. cleymede, 430
 cliket (A.N.) 114, *a kind of*

latch key. cliketten, 114, *to*
fasten with a cliket. Tyr-
 whit explains the word sim-
 ply as meaning a key—but in
 Piers Ploughman it is put so
 in immediate apposition with
 the word key, that it must
 have differed from it. In
 Chaucer, C. T. 9990, et seq.
 it appears to be the key of a
 garden gate:—

This freissche May, that I spake of so
 yore,
 In warm wex hath empynted the
cliket
 That January bar of the smale wicket,
 By which into his gardyn ofte he went;
 And Damyan, that knew al hir entent,
 The *cliket* counterfeted prively.

In a document of the date
 1416, quoted by Ducange, v.
Cliquetus, it is ordered that,
 Refectorarius semper teneat
 hostium refectorii clausum
cum cliqueto

clyngen (A.S.) 276, *to shrink,*
wither, pine. Reliq. Antiquæ,
 vol. ii, p. 210:—

When eld me wol aweld, mi wele is
 awai;
 Eld wol keld, and *cling* so the clai.

clippe (A.S.) 359, 394, *to em-*
brace, enfold

clips (A.N.?) 377, *an eclipse*

clyven (A.S.) 367, *to cleave,*
stick to

klokken (A.N.) 45, *to limp or*
hobble, to walk lamely

clomsen (A.N.) 276, *to shrink or*
contract. A verb used often
 in the Wycliffite Bible. In
 Prompt. Parv. aclomsid.

clooth (A.S.) *cloth*

clouch (A.S.) *pl.* clouches, *a clutch*
 clouten (A.S.) *to patch, mend. part. past, y-clouted, 120*
 clucche (A.S.) 359, *to clutch, hold*
 knappe (A.S.) 133, *a knop, a button*
 knave (A.S.) 14, 66, *a servant lad*
 †knoppede (A.S.) 476, *full of knobs*
 knowelichen (A.S.) *to acknowledge. pret. s. kneweliched, 239, 407. part. act. knowelichynge, 400*
 knowes (A.S.) 98, *knees*
 knowen, knowe (A.S.) 408, *to know. pres. pl. knowen. pret. s. knew, 232. pl. knewen, 237. part. pas. knowen, knowe.*
 coffe (A.S.?) 120, *a cuff*
 †cofrene (A.N.) 455, *to put in a coffer*
 cogen (A.S.) 367, *to cough*
 coke (A.S.) *a cook*
 cokeney (A.N.) 134, *some kind of meager food, probably a young or small cock, which had little flesh on its bones. This meaning of the word (which has been misunderstood) may be gathered from a comparison of the passage in Piers Ploughman with one in the "Turnament of Tottenham," where the writer intended to satirize the poorness of the fare:—*

At that fest were thei servyd in a rich aray,
 Every fyve and fyve had a cokeney.

Heywood, in his Proverbs, part i, chap. xi, gives a proverb in which the word is evidently used in the same sense, and appears to be intentionally contrasted with a *fat hen*:—

— Men say,
 He that comth every daie shall have a *cocknaie*,
 He that comth now and then, shall have a fat hen;
 But I gat not so muche in comyng seelde when,
 As a goode hens fether or a poore egg-shell.

I think that *cokenay* in Chaucer is the same word, used metaphorically to signify a person without worth or courage (C. T. 4205):—

And when this jape is tald another day,
 I sal be hald a daf, a *cokenay*.

coker (A. S.) 120, *a short stocking, or glove, a sheath*
 coket (A. N.) 135, *a kind of fine bread*
 cokewold (A. N.) 75, *a cuckold*
 cole (A. N.) 134, *cabbage*
 coler (A. N.) *a collar*
 collen (A. N.) 203, *to embrace, put one's arms round a person's neck, in French, accoller*
 colomy (A. .) 267 (?)
 colvere (A.S.) 319, *a dove, pigeon*
 come (A. S.) 416, *to come. pres. s. he comth, 18, 332. pret. s. cam, kam, coom, 168, com, 401. pl. comen, 438, come, 235, 237, 430, coome, 416, coomen, 438. subj, til he coome, 328, er thei coome, 353*
 comsen (A. N.) 23, 24, 49, 77,

- 81, 119, 136, 152, 244, 372, *to begin, commence, to endeavour.* pret. s. comsede, 402, 403. comsynge, 384
- comunes (A. N.) 80, 420, *commons, allowance of provision*
- confus (A. N.) *confused*
- congeyen, congeien (A. N.) 258, *to give leave, dismiss*
- congie (A. N.) 258, *leave*
- konne (A. S.) 401, 408, 437, *to learn, know.* pres. s. kan. pret. kouthē, 411, koude. subj. in case that thou konne, 424, and thou konne, 397, *if thou know.* pret. act. konnyng, 206, *knowing*
- konnyng (A. S.) 409, *knowledge, science, cunning*
- contenaunce (A. N.) 2, 203, *appearance, gesture, carriage*
- contrarien (A. N.) 367, *to go against, vex, oppose*
- contree (A. N.) *a country*
- contreve (A. N.) *to contrive.* contrevēd, *contrived*
- conyng (A. N.?) *a rabbit*
- copen (A. N.) 51, *to cover with a cope, like a friar*
- coppe (A. N.) 44, 191, *a cup, basin*
- coroune (A. N.) *a crown*
- corounen (A. N.) *to crown.* part. p. y-corouned
- cors (A. N.) 295, *the body*
- corsaint (A. N.) 109, *a relique, the body of a saint*
- corsen (A. S.) 305, *to curse*
- corsede (A. S.) *cursed.* corseder, 421, *more cursed, worse*
- cost (A. N.) 33, 151, 376, *a side, region*
- costen (A. N.) *to cost.* pret. s. costed, 13. part. pas. costned, 13
- cote (A. S.) 152, *a cottage, cot*
- coten (A. N.) 51, *to dress in a coat*
- † cotinge (A. S.) 468, *cutting*
- coupable (A. N.) 366, *guilty, culpable*
- coupe (A. N.) 44, 95, *a cup*
- coupen (A. N.) *to cut out, fashion* (?) part. past, y-couped, 370
- courben (A. N.) 19, 28, *to bend, stoop*
- courtepy (A. N.) 82, 128, *a short cloak of coarse cloth*
- couthen (A. S.) 87, *to make known, discover, publish.* pret. kidde, 103, 269
- † couuen (A. S.) 473, *perhaps an error in the old printed text for connen*
- coveiten (A. N.) *to covet*
- covent (A. N.) 428, *a convent*
- coveren (A. N.) 228, *to recover*
- cracchen (A. S.) 211, 322, *to scratch*
- crafte (A. S.) *craft, art.* crafty-men, 121, *artisans*
- creaunt (A. N.) 239, *believing*
- crepen (A. S.) *to creep.* pret. s. crope, pl. copen
- cryen (A. N.) *to cry.* pret. s. cried, cryde, 374, pl. cryden, cride
- croft (A. S.) *a small inclosed field, a croft*
- crokke (A. S.) 412, *a pot, pitcher, vessel of earthenware*
- † crom-bolle (A. S.) 476, *a crum-bowl*
- crop (A. S.) 332, 334, *the head or top of a tree or plant; hence the expression "root and crop," still in use*

cropiers (A. N.) *the housings on the horse's back*

croppen (A. S.) 319, *to eat (said of a bird), to put into its crop or craw*

crouche (A. N.) 109, *a cross*. Hence is derived the name of the *Crutched Friars*

† crouken (A. S.) 495, *to bend*

† crucchen (A. S.) 495, *to crouch*

cruddes (A. S.) *curds*

cruwel (A. N.) 269, *cruel*

ku, *pl.* kyen (A. S.) 125, *a cow*

kulle (A. S.) 344, kille, 434, *to kill*. *pret. s.* kilde, 431. *part. past*, kulled, 339. *to kulle*, 338

culorum (Lat.) 60, 198, *the conclusion or moral of a tale*

cultour (A. S.) 123, kultour, 61, *a culter, blade*

cuppe-mele (A. S.) 90, *cup by cup*

kutte, 79 (A. S.) *to cut*. *imperat.*

kut, 75. *pret. pl.* kitten, 128

kynde (A. S.) *nature, race, kind*

kynde (A. S.) *natural*. kyndeliche, 382, *naturally*

kyng (A. S.) *pl.* kynges. *gen. pl.* kyngene, 21, 400, *a king*

kyng-ryche (A. S.) *a kingdom*

kyn, *gen. s.* kynnes (A. S.) 40, *kin, kind*. This word is used

in the genitive case in such phrases as the following: of

foure kynnes thynges, 151, *of four kinds of things*. othere

kynnes men, 177, *other kinds of men*. none kynnes riche,

213, *no kind of rich men*, or *rich men of no kind*. many

kynnes maneres, 659, *many sorts of manners*. any kynnes

catel, 400, *any kind of property*

D.

daffe (A. S.) *a fool*

daggen (A. S.) 483, *to dag, to cut the edges of the garment in jagged ornaments, as was the custom at this period*

daren (A. S.) *to dare*. *pres. pl.* dar, 10, 280. *pret. s.* and *pl.*

dorste, 11, 42, 253, 393

dawe (A. S.) 380, *dawn*. *pret. s.* dawed, 395

dawnten (A. N.) 319, *to tame*,—also, *to daunt, to fear*

decourren (A. N.) 285, *to discover, lay open, narrate*

dedeynous (A. N.) 156, *disdainful*

deed (A. S.) *dead*

deen (A. N.) *a dean*

dees (A. N.) *dice*

deef (A. S.) *pl.* deve, 403, *deaf*

defende (A. N.) 47, 485, *to forbid, prohibit*

defien, defyen, defie (A. N.?) 84, 100, 141, 298, *to digest*

defyen (A. N.) *to defy*. *pret. s.* defyed, 429

degised (A. N.) 2, *disguised*

deyen (A. S.) *to die*. *pret. s.* deide, 214. *to dye*, 352

deyntee (A. N.) 205, *dainty, niceness, preciousness*

deys, dees (A. N.) 139, 250, *the dais, or high table in the hall*

deitee (A. N.) *daity, godhead*

del, deel (A. S.) *part, portion*. tithe deel, 323, *tenth part*

delen, dele, deelen (A. S.) 47, 175, 218, *share, distribute, give, deal*. *pres.* ye deele, 144

deliten (A. N.) *to delight, take pleasure*

- delitable (A. N.) *delightful, pleasant*
 delven (A. S.) 417, *to dig, bury.*
pret. pl. dolven, 128. part.
pas. dolven, 128, 293
 delvere (A. S.) *a digger, delver*
 demen (A. S.) *to judge. pret.*
demedede
 dene (A. S.) 373, *din, noise*
 dene (A. N.) *a dean*
 departable (A. N.) 355, *divisible*
 depper (A. S.) 307, *deeper*
 dere (A. S.) 140, 349, 370, *to*
injure, hurt
 derely (A. S.) 396, *expensively,*
richly
 dereworthe (A. S.) *precious, ho-*
nourable
 derk (A. S.) *dark*
 derne (A. S.) 38, 249, *secret*
 destruyen, destruye (A. N.) 361,
to destroy. pret. s. destroyed,
 340
 dette (A. N.) *pl. dettes, a debt*
 devoir (A. N.) *duty*
 devors (A. N.) 438, *divorce*
 dya (A. N.) 435, *dyachylon*
 diapenidion, 84, *an electuary*
 dido (A. .) 256, *a trifle, a*
trick
 dighte (A. S.) 134, *to fit out,*
make, dispose, dress. pret. s.
dighte, 396
 †digne (A. N.) 472, *worthy*
 digneliche (A. N.) *worthily, de-*
servedly
 dyk, 417 (A. S.) *dych, a ditch*
 dikere, dykere (A. S.) 96, *a ditch*
or foss digger, ditcher
 dymes (A. N.) 326, *tithes*
 dymme (A. S.) 388, *dark, adv.*
dymme, 184, darkly
 dymmen (A. S.) 98, *to become*
dim or dark
 dyngen (A. S.) 62, 125, 193,
 295, *to strike, ding, knock*
 dynt (A. S.) 370, *a blow, knock*
 disallowed (A. N.) 281, *disallowed,*
disapproved. disallowyng, 282,
disapproving
 discryven (A. N.) *to describe*
 disour (A. N.) *a player at dice*
 disour (A. N.) 120, *a teller of*
tales
 dyssheres (A. S.) 96, *a female*
who makes dishes
 †distrie (A. N.) 478, *to destroy*
 doel (A. N.) 100, 124, 368, *grief,*
lamentation
 doughtier (A. S.) 83, *more dought-*
ty, more to be feared. doghti-
est, 403, bravest. doghtiliche,
 371, *doughtily, bravely*
 doke (A. S.) 81, 352, *a duck*
 dole (A. S.) 47, *a share, portion.*
Another form of del.
 donet (A. N.) 89, *grammar, ele-*
ments, first principles, from
Donatus. See note on l. 7944
 domesman (A. S.) 414, *a judge*
 dongeon (A. N.) *a fort, the chief*
tower of a castle
 doom, dome (A. S.) *pl. domes,*
judgment
 doon (A. S.) *to do. pres. sing.*
dooth, pl. doon, don. pret. s.
dide, pl. diden, 278, 392,
dide, 389. part. pas. doon,
do. imperat. pl. dooth, 152.
to doone, 226, 263
 dore-tree (A. S.) *a door post*
 †dortour (A. N.) 463, *a dormi-*
tory
 doted (A. S.) *foolish, simple*
 doughtres (A. S.) *daughters*

- doute (A.N.) *fear, doubt*
 down (A.N.) *to endow. pret.*
 dowed, 325, *endowed*
 dowve (A.S.) 319, *a dove*
 draf (A.S.) 173, 419, *dregs, dirt.*
 Things thrown away as unfit
 for man's food, particularly
 the dust and husks of corn
 after it has been threshed.
 Chaucer's Parson (C. T. l.
 17329), says:—
 Why schuld I sowen *draf* out of my
 fest,
 Whan I may sowe whete, if that me
 lest?
- †drane (A.S.) 493, *a drone*
 drawen (A.S.) *to draw. pret. s.*
 drough, 89, 98. drogh, 280,
 487. drow, 375, *pl. drowen,*
 222. *part. pas. drawe,* 175
 †drecchen (A.S.) 478, 480, *to*
 vex, grieve, oppress
 drede (A.S.) 434, *to dread, fear,*
 pres. s. he drat, 165. *pret. s.*
 dredde, 280. *pl. dradden,* 429.
 imperat. dred, 17
 dredfully (A.S.) 252, *fearfully,*
 terrified
 dregges (A.S.) 419, *dregs*
 dremels (A.S.) 148, 247, *a*
 dream
 drenchen, drenche (A.S.) 154,
 237, *to drown. pret. pl. a-*
 dreynten, 198
 drevelen (A.S.) 175, *to drivel*
 drye (A.S.) 276, *thirst*
 drien (A.S.) 16, *to be dry, thirsty*
 drihte (A.S.) 262, *lord. drighte,*
 279
 drinken (A.S.) *to drink. pret. s.*
 drank, *pl. dronken,* 277,
 dronke, 278. *part. pas. dron-*
 ken, y-dronke, 354
- dryven (A.S.) *to drive*
 droghte (A.S.) 134, *a drought,*
 deficiency of wet
 dronklewe (A.S.) 156, *drunken,*
 given to drink. The word oc-
 curs in Chaucer, C. T. l.
 7625 :—
 Irous Cambises was eek *dronkelewe,*
 And ay delited him to ben a schrewe.
 Again (C. T. l. 12426) :—
 Seneca saith a good word douteles :
 He saith he can no difference find,
 Betwix a man that is out of his mind,
 And a man whiche that is *dronkelew.*
 The word used by Seneca is
 ebrius
 drury (A.N.) 20, *courtship, gal-*
 lantry
 duc (A.N.) 414, *a duke. pl.*
 dukes, 188
 †duen (A.N.) 496, *to endue, or*
 endow
- E.
- ech (A.S.) *each. echone (i. e.*
 each one) every one, each
 edifie (A.N.) 371, *to build*
 edwyte (A.S.) 99, *to reproach,*
 blame, upbraid
 eest (A.S.) *east*
 eft (A.S.) 354, 371, *again*
 eggen (A.S.) 19, 386, *to egg on,*
 urge, incite
 egrelliche (A.N.) 334, 418, *sourly,*
 bitterly
 †ey (A.S.) 464, *an egg*
 eighe (A.S.) 180, 190, 306, *pl.*
 eighen, 5, 80, 127, eighes,
 33, *the eye*
 eylen (A.S.) *to ail*
 eyr (A.N.) *air*
 elde (A.S.) *old age*

elenge (A. S.) 12, 179, 425,
mournful, sorrowful. eleng-
liche, 231, sorrowfully, in
trouble

eller (A.S.) 19, ellere, 168, *an
elder tree*

ellis (A.S.) 6, *else, otherwise,
at other times*

enbawmen (A. N.) *to embalm.*
pret. s. enbawmed, 352

enblaunchen (A. N.) 301, *to
whiten over*

engyne (A.N.) 384, *to contrive,
lay a plan, catch*

engleymen (A.N.) 298, *to be-
slime*

engreyned (A.N.) 29, *powdered*

enselen (A.N.) *to put a seal to*

†entayled (A.N.) 462, *carved*

entre-metten (A.N.) 226, 263,
to intermeddle

envenyme (A.N.) *venom, poison*

er (A.S.) *before, formerly*

erchdekenes (A.N.) *archdeacons*

ere (A.S.) *pl. eris, the ear*

erien, erie, eryl (A.S.) 117, 138,
to plough. pret. pl. eriede, 411.
part. past, eryl, 117

eerl, *pl. erles (A.S.) an earl*

ernynge (A.S.) 418, *running.*
see yerne

ers (A.S.) 87, 180, 191, *the
fundament, podex*

erst (A.S.) *first, most before,
superl. of er*

eschaunge (A.N.) *exchange*

eschetes (A.N.) 75, *escheats*

ese (A.N.) *ease*

eten, ete (A.S.) 385, *to eat. pret.*
s. eet, 100, 135, 146, 241,
&c. pl. eten, 114, 248, ete,
278. part. pas. eten, 354.

†evelles (A.S.) 465, *without evil*

even (A.S.) *equal. even-cristen,
equal christian, or equal by
baptism; fellow-christian,*
evene, 76, evenly, equally.
evene forth, 356, equally

†evesed (A.S.) 460, *furnished
with eaves*

evesynge (A.S.) 361, *the ice
which hangs on the eaves of
houses*

ewage (A. N.) 29, *a kind of
precious stone*

expounen (A.N.) 290, *to expound,
explain*

F.

fader (A.S.) 361, *a father*

fayn (A.S.) *fain, glad*

faiten (A.N.) 144, 308, *to beg,
idle, to flatter. pret. pl. faite-
den, 3. faityng, 175, deceiving*
*faiterie (A.N.) 207, flattery, de-
ception*

faitour (A.N.) *a deceiver, an idle
lazy fellow, a flatterer*

faithly (A.N.) 400, *truly, pro-
perly*

fallen (A. S.) *to fall. pres. s. he
falleth. pret. s. fel, 280, 297,*
fil, 278, 312, 374, fille, 285,
336, pl. fellen, felle, 336, 388.
part. pas. fallen, 375

fals (A.N.) *false, falseness. fals-
hede, falsehood. falsliche,*
390, falsely

fangen (A. S.) 111, *fonge, 282,*
336, to take, takehold of. pret.
*s. under-feng, 19, under-fon-
ged, 209. part. past, under-
fongen, 115, 211*

faren, fare (A.S.) 197, *to go, fare.*
pret. s. ferde, 443, pl. ferden, 168.

- part. past, faren, 77, 123, 228*
 fare (A.S.) 376, *proceeding, manner of going on, fare*
 fasten (A.S.) *to fast*
 fauchon (A.N.) 295, *a sword, falchion*
 faunt (A.N.) 134, 144, 336, 403, *a child, infant*
 fauntekyn (A.N.) 259, *a young child*
 faunteltee, fauntelté (A.N.) 204, 304, *childishness*
 faute, *pl. fautes* (A.N.) 179, *a fault*
 fauten (A.N.) *to want. pret. fauted, 163*
 favel (A.N.) 28, 30, *deception by flattery, cajolery*
 feble (A.N.) 355, *feeble, weak*
 fecchen (A.S.) 39, 385, 410, *to fetch. pres. s. I fecche, thow fettest, 390. pret. s. fet, fette, 36, 104, 202, 385. pl. fetten, 134. part. pas. fet. 444, fette water at hise eighen, threw water at his eyes; to fetch a thing at another, for, to throw, is an expression still in use*
 feden (A.S.) *to feed*
 fee (A.S.) *property, money, fee*
 feere (A.S.) 367, *pl. feeres, feeris, companion*
 feere (A.S.) 256, 367, 376, *fear*
 feet (A.N.) 26, *a deed, fact*
 feffement (A.N.) 32, *enfeofment*
 feffen (A.N.) 33, 37, *to infeof, to fee, present*
 feynen (A.N.) *to feign, dissemble*
 feyntise (A.S.) 77, *faintness, weakness*
 feire (A.N.) *a fair*
 fel (A.S.) *the skin*
 fele (A.S.) *many. fele fold, manyfold*
 fellen (A.S.) *to fell, kill*
 felonliche (A.N.) 390, *like a felon, in manner of a felon*
 †fen (A.S.) 476, *mud, mire*
 fend (A.S.) *pl. fendes, a fiend, devil. fyndekynes, 391, little fiends*
 fennel-seed (A.S.) 95, *the seed of sweet-fennel was formerly used as a spice*
 fenestre (A.N.) 285, 370, *a window*
 fer (A.S.) *far*
 fere (A.S.) 140, *to frighten*
 ferly (A.S.) *pl. ferlies, a wonder, 196, 253, 376*
 ferie (A.N.) 270, *a week-day*
 ferme (A.N.) 403, *adv. firmly*
 fermed (A.N.) 177, *strengthened*
 fernyere (A.S.) 103, 228, *in former times*
 fermerye (A.N.) 253, *the infirmary*
 †ferrer (A.S.) 463, *further*
 ferthe (A.S.) 413, *fourth*
 festnen (A.S.) *to fasten. part. pas. fest, 35*
 festynge (A.N.) *feasting*
 festu (A.N.) 190, *a mote in the eye. (festuca, lat.)*
 fetisliche, 28, fetisly, 38 (A.N.) *elegantly, neatly, featously*
 fibicches (A.N. ?) 186 (?)
 †fichewes (A.S.) 468, *a kind of weasel, called a fitchet in Shropshire*
 †fyen (A.N.) 487, *to say, fy! The exclamation, fy! was originally one of disgust, occasioned by anything that stunk, according to the old distich (MS. Cotton, Cleop.*

B. ix, fol. 11, v^o. of the thirteenth cent.):—

Phi, nota *factoris*, lippus gravis omnibus horis,
Sit *phi*, sit lippus semper procul,
ergo Philippus!

- fiers (A.N.) *proud, fierce*
fighten (A.S.) *to fight. pret. s. faught, 391, 402. pl. fough-ten. part. pas. y-foughte, 126, 386*
fyle (A.N.) 86, *a daughter, girl*, apparently used here in the sense of a *common woman*; as they say now in French, *elle n'est qu'une fille*, she is no better than a strumpet
fyn (A.N.) 403, *fine, clever*
fynden (A.S.) *to find, to furnish. pres. s. he fynt, 73 146, 305, 367. pret. s. fond, foond, 219, 304, 312*
fir (A.S.) 360, *fire. fuyr, fire*
fithle (A.N.) 272, *to fiddle. fithle, 165, a fiddle*
flappen (A.S.) *to strike with a flail, or with any flat loose weapon. pret. pl. flapten, 128*
flatten (A.N.) *to slap. pret. s. flatte, 104*
flawmbe, flaumbe (A.N.) 360, 362, *a flame*
flawme (A.S.) 243, *to emit a fetid exhalation (?)*
flawmen (A.N.) 361, *to flame. flawmynge, 360, flaming*
fle, 40, fleen, 168, 366 (A.S.) *to fly. pret. s. fleigh, 40, 351, 353, 402, 435. pl. flowen, 42, 128. fledden, 42*
fleckede (A.S.) 222, *spotted*
flesshe (A.S.) *flesh*
fleten (A.S.) 237, *to float, swim involuntarily*
flittyng (A.S.) 206, *disputing, flyting*
flobre (A.S.) (?) 274, *to slobber(?)*
florisshe (A.N.) 291, *to adorn*
floryn (A.N.) 74, *a florin (a gold coin)*
†flurichen (A.N.) 479, *to flourish*
fode (A.S.) *food*
†foynes (A.N.) 468, *a kind of marten, of which the fur was used for dresses*
fold, foold (A.S.) 24, 141, 243, *the world, the earth*
fole (A.S.) *a foal*
follede, 321, *baptized. see fullen*
†folloke (A.S.) 489 (?)
folvyle (A.N.) 410 (?)
folwe, folwen (A.S.) 355, *to follow. pres. pl. folwen. pret. s. folwed, folwede, 353. pl. folwede, 301. part. past, folwed*
folwere (A.S.) *a follower*
fonden (A.S.) 238, *to try, tempt, inquire. pret. s. fonded, fondede, 315, 344, 353*
fongen, *see fangen*
fongyng (A.S.) 291, *a temptation, undertaking*
foot (A.S.) *a foot. foote, 314, on foot*
for (A.S.) *for, for that, because; for-thi, because, therefore*
for-, in composition in verbs derived from the Anglo-Saxon, conveys the idea of privation or deterioration, and answers to the modern German *ver-*. It is preserved in a few words in our language, such as *forbid, for-*

bear, forlorn, &c. The following instances occur in *Piers Ploughman* :—

for-bete (A. S.) *to beat down, beat to pieces, or to death, beat entirely. part. past, for-beten, 436*

for-bode (A.S.) *denial, forbidding*

for-biten (A.S.) 332, *to bite to pieces*

for-doon, for-do (A.S.) 78, 163, 371, *to undo, ruin. pret. s.*

for-dide, 340, 390. *part. past, for-do, 262, for-doon, 371*

for-faren (A.S.) 303, *to go to ruin, perish, to fare ill*

for-freten (A.S.) 332, *to eat to pieces*

†for-gabben (A. N.) 488, *to mock*

for-yeten (A.S.) 362, *to forget. pret. s. for-yat, 205*

for-gyven (A.S.) *to forgive. pret. s. 374. part. pas. for-gyve, 365*

for-glutten (A. S.) 178, *to devour, swallow up*

for-pynede (A. S.) 126, *pined or starved to death, wasted away, niggardly. Chaucer, C. T. l. 1453 :—*

In derknes and orrible and strong prisoun

This seven yeer hath seten Palamon,
For-pyned, what for woo and for destresse.

And C. T. l. 205 :—

He was not pale as a *for-pyned* goost.

In this latter place Tyrwhit seems to interpret it as meaning *tormented*

for-shapen (A. S.) *to unmake. pret. s. for-shapte, 365.*

for-sleuthen (A. S.) 103, *to be spoilt from lying idle*

for-stallen (A. S.) 68, *to hinder, forestal, stop*

for-sweren (A. S.) 170, *to perjure, swear falsely. part. pas. forsworen, 418, forsworn*

for-thynken (A. S.) 167, *to repent, beg pardon*

for-wandred (A. S.) 1, *worn out with wandering about*

for-wanye (A. S.) 79, *to spoil*

†forwerd (A. S.) 476, 494, *worn out*

for-yelden (A. S.) 184, 257, *to make a return for a thing, repay*

forbisne (A. S.) 152, *an example, similitude, parable*

forceres (A. N.) 186, *coffers*

fore-ward, for-ward, for-warde (A. S.) 65, 119, 206, *a bargain, promise*

for-goer (A. S.) 39, *a goer before*

for-goers (A. S.) 31, *people whose business it was to go before the great lords in their progresses, and buy up provisions for them*

formest (A. S.) 186, 409, *first, foremost*

†formfaderes (A. S.) 498, *first fathers*

formour (A.N.) 160, 358, *a creator, maker*

forreyour (A. N.) 430, *a scout, forager*

forster (A. N.) 354, *a forester*

†forytoures, 465, perhaps an error of the press in the old edition for *fautoures*

forwit (A. S.) 87, *prescience, forethought, anticipation*
 fostren (A. S.) 360, *to foster*
 foulén (A. S.) 414, *to defoul*
 fowel (A. S.) *a fowl, bird*
 fraynen (A. S.) *to ask, inquire, question. pret. s. frayned, 18, 109, 151, 341, 370*
 †fraynyng (A. S.) 452, *questioning*
 frankeleyn (A. N.) 398, *a large freeholder, in rank in society classed with, but after, the miles and armiger. See Tyrwhit's note on the Canterbury Tales, l. 333*
 frayel (A. N.) 252, *a wicker basket. See note. In the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, l. 1547, king Richard says:—*
*Richard aunsweryth, with herte free,
 Off froyt there is gret plenté;
 Fyggys, raysyns, in frayel,
 And notes may serve us fol wel.*
 fraytour (A. N.) 192, 463, *a refectory*
 freke (A. S.) 74, 87, 130, 132, 188, 203, 246, 250, 341, *man, fellow*
 frele (A. N.) *frail*
 freletee (A. N.) 46, frelete, 367, *frailty*
 fremmed (A. S.) 303, *strange*
 frere (A. N.) *a friar, brother*
 frete (A. S.) 4, 265, *to fret*
 frete, freten (A. S.) 33, *to eat, devour. pret. s. fret, 381*
 fretien (A. S.) *to adorn. part. p. fretted*
 fryth (A. S.) 224, 241, 355, *an inclosed wood*
 frythed (A. S.) 112, *wooded*

frounces (A. N.) 265, *wrinkles*
 fullén (A. S.) 322, *to full cloth*
 fullén (A. S.) 176, *to become full*
 fullén (A. S.) *to baptize. pret. s. follede, 321, part. past, y-fulled, 398*
 fullynge (A. S.) 244, 322, 398, *baptizing, baptism*
 furwe (A. S.) *a furrow*
 fust (A. S.) 356, *the fist*

G. Y.

gabben (A. N.) 53, *to joke, trifle, tell tales. gabbyng (A. N.) 423, joking, idle talk*
 gadelyng (A. S.) 434, gedelyng, 165. *pl. gedelynges, 171, gadelynges, 68, a vagabond. In Anglo-Saxon the word gædeling means a companion or associate, apparently without any bad sense. Thus the romance of Beowulf speaks of the armour of one of the heroes:—*
*þæt Onela for-geaf,
 his gædelinges
 guð-ge-wædu.
 which Onela had given him,
 the war-weeds of his comrade,
 the ready implements of war.*
 This, and most of the other similar Anglo-Saxon words, applied to their heroes and warriors, became degraded under the Anglo-Normans. We may mention as other examples, the words, *fellow, renk, grom, wye, &c.*
 †gaynage (A. N.) 462, *profit*
 gaynesse (A. N.) 178, *gaiety*

galoche (A. N.) 370, *a shoe*.

The word occurs in Chaucer
galpen (A. S.) 252, *to belch*

gamen (A. S.) *play*

gangen, gange (A. S.) *to go*

†garites (A. S.) 463, *garrets*

garnementz (A. N.) 379, *garments, ornaments*

gare (A. S.) *to make or cause to do a thing. pret. s. garte, 22, 80, 135, 321, gart, 84, gerte, 428*

gate (A. S.) 67, 171, 383, *way, going. go thi gate, 351, 445, go thy way. this ilke gate, 354, this same way*

yate (A. S.) 385, 406, *a gate*

geaunt (A. N.) 384, *a giant*

gentile (A. N.) 26, 174, 175, *gentle, genteel*

gentilliche (A. N.) 44, *beautifully, finely, genteelly*

gentry (A. N.) 370, *gentility*

gerl (A. S.) *pl. gerles, girles, gerlis, 17, 184, 369, youth of either sex. In the Coventry Mystery of the Slaughter of the Innocents (p. 181), one of the knights engaged in the massacre, says:—*

I xall sle scharlys,
And qwenys with therlys,
Here *knave gerlys*

I xal steke.

Forthe wyl I spede,
To don hem blede,

Thow *gerlys* grede,

We xul be wreke.

gerner (A. N.) *a garner*

gesene (A. S.?) 262, *rare, scarce*

gesse (A. S.) *a guess. up gesse, 102, upon guess, by guess*

gest, *pl. gestes* (A. N.) *a deed, history, tale*

gest (A. S.) 312, *a guest*

geten, gete (A. S.) *to get. pres. pl.*

geten. pret. s. gat, thow gete, 386, 389, 390, getest, 390,

part. past, geten, 375, gete, 403

yiftes (A. S.) 49, *gifts*

gyle (A. S.) *guile, deceit*

gilour (A. S.) *a deceiver*

gyn (A. N.) 384, *a trap, machine, contrivance*

gynful (A. N.) 186, *full of tricks or contrivances*

gynnen (A. S.) *to begin. pret. sing.*

gan, 2. pl. gone, 158, gonnen,

262. gynnyng, beginning. The

preterite is frequently used

as an auxiliary verb to form

with others a kind of imper-

fect or preterite, as, gan drawe,

352, drew; gan despise, 374,

despised

gyen (A. N.) 39, *to rule*

gyour (A. N.) 421, 429, *a ruler, leader*

girden (A. S.) 40, *to cast, strike.*

pret. s. girte, 99. In the se-

cond Towneley Mystery of

the Shepherds, p. 115, Mak

says, "If I trespas eft, gyrd

of my heede."

gyterne (A. N.) 260, *a gittern, a*

musical instrument, resem-

bling, or identical with, the

modern guitar

gyven (A. S.) *to give. pres. pl.*

gyven. pret. sing. gaf, yaf,

387. part. past, yeven, y-

gyve, 37

gyven (A. S.) 436, *to fetter,*

bind in gyves

†gladdyng (A. S.) 481, *merry (?)*

gladen, 404, gladie, 384 (A. S.)

to gladden, cause joy to. pret.

s. gladede, 435

- †glaverynge (A. N.) 454, 492, *smooth, slippery, flattering*
 glazene (A. S.) 435, *made of glass (?)* See note
 glee (A. S.) *the performance of the minstrel or jongleur*
 gle-man (A. S.) 98, 165, *a minstrel*
 glede, glade (A. S.) 94, 361, *a spark, glowing ember*
 †gleym () 479 (?)
 †gloppyng (A. S.) 456, *sucking in*
 glosen (A. N.) *to gloss, paraphrase, comment*
 gloton (A. N.) *a glutton*
 glotonye (A. N.) *gluttony*
 glubben (A. S.) *to suck in, gobble up. part. pas. y-glubbed, 97, sucked in. glubbere, 162, a glutton*
 gnawen (A. S.) *to gnaw*
 †gode (A. S.) 476, *a goad*
 goky (A. S.) 220, *a gawky, clown*
 goliardeis (A. N.) 9, *one who gains his living by following rich men's tables, and telling tales and making sport for the guests. See on this word the Introduction to the Poems of Walter Mapes. It occurs in Chaucer, C. T. 1. 562 :—*
*He was a jangler and a golyardeys,
 And that was most of synne and harlotries.*
 gome (A. S.) 257, 263, 267, 288, 308, 312, 350, 354, 382, 403, *a man*
 gomme (A. N.) *gum*
 goon (A. S.) 37, *to go. pres. s. he gooth, 354. pl. gon, goon, 303. pret. sing. wente. pl. wenten, 233, 321*
 goost (A. S.) *spirit, ghost*
 goostliche (A. S.) 427, *spiritually*
 gorge (A. N.) 176, 177, *the throat, mouth*
 gos (A. S.) *pl. gees, a goose*
 gothelen (A. S.) 97, 252, *to grumble (as is said of the belly)*
 gowe (A. S.) 14, *a phrase of invitation, i. e. go we, let us go*
 graffen (A. N.) 85, *to graft*
 †graith (A. S.) 453, 464, *the truth (?)*
 graithe (A. S.) 27, *ready, prepared*
 graithen (A. S.) *to prepare, make ready. †part. pas. y-greithed, 462, 487. graythed, 491*
 graithly (A. S.) 386. graythliche, 482, *readily, speedily*
 graunt (A. N.) 353, *great*
 graven (A. N.) *to engrave. part. pas. grave, 73, engraved*
 gravynge (A. N.) *engraving, sculpturing*
 graven (A. N.) 206, *to put in grave*
 greden (A. S.) 32, 47, *to cry out, shout, make a noise. pret. s. thow graddest, 421, he grade, 335, 448*
 gree (A. N.) 375, *pleasure, will*
 greete (A. S.) 100, *to lament*
 greyne (A. N.) 412, 415, *a grain, seed*
 greten (A. S.) 97, 379, *to greet. pret. s. grette, 186, 344, 446*
 gretter (A. S.) *greater*
 greven (A. N.) 354, *to grieve*
 grys (A. S.) 14, 68, 134, *pigs. See the story of Will Gris in the Lanercost Chronicle*
 grys (A. N.) 308, *a kind of fur*
 †grysliche (A. S.) 485, *fearfully*

grom (A.S.) 99, *a man*: hence the modern *groom*

grote (A.N.) 51, *a groat, a coin of the value of four pennies*

grucchen, grucche (A. S.) *to grudge*

H

hailsen (A. S.) *to salute. pres. s. hailse, 83. pret. hailed, 148, 151*

hayward (A.N.) 415, *a man employed to watch and guard the inclosed fields, or hays*. An illustration of this word will be found in the passage from Whitaker's text given in the note on l. 2473

hakke (A.S.) 420, *to follow, run after, cut along after*

half (A.S.) *half, side*

halie (A.S.) 156, *to hawl*

hals (A.S.) *the neck*

halwe (A.S.) 327, *to hallow, consecrate, make holy*

hamlen (A.S.) †*part. pas. y-hamled, 468, to tie or attach(?)*

handy dandy (A.S.) 69, the expression still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire

hange, honge (A.S.) 348, 384, *to hang (intransitive). pret. s. hanged, 19*

hange, hangen (A.S.) 39, 392, *to hang (transitive). pret. pl. hengen, 25*

hanylons (A.N.) 181, *the wiles of a fox*. See Sir Frederick Madden's Glossary to Gawawyn (v. *hamlounes*) who quotes the following lines

from the Boke of St. Albans:—

And yf your houndes at a chace
renne there ye hunte,
And the beest begyn to renne, as
hartes ben wonte,
Or for to hanylon, as dooth the foxe
wyth his gyle,
Or for to crosse, as the roo doth
otherwhyle.

hanselle (A.S.) 96, *gift, reward, bribe*. It is used in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. 30:—

Some parled as perte,
As provyd well after,
And clappid more for the coyne
That the kyng owed hem,
Thanne ffor comfforte of the comyne
That her cost paid,
And were behote *hansell*,
If they helpe wolde.

hardy (A.N.) 413, *bold, hardy, courageous*. *hardier, 354, more bold*

hardie (A.N.) 321, *to encourage, embolden*

harewe (A.S.) 412, *a harrow*

harewen, harewe (A.S.) 412, 414, *to harrow. pret. harewede, ib.*

harlot (A. N.) 175, 270, 271, 303, 354, *a blackguard, person of infamous life*. The word was used in both genders. It appears to have answered exactly to the French *ribaud*, as Chaucer in the Romance of the Rose translates *roy des ribaulx*, by *king of harlots*. Chaucer says of the Sompnour (C. T. l. 649):—

He was a *gentil harlot* and a kynde
A better felaw schulde men nowher
fynde.

He wolde suffre for a quart of wyn,
A good felawe to han his concubyn
A twelve moneth, and excuse him
atte fulle.

This passage gives us a remarkable trait of the character of the ribald, or harlot, who formed a peculiar class of middle-age society. Among some old glosses in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (vol. i, p. 7), we find "*scurra*, a harlotte." In the Coventry Mystery of the Woman taken in Adultery (p. 217), it is the young man who is caught with the woman, and not the woman herself, who is stigmatised as a *harlot*.

harpen (A.S.) *to harp. pret. pl. harpeden*, 394

harrow (A.N.) 430, an exclamation, or rather a cry, said to have been peculiar to the Normans, the origin and derivation of which have been the subject of much discussion among antiquaries. It was the cry which every one was bound to raise and repeat, when any murder, theft, robbery, or other violent crime, was attempted or perpetrated, in order that the offenders might be hindered or secured. It was afterwards used in any great tumult or disorder, and became a general exclamation of persons wanting help. (See Ducange, in v. *Haro*.) In the Towneley Mysteries (p. 14), when Cain finds that his offering will not burn, he cries:—

II.

We! out! haro! help to blaw!
It wille not bren for me, I traw.

haspen (A.S.) *to clasp. y-hasped*, 26
hastilokest (A.N.) 434, *most quickly, speedily, hastily*

haten (A.S.) *to call, order. pres. s. I hote. pret. s. highte, heet*, 445. *part. pas. y-hote, hoten, hote, called, ordered*

haten (A.S.) *to be called or named. pres. s. hatte, is called, I hatie*, 260, *am called. pret. s. highte, was called*

hater (A.S.) 273, *dress*

haterynge (A.S.) 299, *dressing, attire*

hatien (A.S.) 179, *to hate*

haven, have, han (A.S.) *to have. pres. pl. han. pret. s. hadde, pl. hadden, hadde*

haver (A.S.) *oats*, 134, an haver cake, *an oat-cake*

heed (A.S.) *the head. See heved*

heele (A.S.) *health*

heep (A.S.) *a heap*

heeth (A.S.) 322, *heath*

hegge (A.S.) *pl. hegges, a hedge*

heigh (A.S.) *high*

†heyne (A.N.) 466, *hatred (?)*

heyre (A.S.) *hair. gen. heris*, 193, *hair's*

hele, heele (A.S.) *health*

hele (A.S.) 150, *a heel*

helen, (A.S.) 87, 445. helien, 241, *to conceal, hide*

helen, heele, 355 (A.S.) *to heal. pret. s. heeled*, 337. *an helyng*, 355, *in healing, in the course of recovering his health*

helpen, helpe (A.S.) *to help. pret. s. halp*, 403, 418, *pl. holpen*, 123. *part. pas. holpen*, 75, 303, 338, *holpe*, 115

- hem (A.S.) *them*
 hemselve (A.S.) *themselves*
 hende (A.S.) 308, *gentle, polite.*
 hendenesse, 398, *gentleness,*
 worthiness. hendely, hendi-
 liche, 44, *politely, gently*
 hennes (A.S.) *hence, from this*
 time
 henten, hente (A.S.) *to take, seize.*
 pret. s. hente, hent, 435
 heraud (A.N.) *a herald*
 herberwe (A.S.) *a harbour*
 herberwen (A.S.) *to harbour,*
 shelter. pret. s. herberwed, 352
 heremite (A.N.) *a hermit*
 heren, here (A.S.) *to hear. pret.*
 s. herde. imperat. y-heer, 356
 herne (A.S.) 42, 393, *a corner*
 herte (A.S.) *the heart*
 heste (A.S.) *a commandment*
 †hethen (A.S.) 475, *hence*
 †hethaved (A.S.) 469, *head*
 hethynesse (A.S.) 321, *heathen-*
 ness, paganism, idolatry
 heved (A.S.) *a head. heed, 352*
 hewe (A.S.) 110, *pl. hewen,*
 71, 173, 281, *a husbandman,*
 a workman
 hewe, *pl. hewes* (A.S.) 224, *hue,*
 colour
 hiden (A.S.) *to hide. pret. s.*
 hidde, 354. part. pas. y-hudde,
 199
 †hyen (A.S.) 475, *to hie, go.*
 pret. s. hiede, 444
 hyere (A.S.) *higher*
 hii (A.S.) *they*
 hil (A.S.) *pl. hulles, a hill*
 hilen (A.S.) 113, *to cover over.*
 pret. s. hiled, 241, pl. hileden,
 223
 hynde (A.S.) 311, *a doe, female*
 deer
 hyne (A.S.) *a servant, serf, rus-*
 tic, labourer
 hyne, 72, 268, *a hen (?)*
 hippynge (A.S.) 351, *hopping*
 hire (A.S.) *their*
 hir (A.S.) *of them. gen. pl. of*
 he. hir neither, 67, neither of
 them. hir eyther, 212, 446,
 either of them. hir noon, 237,
 none of them. hir oon fordooth
 hir oother, 373, one of them
 destroys the other of them
 his (A.S.) *pl. hise, his*
 hitten (A.S.) *to hit. pret. s. hite,*
 86, *hitte, 96*
 †hod (A.S.) 476, *a hood*
 †hok-shynes (A.S.) 476, *crooked*
 shins. hok seems almost su-
 perfluous: the shin towards
 the hock or ancle?
 holden (A.S.) *to hold. pres. s.*
 he halt, 354, 357, pl. holde,
 15, *holden, 18. pret. s. heeld,*
 156, 206, *pl. helden, 294, 418,*
 438. *part. pas. y-holden, 358,*
 holden, y-holde, 440, 441
 hool (A.S.) *pl. hole, 392, whole,*
 entire. hooly, wholly. holly,
 396, *wholly. †hollich, 452,*
 wholly
 homliche (A.S.) 179, *from house*
 to house
 hoom (A.S.) *home. the viker*
 hadde fer hoom, 424, the vicar
 had far to go home
 hoor (A.S.) *pl. hore, 144, hoary.*
 as hoor as an hawethorn, 341
 hoord (A.S.) *a hoard*
 hoors (A.S.) 367, *hoarse*
 hoot (A.S.) 360, *hot*
 hopen (A.S.) 329, *to expect, hope*
 hopper (A.S.) 120, *the hopper of*
 a mill

hore (A. S.) 75, *pl. hoores*, 299, hores, 303, *a whore*
 †hornes (A.S.) 461, *corners*
 hostele (A.N.) 355, *to give lodging, to receive into an inn*
 hostiler (A.N.) 352, 355, *the keeper of a hostelry or inn*
 hostrie (A.N.) 352, *a hostelry, inn*
 houpen (A.S.) 127, *to hoop, shout*
 houres (A.N. heures, *Lat. horæ*) *the Romish service*
 housel (A.S.) 419, *the sacrament of the Eucharist*
 houselen (A.S.) *to receive the Eucharist. part. past, housled*, 396, 424, *houseled*, 419
 hoven (A.S.) 13, *to tarry, hover, dwell. pret. s. hoved*, 374
 howve (A.S.) *pl. howves*, 13, 60, 435, *a cap or hood*
 hucche (A.S.) 72, *a hutch, chest*
 huge (A.S.) 216, *great*
 hukkerye (A.S.) 90, *huckstry*
 huntten (A.S.) *to hunt. part. pas. y-honted*, 41
 huppe (A.S.) 327, *to hop*
 huyre (A.S.) 111, *hire, wages*

I. Y.

ic, ich, ik (A.S.) *I*
 †ich (A.S.) *each. †ichon*, 479, *each one. See ech*
 ydel (A.S.) *idleness, vanity. on ydel, in vain*
 †iis (A.S.) 476, *ice*
 ilke (A.S.) *same*
 impe (A.N.) 85, *a sprig, twig growing from the root of a tree*

impen, ympen (A.N.) 85, *to graft. †part. past, ymped*, 469, *grafted*
 in-going (A.S.) 115, *entrance*
 inne (A.S.) *the adverbial form of in*
 inne (A.S.) *a lodging, hence our inn*
 inwit (A.S.) 160, 162, 364, *conscience, interior understanding. with inwit and outwit*, 263
 yren (A.S.) 288, *iron*
 ysekeles (A.S.) 361, *icicles*

J.

jangeleres, jangleris (A.N.) 3, 175, *praters*
 jangle (A.N.) 9, 33, 74, 136, 164, 251, 337, 339, *to jangle, to talk emptily, to prate*
 janglynge (A. N.) 169, 419, *jangling, empty talking, nonsense*
 jape (A.S.) 433, *a jest*
 japen (A. S.) 19, 33, 260, *to jest, mock, cajole. part. past, japed*, 371
 japer (A.S.) *pl. japeres, japeris*, 3, 164, 175, *a jester, mocker*
 Jewe, *gen. pl. Jewen*, 19, *Jewene*, 384, 402, *a Jew*
 joglele (A.N.) 260, *to play the minstrel, or jongleur*
 jogelour (A. N.) 121, 175, *a minstrel, jongleur, one who played mountebank tricks*
 jouke (A.S.) 336, *to rest, dwell*
 joute (A.N.) 86, *a battle, combat*
 jugge (A.N.) *a judge*
 juggen (A.N.) 290, 427, *to judge*
 jurdan (A.N.) 251, *a pot. At a*

later period the word was only applied to a chamber-pot, as in Shakespeare
 juste (A. N.) 251, justes, 351, 352, 370, *a joust, battle, tournament*
 justen, juste (A. N.) 336, 370, 374, *to joust, tilt (in a tournament)*. pret. s. justed, 340, justede, 380
 justere (A. N.) 396, *one who goes to jousts, engages in tournaments*
 justice (A. N.) 404, *to judge*
 juttes (A. N. ?) 201, *low persons*
 juventee (A. N.) 402, *youth*
 juwise (A. N.) 392, *judgment*, from *judicium*

K. See under C.

L.

lachesse (A. N.) 153, *negligence*
 ladde (A. S.) pl. laddes, 398, *a low common person*
 † laiche (A. S.) 486, *to catch, obtain. see lakke*
 layk (A. S.) 287, *play*
 laiken (A. S.) 11, *to play*. The writer of the romance of Kyng Alisaunder, in describing a battle (Weber, p. 159), says,—

There was *sweord lakkyng*,
i. e. there was playing with the sword. Weber, in his Glossary, has very wrongly explained it by *licking*. It is the Anglo-Saxon poetic phrase, *sweorda ge-lác*, *the play of swords*

lakke (A. S.) 189, *a fault, a lack, or something deficient or wanting*

lakken, lacche (A. S.) 31, 40, 130, 220, 260, 309, 333, *to obtain, catch, take*. pret. s. laughte, 357, 388, 434. part. act. lacchyng, 21

lakken (A. S.) 85, 130, 185, 189, 208, 214, 234, 263, 307, 309, 329, 411, *to mock, to blame, or reproach*. pret. pl. lakkede, 294. part. pas. y-lakked, 29

lakken (A. S.) 46, 218, 219, 262, 310, 365, 423, *to lack, to be wanting*. pret. s. lakkede, 402, *was wanting*

lambren (A. S.) 307, *lambs*. So Lydgate (Minor Poems, ed. Halliwell), p. 169,—

Takith to his larder at what price he wold,
 Of gretter *lambren*, j., ij., or thre,
 In wynter nyghtis frostis bien so colde,
 The sheppard slepithe, God lete hym never the!

lang (A. S.) *long*

lape (A. S.) 426, *to lap, as a dog*

large (A. N.) 398, *largess* (?)

lasse (A. S.) *less*

late, lete (A. S.) 76, 386, *to let*. pres. s. leet, 305, 384. pret. s. leet, 27, 74, 127, 209, 346, pl. leten, lete, 294, 393. subj. s. late

† lath () 476. Perhaps an error of the old edition for *lay*?

† latun (A. N.) 462, *a mixed metal of the colour of brass*

laughen (A. S.) 439, *to laugh*. pret. s. lough, 423. part. pas. lowen, 82

- launde (A.N.) 155, 183, 312, *a plain, a level space clear of trees in the midst of a forest, a lawn*
- lave (A.N.) 273, *to wash*
- lavendrye (A.N.) 306, *washing*
- † lavoures (A.N.) 462, *lavers, ewers, basins to receive water*
- leauté (A.N.) *loyalty*
- leche (A.S.) 443, *a physician*
- lechecraft (A.S.) 336, 435, *the art of healing, medicine*
- lechen (A.S.) 261, *to cure. pret. s. leched, 337*
- leden, lede (A.S.) 355, 393, *to lead. pret. s. ladde, 352. part. act. ledynge. part. pas. lad, 160, 246*
- ledene (A.S.) 242, 243, *speech, language. This is applied, as here, to birds, by Chaucer, C. T. 10749:—*
- This faire kynges doughter, Canace,
That on hir fynger bar the queynte
ryng,
Thurgh which sche understood wel
every thing
That eny foul may in his lydne sayn,
And couthe answer him in his lydne
agayn.
- ledes (A.S.) 326, *people attached to the land, peasants*
- leef (A.S.) *dear, love. his leef, his dear*
- leef (A.S.) 301, *pl. leves. a leaf*
- leelly (A.N.) 19, lelly, 45, 146, *loyally, faithfully. leele, lele, loyal. lelest, 349, most loyal*
- leere, lere (A.S.) 15, 173, *coun-tenance, mien, complexion*
- leggen (A.S.) 30, 133, 235, 306, 426, leyen, 374, *to lay, to bet (to lay down a wager). pret. s.*
- leide, 352, 372, 432, leyde, 98, 436
- legistre (A.N.) 139, *a legist, one skilled in the law*
- ley, *pl. leyes (A.S.) 138, a lea (Lat. saltus)*
- leye (A.S.) 360, 364, *flame*
- leme (A.S.) 376, 377, *brightness*
- lemman (A.S.) *pl. lemmannes, 303, a sweetheart, a mistress*
- lene (A.S.) *lean*
- lenen, lene (A.S.) *to give; hence ourlend. pret. lened, 269. part. past, lent, 275*
- lenen (A.S.) *to lean. pret. s. lened, 369*
- leng (A.S.) 27, 421, *to rest, remain, reside long in a place. pret. s. lenged, 151. † pret. pl. lengeden, 469, dwelt, remained*
- Lenten (A.S.) *Lent*
- lenten (A.S.) 369, *a linden tree*
- leode (A.S.) 352, *people, a person, whence our lad*
- lepen (A.S.) 41, 236, *to leap. pret. s. leep, 10, 41, lope, 71, lepe, 107, lepte, 434. pl. lopen, 14, 22, 86, lope, 74, part. pas. lopen, 88*
- leperis (A.S.) *leapers. lond leperis heremytes, hermits who leap or wander over different lands*
- lered (A.S.) 45, *learned, educated, clergy*
- leren (A.S.) 146, *to teach. pres. he lereth. pret. lerned, 146, 412, lered, 292, 336, 410*
- lerne (A.S.) 350, 351, 437, 441, *to learn. part. pas. y-lerned, 141*
- lesen (A.S.) *to lose. pres. s. lese, lees, 107, 148. part. act. le-*

synge. *part. pas.* lost, lore, 374, y-lorn, 388

lese (A.S.) 121, *to glean.* The word is still used in Shropshire and Herefordshire

lesynge (A.S.) 66, 387, 388, *a lie, fable, falsehood*

lethi (A.S.) 184, *hateful*

letten, leten, lette (A.S.) 352, 435, *to hinder, to tarry. pret. s. lette,*

368, letted, 335. *part. past,*

letted, 418. *lettere, 19, a hinderer. lettyng, a hindrance*

lettrede (A. N.) 49, *lettered, learned. y-lettrede, learned, instructed*

lettrure (A. N.) *learning, scripture, literature*

leve (A.S.) 385, *leave, permission*

leve (A.S.) *pl. leeve, dear, precious. levere, dearer, rather.*

leveste, levest, 364, *dearest*

leved (A.S.) 300, *leaved, covered with leaves*

leven (A.S.) 299, 301, *to leave. part. s. lafte, 447*

leven (A.S.) *to dwell, remain. pret. lafte, 440. †pret. s. lefte, 473, dwelt, remained*

leven, leeve (A.S.) *to believe, 304, 319. pret. s. leeved, 435.*

leved, 392. *pl. leveden*

lewed (A.S.) 26, 420, *lay, ignorant, untaught, useless. lewed of that labour, 237, ignorant of, or unskilful in, that labour. lewednesse, 45, ignorance, rusticity*

lewte (A. N.) *loyalty*

lyard (A. N.) 352, 368, *a common name for a horse, but signifying originally a horse of a grey colour*

libben. libbe (A.S.) 275, *to live. part. act. libbynge*

lyen (A.S.) *to lie. pres. s. 2 pers. thow lixt, 86. pret. thow leighe, 393, thou didst lie*

liere (A.S.) *a liar*

lif (A.S.) *pl. lives, life*

liflode (A.S.) *living, state of life*

lift (A.S.) 316, *air, sky*

lige (A. N.) 76, 390, *liege*

liggen, ligge (A. S.) 361, *to lie down. pres. s. I ligge, he lith,*

lyth, 355, *thei ligge, 421.*

pret. sing. lay. part. act. liggyng. *part. pas. leven, 45,*

y-leye, 82, y-leyen, 198, 399

lighten (A.S.) *to alight, descend, or dismount from. pret. s. lighte, 352*

lightloker (A.S.) 112, 237, 321, *more lightly, more easily*

lik, lich, y-lik (A.S.) 389, *like, resembling. liknesse, likeness, y-liche, 401*

liche (A.S.) 173, *the body.* Chaucer, C. T. l. 2960, speaks of the *liche-wake*, or ceremonies of waking and watching the corpse, still preserved in Ireland:—

Ne how the *liche-wake* was y-holde
Al thilke night, ne how the Grekes
pleye.

In the romance of Alexander (Weber, p. 145), the word is applied to a living body (as in *Piers Ploughman*):—

The armure he dude on his liche—
he put the armour on his body

likame, lycame (A.S.) *the body*

liken (A.S.) 455, *to please, to like* (i. e. *be pleased with*).
 liketh, 17, 262. *pret. s. liked*
 likynge (A.S.) 203, *pleasure, love, liking*
 likerous (A.N.) 133, *nice, voluptuous, lecherous*
 likne (A.S.) 175, 190, *to imitate, to mimic, to make a simile*
 lyme (A.S.) 436, *limb*
 lyme-yerd (A.S.) 170, *limed twig*
 lymitour (A.N.) 85, 445, *a limitour, a begging friar*
 lynde (A.S.) 24, 155, *the linden tree*
 lippe (A.S.) 324, *a slip, portion*
 liser (A.N.) 89, *list of cloth (?)*
 lisse (A.S.) 160, 383, *joy, happiness, bliss*
 liste (A.S.) *to please, list. pret. list, 356, it pleased*
 listre (A.S.) 85, *a deceiver*
 lite (A.S.) 262, *little*
 litel (A.S.) *little. litlum and litlum, 329, by little and little, the uncorrupted Anglo-Saxon phrase. See note*
 lyth (A.S.) 341, *a body*
 lythe, lithen (A.S.) 155, 270, *to listen to*
 lyven, lyve (A.S.) *to live. pr. pl. lyveden, 2. part. act. lybbynge. See libben*
 lyves (A.S.) *alive. lyves and lokynge, 405, alive and looking. See note on l. 5014*
 lyveris (A.S.) 235, *livers, people who live*
 lobies (A.S.) 4, *loobies, clowns*
 loft (A.S.) *high, height. bi lofte and by ground, 372, in height and in ground-plan. o-lofte, aloft, on high*

lok (A.S.) 27, *a lock*
 loken (A.S.) 388, *to look, to over-see, 148. pret. s. lokede, 276*
 lollen (A.S.) 240, *to loll. part. pas. lolled, 239. part. act. lollynge, 346*
 lolleris (A.S.) 308, *lollards. The origin of this word is doubtful, but it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion. It was certainly in use long before the time of the Wycliffites, in Germany as well as in England. Johannes Hocsemius (quoted by Ducange, v. *Lollardi*) says, in his chronicle on the year 1309, "Eodem anno quidam hypocritæ gyrovagi, qui Lollardi sive Deum laudantes vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles deceperunt," &c. The term, used in the time of Piers Ploughman as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the church reformers. The writer of the Ploughman's Tale, printed in Chaucer, Speght, fol. 86, appears to apply it to wandering friars:—*
i-cleped lollers and londlese.
 lomere (A.S.) 439, *more frequently*
 lond-buggere (A.S.) 191, *a buyer of land*
 †lone (A.S.) 493, *a loan (?)*

longen (A.S.) *to belong*
 loof (A.S.) *a loaf*
 loone (A.S.) 442, *a loan. lenger yeres loone, a loan of a year longer, a year's extension or renewal of the loan*
 loore (A.S.) 79, 244, *teaching, lore, doctrine, science*
 loores-man, lores-man (A.S.) 164, 318, *a teacher*
 loos (A.S.) 219, *honour, praise*
 lorel (A.N.) 147, 294, 351, 369, *a bad man, a good-for-nothing fellow. Chaucer, in his translation of Boethius, uses it to represent the Latin perditissimus. Compare the description of the lorel in the Ploughman's Tale (Speght's Chaucer) fol. 91:—*

For thou canst no cattell gete,
 But livest in lond as a *lorell*,
 With glosing gettest thou thy mete.

losel (A.N.) 5, 124, 176, 303, *a wretch, good-for-nothing fellow. It appears to be a different form of the preceding word. loselly, 240, in a disgraceful, good-for-nothing manner*
 losengerie (A.N.) 125, 176, *flattery, lying*
 lothen (A.S.) *to loath*
 ooth (A.S.) *loath, hateful. lother, 318, more loath. lothliche, hateful*
 lotebies (A.S.?) 52, *private companions, bed-fellows. In the romance of the Seven Sages (Weber, p. 57) it is said of a woman unfaithful to her husband:—*

Sche stal a-wai, mididone,
 And wente to here *lotebi*.

Chaucer uses the word (in the romance of the Rose, l. 6339), in a passage rather similar to this of Piers Ploughman:—

Now am I yong and stout and bolde,
 Now am I Robert, now Robin,
 Now frere Minor now Jacobin,
 And *with me followeth my loteby*,
 To don me solace and company.

In the original the word is *compaigne*

lotien (A.S.) 354, *to lurk, lie in ambush*
 louke (A.S.) 384, *to lock*
 louren (A.S.) *to lower*
 lous, lys (A.S.) *pl. a louse*
 louten (A.S.) 50, 181, 182, 300, *to make a salutation, reverence. pret. s. louted, 294, 470*
 lovyen, lovye, lovien (A.S.) *to love. hym lovede, 356, it pleased him*
 lowen (A.S.) *to condescend (?) pret. lowed, 8*
 luft (A.S.) 69, *fellow, person*
 †lullyng (A.S.) 455, *lolling (?)*
 lurdayne (A.S.) 375, 436, *a clown, rustic, ill-bred person*
 lusard (A.N.) 389, *a lizard, crocodile*
 lussheburwes (A.N.) 316, *base or adulterated coins; which took their name and were imported from Luxemburg. See note on l. 10322*
 luten (A.N.) *to play on the lute. pret. s. lutede, 395*
 luther (A.S.) 316, 390, *bad, wicked*

M.

- macche (A.S.) 248, 249, *companion, match-fellow*
 macche (A.S.) 360, *a match*
 macer (A.N.) 47, *one who carries a mace*
 mayen (A.S.) *to be able* (it is seldom or never used in the infinitive mood). *pres. s.* may, *pl.* mowen, mowe. *pret. s.* myghte, *pl.* mighte
 y-maymed (A.S.) 359, *maimed*
 mayn-pernour, (A.N.) 71, 380. *See the next word*
 mayn-prise (A.N.) 70, 346, *a kind of bail.* a law term. "It signifieth in our Common Law the taking or receiving a man in friendly custodie, that otherwise is or might be committed to prison, and so upon securitie given for his forth coming at a day assigned: and they that doe thus undertake for any, are called *mainpernours*, because they do receive him into their hands." MINSHEU. The persons thus received were allowed to go at large
 mayn-prise (A.N.) 75, 426, *meynprise*, 39, *to bail in the manner described under the foregoing word*
 mair (A.N.) 290, *pl.* meires, 150, *a mayor*
 maistrie (A.N.) 66, *a mastery, a feat of science*
 make (A.S.) 50, 222, 230, *a companion, consort*
 maken, make (A.S.) *to make.* *pret. s.* made. *part. pas.* y-made, 2. maad, 71, 248
 make (A.S.) 229, *to compose poetry.* *See note*
 makynge (A.S.) 229, *writing poetry*
 male (A.N.) 91, *a box, pack*
 †malisones (A.N.) 493, *curses*
 mamelen (A.S.) 78, 226, *to chatter, mumble*
 menacen (A.N.) *to menace, threaten*
 manere (A.N.) *manner*
 mange (A.N.) 132, *to eat*
 mangerie (A.N.) 209, 328, *an eating, a feast*
 manlich (A.S.) 92, *humane.* *manliche, manfully, humanely*
 mansed (A.N.) 30, 74, 190, 233, 438, *cursed, excommunicated*
 marc (A.N.) 161, *a mark (a coin)*
 marche (A.S.) 159, 321, *a border.* The word is preserved in the term "Marches of Wales," "Marches of Scotland"
 marchen (A.N.) *to march, go*
 mareys (A.N.) *a marsh*
 †masedere (A.N.) 499, *more amazed*
 maugree (A.N.) 131, *ill thanks, in spite of*
 maundee (A.S.) 339, *maunday*
 maundement (A.N.) 348, *a commandment*
 mawe (A.S.) 298, *mouth, maw*
 maze (A.N.) 12, *doubt, amazement, a labyrinth*
 meden (A.S.) 56, *to reward, bribe*
 mede (A.S.) *meed, reward*
 medlen (A.N.) *to mix with*
 meel (A.S.) *meal*

- meene (A. N.) *poor, moderate, middle*
 mees (A.S.) 242, 313, *a mess or portion of meat*
 megre (A.N.) *meagre, thin*
 meynee (A.N.) 178, *household, household retinue*
 meken (A.S.) *to make meek, humiliate*
 mele (A.S.) 262, *meal, flour*
 mendinaunt, *pl. mendinauntz* (A.N.) *a beggar; friars of the begging orders*
 mene, meene (A.N.) *mean, middle*
 mene (A.N.) 326, *a mean*
 menen (A.S.) *to mean. to meene, 15, 18. that is Crist to mene, 399, that means Christ*
 menen (A. S.) *to moan, lament. pret. mened*
 †menemong (A.S.) 497, *of an ordinary quality*
 menever (A.N.) 433, *a kind of fur; the fur of the ermine and small weasel mixed*
 mengen (A.S.) *to mix, meddle*
 menyson (A.N.) 337, *a flux, dysentery*
 menour (A.N.) *a Minorite*
 menske (A.S.) 54, 455, *decency, honour, manliness*
 mercien (A.N.) *to thank*
 mercy (A.N.) 17, 353, *thanks*
 mercy (A.N.) 360, 361, *mercy*
 mercymment (A.N.) *amercement*
 merk (A.S.) 316, *a mark*
 merke (A.S.) 15, *dark. merkenesse* (A.S.) 377, 379, *darkness*
 merveillous (A. N.) *marvellous, wonderful*
 meschief (A.N.) 197, *mishap, evil, mischief*
 mesel (A.S.) *pl. meseles, 51, 144, 337, a leper*
 meson-Dieux (A.N.) 139, *hospitals*
 messe (A.S.) *mass, the Romish ceremony*
 mestier (A.N.) 138, *occupation*
 mesurable (A.N.) *moderate*
 met (A.S.) 267, *measure*
 mete (A.S.) *meat. mete-less, (A.S.) without meat*
 metels (A.S.) 13, 31, 147, 149, 155, 202, 206, *a dream*
 meten, meete (A. S.) 310, *to meet. pret. s. mette, 351. part. pas. met, 216*
 meten (A.S.) *to dream. pret. s. mette, 148, 155, 396. part. s. metyng, 221*
 metyng (A.S.) 246, *a dream*
 †meter (A.S.) 476, *fitter (?)*
 meve (A.N.) 153, 288, *to move. pres. pl. ye moeven, 298*
 myd (A. S.) *with*
 myddel-erthe (A. S.) 221, *the world*
 middes (A.S.) *middle, midst*
 mynistren (A.N.) 231, *to administer*
 mynnen (A.S.) 322, *to mind, to recollect*
 mynours (A.N.) *miners, diggers of mines*
 mys-beden (A.S.) 119, *to injure*
 mysese (A.N.) 16, *ill ease*
 mys-eise (A.N.) 139, *ill at ease*
 mysfeet (A.N.) 224, *ill deed, wrong*
 †myster (A.N.) 484, *kind, species*
 mystier (A.S.) *more misty, more dark*
 †myteynes (A.N.) 476, *mittens, gloves*

mnam, 131, *a Hebrew coin*
 mo (A.S.) *more*
 mody (A.S.) *moody. modiliche, moodily*
 moeble, meble (A.N.) 364, *goods*
 molde, moolde (A.S.) *earth, mould*
 moled (A.N.) 262, 264, *spotted, stained*
 mom (A.S.) 13, *a mum, sound*
 mone (A.S.) 295, *lamentation*
 † monelich (A.N.) 457, *meanly*
 monials (A.N.) 192, *nuns (Lat. moniales)*
 moore (A.S.) 403, *greater*
 moest (A.S.) *greatest*
 moot (A.N.) 113, 417, *a moat*
 mool-halle (A.S.) 73, 74, *hall of meeting, of justice*
 more (A.S.) 300, 330, 331, 334, *pl. mores, 416, a root*
 mornen (A.S.) *to mourn. pret. s. mornede*
 mortrews (A.N.) 248, 250, 252, *a kind of soup*
 morwe (A.S.) *morning, morrow*
 morwenynge (A.S.) *morning*
 mote (A.S.) 25, *to hold courts of justice*
 motyng (A.S.) 141, *judging, meeting for justice*
 moton (A.N.) 44, *the name of a coin. See note on l. 1404*
 mous (A.S.) *pl. mees, a mouse*
 mouster (A.N.) 267, *muster, arrangement*
 muche (A.S.) 155, 417, *great*
 muchel (A.S.) 401, *great, much*
 muliere, mulliere (A.N.) 343, 344, *a wife, woman*
 murie (A.S.) *pleasant, merry, joyful. murye, 1, pleasantly, murier, more pleasant*

murthe (A.S.) 382, *pleasure, joy, mirth*
 murthen (A.S.) 362, *to make merry or joyful*
 muson (A.N.) 183, *measures (?)*
 must (A.S.) 391, *a liquor made of honey*

N.

nale (A.S.) 124, *the ale. see atte*
 namoore (A.S.) *no more*
 naught (A.S.) *not, nought*
 ne (A.S.) *not. The negative ne is combined with the verb to will, to be, &c.; as nelle, for ne wille, nel, nyl, for ne wil, nere, for ne were, nolde, for ne wolde, nyste, for newiste. It is sometimes combined with other verbs, as narroos, 399, for ne aroos. So we have such expressions as, wol he nele he, 427, i. e. whether he will or he will not*
 nede (A.S.) *need*
 neddre (A.S.) 82, *an adder, venomous serpent*
 nedlere (A.S.) 96, *maker of, or dealer in, needles*
 neet (A.S.) 411, *cattle. Farmers still talk of neat cattle*
 neghen (A.S.) *to approach, to near. pret. s. neghed, 425, neghede, 438*
 neigh (A.S.) *near, nigh*
 nempne (A.S.) 397, *to name, call. pret. s. nempned, 397, 404. part. pas. y-nempned, nempned*
 nevelynge (A.S.) 85, *sniveling*
 nygard (A.S.) *niggard*
 nymen, nyme (A.S.) 268, 304,

- 426, *totake. part. pas. y-nome*, 427
 nyppe (A.S.) 379, *a point (?)*
 noble (A.N.) 191, *a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eightpence*
 noght (A.S.) *nought, nothing*
 noyen (A.N.) *to injure, annoy, plague*
 nones (A.N.) 125, *the hour of two or three in the afternoon*
 nonne (A.S.) 86, *a nun*
 noon (A.S.) *none*
 nounpere (A.N.) 97, *an umpire, an arbitrator*
 noughty (A.S.) 130, *possessed of nothing*
 noun (A.N.) 366, *no*
 nouthe (A.S.) *now*
 oughen (A.S.) *to own, possess, owe. pret. s. oughte*, 47
 outhen (A.S.) *other, either, or*
 over-come (A.S.) *to overcome. pret. s. over-coom*, 405
 over-hoven (A.S.) 55, 379, *to hover or dwell over, hang over*
 over-hippen (A.S.) *to hop over, skip over. pret. pl. thei over-huppen*, 250, 318
 over-leden (A.S.) 62, *to over-lead, tyrannize over*
 over-spreden (A.S.) *to spread over. pret. s. over-spradde*, 408
 over-tilten (A.S.) *to tilt or throw over. pret. s. over-tilte*, 428, 433, *threw over, dug up*
 owene (A.S.) 366, *own*

O.

- o (A.S.) 349, *one*
 of-gon (A.S.) 166, *to derive (?)*
 of-walked (A.S.) 258, *fatigued with walking*
 o-lofte (A.S.) *aloft, on high*
 one, oone (A.S.) *singly, alone, only. myn one*, 154, *myself singly*
 †onethe (A.S.) *scarcely. See un-nethe*
 oon (A.S.) *one*
 oost (A.N.) 416, *a host, army*
 openen, opene (A.S.) *to open. pret. pl. opned*, 388
 ordeigne, ordeyne (A.N.) 415, *to ordain*
 organye (A.N.) 369, *a musical instrument. by organye, as an accompaniment to music*
 ote (A.S.) *an oat*

P.

- paast (A.N.) 275, *paste, dough*
 payn (A.N.) *bread*
 paynym (A.N.) 108, 326, *a pagan*
 pays (A.N.) 340, *country*
 pallen (A.S.) 333, *to knock. pret. s. I palle*, 332
 palmere (A.N.) 83, *a palmer, pilgrim to distant lands*
 paltok (A.N.) 370, 438, *a cloak*
 panne (A.S.) 69, *the scull, head*
 pardoner (A.N.) *a dealer in pardons*
 parentrelynarie (A.N.) 220, *between the lines, interlineal*
 parfiter (A.N.) 229, *more perfectly*
 parfitly (A.N.) *perfectly*
 parfourne (A.N.) *to perform*
 parisschen (A.N.) 206, 441, *a parishioner*

- parle (A.N.) *to talk. part. past,*
 parled, 385
 parroken (A.N.) 312, *to park or*
 inclose
 parten (A.N.) *to share, to part.*
 † *part. pas. parten, 475*
 Pasqe (A.N.) 338, *Easter*
 passhen (A.S.) 431, *to crush*
 pawme (A.N.) 356, *the palm of*
 the hand
 pece (A.N.) 276, *a piece*
 peeren (A.N.) 320, *make them-*
 selves equal
 peeren (A.N.) 11, *to appear*
 pees (A.N.) *peace. preide hem*
 be pees, 405, prayed them to
 be quiet
 peire (A.N.) *a pair*
 peiren (A.N.) 50, *to diminish,*
 injure. see apeiren
 peis (A.N.) 91, *weight*
 peisen (A.N.) 90, *to weigh*
 pelure (A.N.) 420, *fur*
 pens (A.S.) *pence*
 peraunter (A.N.) 202, *perad-*
 venture, by chance
 percell, *pl. parcelles* (A.N.) 177,
 220, 349, *a parcel, part*
 percel-mele (A.N.) 48, *piece-*
 meal
 percile (A.N.) 134, *parsley*
 pere (A.N.) 139, *a peer, an equal*
 perfourne (A.N.) 251, *to finish,*
 complete, to furnish
 perillousli (A.N.) *dangerously,*
 rudely
 y-perissed (A.N.) 359, *perished,*
 destroyed
 perree (A.N.) 173, *precious stones,*
 jewellery
 persaunt (A.N.) 24, *piercing*
 person (A.N.) 441, *a parson.*
 personage, *a parsonage*
- pertliche (A.N.) 78, *openly*
 pese (A.N.) *pease*
 petit (A.N.) *little*
 picche (A.S.) 123, *to pick*
 pie (A.N.) 150, *a magpie*
 pik (A.S.) *a pike*
 pikstaf (A.S.) 123, *a pike-staff*
 piken (A.S.) *to pick*
 pyke-harneys (A.N.) 440, *plun-*
 derers
 pykoise (A.N.) 61, *a hoe*
 pil, pyl, *pl. piles* (A.S.) 330,
 332, 417, *a pile*
 †pilche (A.S.) 465, *a coat of*
 hair or some rude material.
 We find the word used by
 Lydgate, ed. Halliwell, p.
 154:—
- Houndys for favour wyl nat spare,
 To pynche his *pylche* with greet
 noyse and soun.
- And in Caxton's Reynard the
 Foxe, cap. v, Reynard hav-
 ing turned hermit, bare "his
 slayvne and *pylche*, and an
 heren sherte therunder."
- †pild (A.N.) 500, *bald*
 pilen (A.N.) 422, *to rob*
 pilour (A.N.) 371, 420, *a thief*
 †pylion (A.S.?) 500, *a kind of*
 cap
 pyne (A.N.) *peyne, pl. peynes,*
 pain, punishment
 pyne, 78. See *wynen*
 pynynge-stoole (A.S.) 47, *lite-*
 rally, a stool of punishment, a
 cucking-stool
 pynne (A.S.) 442, *to bolt*
 piones (A.N.) 95, *the seed of the*
 piony, which was used as a
 spice. In the Coventry Mys-
 teries (ed. Halliwell, p. 22)

- we find the word joined, as here, with pepper:—
 Here is pepyr, *pyan*, and swete lycorys,
 Take hem alle at thi lykyng.
- pyries (A.N.) 78, *pear-trees*
 pisseris (A.N.) 438 (?)
 pistle (A.N.) *an epistle*
 pitously (A.N.) *piteously, for the sake of pity*
 pleyen (A.S.) *to play. pret. s. pleide, pl. pleiden*
 pleyn (A.N.) *full*
 pleyne (A.N.) 53, *to commiserate, to complain, make a complaint*
 plener (A.N.) 209, 336, *full, fully*
 pleten (A.N.) *to plead. pret. pl. pleteden, 140*
 platten (A.N.) *to fall or throw down flat. pret. s. platte, 81*
 plot (A.N.) 263, *pl. plottes, 265, a patch*
 plow-foot (A.S.) 123, *a part of a plough*
 po (A.S.) 243, *a peacock*
 †poynttyl (A.N.) 462, the signification of this word appears to be the *square tiles* used for paving floors. See Warton's Hist. of Engl. Poetry, ii, 99
 poke (A.S.) 150, 259, 275, 288, *a sack*
 poken (A.N.) *to urge, push forwards, poke, thrust*
 pol, 205, polle (A.S.) 261, 430, *a head, poll*
 polshen (A.N.) 105, *to polish*
 pondfold (A.S.) 346, *the pinfold or pound*
 poraille (A.N.) *the poor people*
 porete (A.N.) *pl. porettes, 134, 135, a kind of leek*
- porthors (A.N.) 302, *a breviary, (portiforium, Lat.)*
 pose (A.N.) 365, *to place, put as a supposition*
 possen (A.N.) *to push*
 potente (A.N.) 156, *a club, staff*
 pouke (A.S.) 256, 285, 333, 346, *the devil*
 Poul (A.N.) *St. Paul*
 pounce-mele (A.S.) 41, *by the pound*
 pous (A.N.) 352, *the pulse*
 poustee (A.N.) 79, 228, *power, strength*
 povere (A.N.) *poor*
 †povert (A.N.) 496, *poverty*
 †powghe, terre powghe, 487, *a torn sack or poke (?)* The imperfect glossary appended to the old printed edition of the "Creed" explains it by *tar box*
 prayen (A.N.) 430, *to make prey of, plunder*
 preessen (A.N.) 286, *to hasten, crowd*
 preyen, preye (A.N.) *to pray. pret. s. preide, preyde*
 preiere (A.N.) *prayer*
 preynthe (A.N.?) 253 (?)
 preise (A.N.) 97, *to appraise, value*
 †prese (A.N.) 495, *to hasten. pret. s. presed, 460*
 prest (A.N.) 287, *ready. prester, 191, more ready. preteste, 110, readiest, quickest. prestly, readily*
 preven, preve (A.N.) *to prove*
 prikye (A.S.) 369, *to ride over, ride, spur. pret. s. prikede, 368, part. past, y-priked, 430*
 prikerie (A.S.) 159, 191, *prikiere, 370, a rider*

pris (A.N.) 411, *prize, value*
 prison (A.N.) 140, 315, 372,
a prisoner
 pryvee (A.N.) *private, intimate,*
confidential
 provisour (A.N.) 38, 73, *a pur-*
veyor, provider
 prowor (A.N.) 411, *a priest*
 puffed (A.S.) 78, *blown*
 †pulchen (A.N.) *to polish. part.*
past, pulched, 458, pulchud,
46, polished
 pulette (A.N.) *a chicken*
 punysshén (A.N.) 407, *to punish*
 pure (A.N.) *pure, simple, un-*
mixed. pure (adv.) 213,
purely, simply. purely for-do,
262, altogether destroyed or
undone. †puriche (A.N.) 467,
purely: perhaps it should be
purliche
 purfill, purfil (A.N.) 72, 78, *em-*
broidery, tinsel
 purfilen (A.N.) 28, *to embroider*
 put (A.S.) 195, 284, *pl. puttes,*
a pit, cave
 putten, puten (A.S.) 400, *to*
put, place. pres. s. putte, pl.
putten. pres. s. and pl. putte,
68, 110, 372. part. past, y-put,
290

Q.

quatron (A.N.) 90, *a quartern*
 quave (A.N.) *to shake, tremble.*
pret. s. quaved, 373
 queed (A.S.) 285, *the evil one,*
the devil
 queste-mongere (A.N. and A.S.)
one who made a business of
conducting inquests
 queynt (A.S.) 390, *quenched,*
destroyed

queyntely (A.N.) 416, *quaintly,*
cunningly
 queyntise (A.N.) 385, 417, *cunning*
 quellen (A.S.) *to kill. part. past,*
quelt, 537, killed
 †quenes (A.S.) 456, *women. The*
word is used in the modern
sense of the word wench
 quyk (A.S.) 334, 399, *live, alive*
 quykne (A.S.) 390, *to give life*
to, bring to life. pret. s. I
quikne
 quite, quyte (A.N.) 389, 390,
to quit, pay off. part. past,
quit, 390
 quod (A.S.) *quoth, says*

R.

radegunde (A. S.?) 430, *a dis-*
ease, apparently a sort of boil
 rageman (A. N.) 5, 335, *a cata-*
logue, list
 ray (A.N.) 89, *a ray, streak*
 †raken (A.S.) 455, *to go raking*
about
 rakiere (A.S.) 96, *one who goes*
raking about
 rape (A.S.) 97, *haste*
 rapen (A.S.) 65, 101, 124, *to*
prepare. pret. s. raped, 352
 rapeliche (A. S.) 347, *rapely,*
351, readily, quickly. rapelier,
352, more quickly
 rappen (A.S.) 20, *to strike, rap*
rather, 155, earlier
 rathe (A.S.) *early. rathest, earli-*
est, first, soonest, most readily
 raton (A. N.) *a rat*
 ratoner (A.N.) 96, *a rat-catcher*
 raunsone (A.N.) 390, *ransom*
 rave (A. S.) 380, *to rave. rave-*
stow, 380, dost thou rave

- ravysshen (A. N.) 399, *to ravage, rob, plunder, ravish*
 raxen (A.S.) 100, *to hawk, spit*
 reaume, reme (A.N.) *pl. remes, reames, a realm*
 recche (A. S.) 67, 204, *to reckon, care for. pret. s. roughte, 369*
 recchelees (A.S.) 369, *reckless*
 rechen (A.S.) 359, *to reach. pret. s. raughte, 5, 76, 153, 335, 369*
 recoverer (A.N.) 352, *a remedy (?)*
 recrayed (A. N.) 58, *recreant (?)*
 rede (A.S.) *red*
 rede (A.S.) *to read*
 reden (A.S.) *to advise, counsel. pret. s. redde, 106, pl. radde, 71, 84. imperat. reed, 72*
 redel (A.S.) 257, *a riddle*
 †redelich (A. S.) 498, *readily, promptly*
 redyng-kyng, 96, *a class of feudal retainers. See Spelman's Gloss. in v. rodknightes*
 reed (A. S.) *counsel, advice*
 regne (A. N.) *to reign. pret. s. regnede, 399, reigned*
 regratier, regrater (A.N.) 48, 90, *a retailer of wares or victuals*
 regratrie (A. N.) 48, *retailing, selling by retail*
 reyn (A.S.) *rain*
 rekenen (A.S.) *to reckon, count*
 relessen (A. N.) 46, *to forgive*
 releve (A.N.) 377, *to raise again, restore, rally*
 religious (A.N.) *pl. religiouses 192, a monk*
 renable (A. N.) 10, *reasonable*
 renden (A.S.) 13, *to rend, tear. imperat. rende, 76*
 reneye (A. N.) 210, *to deny, be a renegade to. part. pas. reneyed, 210, renegade*
 renk (A.S.) 12, 101, 149, 231, 238, 280, 369, 385, *a man*
 rennen, renne (A. S.) 353, *to run. imperative, ren thow, 230. pret. s. ran, roon, 277, yarn, 205 (? y-arn). part. past, ronne, 156*
 renner (A. S.) 72, *a runner*
 renten (A.N.) 140, *to give rents to*
 †rentful (A.S.) 476, *meagre, miserable (?)*
 repen (A.S.) *to reap. pret. pl. ropen, 268*
 repreven (A.N.) 236, *to reprove, blame*
 rerages (A. N.) 91, *arrears*
 retenaunce (A.N.) 31, *a retinue*
 reve (A.S.) 34, 102, 411, 423, *an overseer, a reeve, steward, or bailiff*
 reve (A.S.) 335, 385, *to take from*
 revere, *pl. reveris (A.S.) reavers, people who deprive by force*
 reward (A. N.) 364, *attention, warning*
 †rewel (A.S.) 473, *rule*
 rewen (A.S.) *to rue, to have mercy*
 rewme (A.N.) 430, *a rheumatism, cold*
 ribaud (A.N.) 108, 286, 339, 372, *a profligate low man. The word belonged properly to a particular class in society. See a detailed account of its derivation and signification in a note in my Political Songs, p. 369*
 ribaudie (A.N.) *low profligate talk*
 ribaudour (A.N.) 121, *a teller of low tales*
 ribibour (A.N.) 96, *a player on*

- the ribibe* (a musical instrument)
- riche, ryche (A.S.) *a kingdom.*
hevene riche blisse, *the joy of the kingdom of heaven*
- richen (A. N.) *to become rich*
- riden, ryde (A. S.) *to ride. pres. s. ryt, pl. riden. pret. s. rood, 354*
- rightwisnesse (A. S.) 393, *righteousness*
- ringen (A. S.) *to ring. pret. pl. rongen, 395, 428*
- ripe (A. S.) 415, *to ripen*
- ripe (A. S.) 100, *ready*
- rise, ryse (A. S.) 352, *to rise. pret. s. roos, 91, 344*
- risshe (A.S.) 75, *a rush (juncus)*
- rody (A. S.) *ruddy, red*
- roggen (A.S.) *to shake* (explained in the Prompt. Parv. by *agito.*) *pret. s. rogged, 335*
- roynous (A. N.) 430, *scabby, rough*
- rolle (A. N.) 93, *to enrol*
- rome (A. S.) 209, 210, 328, *to roam*
- romere (A. S.) *pl. romeris, a person who wanders or roams about*
- ronges (A.S.) 333, *the steps of a ladder*
- roost (A. N.) 14, *roast*
- †rote (A. N.) *practice. by rote, by heart. be pure rote, 473, merely by rote*
- roten (A.S.) *to rot*
- rotey tyme (A.N.) 222, *the time of rut*
- †rotheren (A.S.) 476, *oxen*
- rounen, rownen (A. S.) 66, 97, *to whisper, talk privately*
- routhe (A. S.) *ruth, compassion*
- rowen (A. S.) *to become red, as the dawn of day (?) . pret. s. rowed, 376*
- rifulliche (A. S.) *ruefully*
- rugge (A. S.) 286, 413, *the back.*
- rugge-bone (A. S.) 98, *the back-bone*
- ruhlen (A.N.) 393, *to rule, govern*
- rusty (A.S.) 121, *filthy (?) . In the Coventry Mysteries, p. 47, Ham's wife says, "rustynes of synne is cawse of these wawys;" i. e. filthiness of sin is the cause of these waves*
- ruthe (A. S.) *compassion*
- rutten (A. S.?) 100, *to snore. pret. s. rutte, 369*
- ruwet (A.S.?) 98, *a small trumpet*

S.

- saaf (A. N.) *safe*
- sadde (A.S.) 188, *to make serious, steady*
- sadde (A.S.) 152, *serious, grave, steady*
- sadder (A. S.) 77, *souder*
- safly (A.N.) *safely*
- saille (A. N.) 260, *to leap*
- salve (A. N.) 337, *to apply salves*
- samplarie (A. N.) 234, *type, first copy*
- saufte (A.N.) *safety*
- saughtne (A. S.) 65, *to be pacified, reconciled*
- saulee (A. N.) 331 (?)
- saunz (A.N.) *without*
- saute (A. N.) 260, *to jump*
- sauter (A. N.) *the Psalter*
- savoren (A. N.) 157, *to savour*
- savour (A.N.) 147, *knowledge*

sawe (A. S.) 147, 165, 378, *pl.*
sawes, 174, *a saying, legend,*
proverb

scathe (A.S.) 46, 70, 71, 298,
injury, hurt

scryveynes (A.N.) 193, *writers*

†se (A.N.) 483, *seat*

secte (A.N.) 106, 107, 216, *a*
suit

see (A.S.) *the sea*

seel (A.S.) 348, *pl.* seles, *a*
seal

seem (A.S.) 45, 67, *a seam* (of
wheat), *a measure of eight*
bushels, originally as much
as a horse could carry

sege (A.N.) 443, *siege*

†seget (A.N.) 489, *subject*

segge (A.S.) 46, 78, 84, 100,
210, 341, 443, 445, *a man*

seyen, 290, seye, seyn, seggen,
53, 264, sigge, 208, 302, sig-
gen, 264, 312, 318, 350
(A.S.) *to say. pres. s.* I seye,
he seith, thei siggen, 320.

pret. s. seide, *pl.* seiden

seillynge (A.S.) 387, *sailing*

seynen (A.N.) *to sign. pret. s.*
seyned, 104

seint (A.N.) *a saint*

seken, seche (A.S.) *to seek; 273,*
to penetrate. pret. s. & pl.

soughte. *part. pas.* y-sought

selde (A.S.) *seldom. selden, 365*

selen (A.S.) *to seal*

self (A.S.) *objec. s.* selve, *pl.*
selves *self-same. on the selve*
roode, 427, on the cross itself

†sely (A.S.) 477, *simple, poor*

selkouth (A.S.) *pl.* selkouthe
wonderful, strange

selles (A.N.) *cells*

semen (A.S.) 328, *to seem, ap-*

pear, resemble. †I semed,
460, *I looked*

semynge (A.S.) 318, *resembling*

semy-vif (A.N.) 351, *half alive,*
i. e. half dead

sen, 25, see, 32 (A.S.) *to see.*

pres. sing. thow sest, 15. he

seeth, *pl.* we seen. *pret. sing.*

seigh, 77, 147, 200, 247,

seyghe, 82, saugh, 29, 77,

347, 376, 437, *pl.* seighe.

part. pas. y-seyen, seyen, 216,

308, 349, seene, y-seighen,

77, seighen, 177, y-seighe, 365

senden (A.S.) *to send. pret. s.*

sent, 421, *pl.* senten

serelopes (A.S.) 358, *severally,*
by themselves

serk (A.S.) 81, *a shift, shirt*

serven (A.N.) *to serve*

setten (A.S.) *to set. pret. s. &*

pl. sette. *part. past,* seten,

248

sewen (A.S.) *to follow. see su-*
wen

shaar (A.S.) 61, *the blade or share*
of a plough

†shaf (A.S.) 490, *chaff*

shaft (A.S.) 161, 225, *make,*
creation

shaken (A.S.) *to shake. pret. s.*

shook, 268

shallen (A.S.) *the auxiliary*

verb. sing. I shal, 15. thow

shalt, *pl.* ye shul, 14, shulle,

25, thei shulle, 22—sholde,

sholdest, *pl.* sholden, sholde

shapen, shape (A.S.) *to make,*

create, shape. pret. s. shoop,

1, 163, 197, 225, 443, shapte,

361, 433, for-shapte, 365.

pl. shopen. *part. past,* mys-

shapen, 144, shapen, 280

shappere (A.S.) 358, *a maker, creator*

sharpe (A.S.) 443, *pungent*

sheep (A.S.) 1, *a sheep, or a shepherd*

sheltrom (A.S.) 278, *a host, troop of soldiers*

shenden (A.S.) *to ruin, destroy.*
pret. s. shente, 365. part. pas. shent

shene (A.S.) 394, *bright*

shenfulliche (A.S.) 59, *shamefully, disastrously*

shepstere (A.S.) 265, *a sheep-shearer (?)*

shere (A.S.) *a shear*

sherreve (A.S.) 31, 51, *a shire-reeve, or sheriff*

sherewe, shrewe (A.S.) *a shrew; a cursed one*

shrewednesse (A.S.) *cursedness*

sheten (A.S.) *to shoot. pret. pl. shotten, 438*

shetten, shette (A.S.) *to shut. pret. s. shette*

shide (A.S.) 167, 197, *a thin board, a billet of wood*

shiften (A.S.) *to move away. pret. s. shifte 435*

shyngled (A.S.) 168, *made of planks or boards*

shonyen (A.S.) 87, *to shun*

†shosen () 491 qu. *for chosen, i. e. dispose, incline to*

shrape (A.S.) 84, *to scrape*

shryve (A.S.) 441, *to shrive, make confession. pret. s.*

shrof, 45, 198. *part. pas.*

y-shryve, 82, shryven, 273

shrift (A. S.) *confession*

shroudes (A. S.) *clothes*

sib, sibbe (A. S.) *relation, com-*

panion. Gossip is God-sib, *companion or fellow in God,* and was originally applied to the attendants at a christening

sidder (A. S.) 88, *wider*

sike (A. S.) 355, *sick*

siken (A. S.) *to sigh. pret. s. siked, 293, sikede, 385*

siker, syker (A. S.) *sure, secure.*

sikerer, 237, *more secure, more sure*

syn (A. S.) 444, *since*

syngen, synge (A. S.) 408, *to sing. pret. s. songe, I song, 408. pl. songen, 369, 388, 405*

sinken (A. S.) *to sink. pret. s. sank, 373. pl. sonken, 278*

sisour (A. N.) 31, 32, 38, 51, 75, 434, *a person deputed to hold assizes. See Ducange in v. assisarii*

sith (A. S.) *since. sithen, since, afterwards. sithenes, 121, afterwards. siththe (adv.) since afterwards*

sithe (A. S.) 102, *time*

sitten, sitte (A. S.) *to sit. pret. s. thow sete, 386. I sete, 437. sat, pl. seten, 109*

skile (A. S.) 202, 240, 290, 359, 367, 412, *reason, argument*

†slaughte () 456 (?)

sleighte (A.S.) 379, 401, *a trick, slight*

sleen (A. S.) *to slay. pres. sleeth, 364, 421. pret. s. slow, 433*

slepen (A. S.) *to sleep. pret. s. sleep, 96, 100, I slepte, 247. pl. slepe, 277*

slepyng (A. S.) *a sleep*

sleple (A. S.) 155, *to sleep gently*

- sleuthe (A. S.) *sloth, idleness*
 sliken (A. S.) 34, *to make sleek, smooth*
 slombren (A. S.) *to slumber. pret. s. slombred, 1*
 smal (A. S.) *pl. smale, small*
 smecen (A. S.) *to taste, smack. pret. pl. smaughte, 98*
 smythyn (A. S.) 61, 62, *to do the work of a smith, to forge*
 so (A. S.) *so, as. so soone so, 352, as soon as*
 soden (A. S.) 312, *to boil. part. pas. y-soden, 321*
 sodenes (A. N.) 303, *sub-deans*
 softe (A. S.) 1, *warm (like the Fr. doux)*
 sokene (A. S.) 34, *a district held by tenure of socage*
 solas (A. N.) *comfort, solace*
 soleyne (A. N.) 240, *one left alone*
 solne (A. N.) 102, *to sing by note*
 som (A. S.) *pl. somme, some*
 somone (A. N.) 37, sompne, 62, 209, 408, *to summon*
 somonour (A. N.) 31, 51, 75, *a somner, an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor*
 sonde (A. S.) *mission, sending*
 sone (A. S.) *a son*
 songewarie (A. N.) 147, 148, *the interpreting of dreams*
 sonne (A. S.) *the sun*
 sooth (A. S.) *truth*
 soothnesse, sothnesse (A. S.) *truth*
 sope (A. S.) 254, *a sop*
 sope (A. S.) 273, *soap*
 soper (A. N.) *supper*
 sorwe (A. S.) *sorrow*
 sorweful (A. S.) 353, *sorrowful*
 soth (A. S.) *true*
 sothe (A. S.) *truth*
 sotile (A. N.) 184, 186, *to apply one's cunning or penetration*
 sotil (A. N.) *pl. sotile, 294, 297, 319, 372, clever, cunning, subtle, difficult to conceive or understand*
 sotte (A. N.) *a fool*
 souke (A. N.) 209, *to suck*
 souter (A. S.) 101, 201, *a shoemaker. † soutere, 494*
 souteresse (A. S.) 96, *a female shoemaker*
 southdene (A. N.) *a subdean*
 sowen (A. S.) 274, *to sow. pret. s. sew, 268, 412, pl. sewe, 317. part. pas. y-sowen, 416*
 spakliche (A. S.) 353, *hastily (?)*
 spede (A. S.) 353, *to haste, to speed. pret. s. spedde, 352*
 peken, speke (A. S.) *to speak. pret. s. spak*
 spelonke (LAT.) 311, *a cavern*
 spences (A. N.) 285, *expense*
 spillen (A. S.) (trans.) *to mix, spill, spoil, waste, 414 (intransitive) to perish, 303. part. pas. y-spilt*
 spire (A. S.) 348, *to look closely into, to inquire*
 spores (A. S.) 370, *spurs*
 spring (A. S.) 79, *a sprig, rod*
 springen (A. S.) *to spring. pret. s. sprong, 277, spronge, 404*
 stablisse (A. N.) 22, *to establish*
 † stappying (A. S.) 489, *stepping*
 stede (A. S.) *pl. stedes, a place*
 steere (A. S.) 153, *the helm of a ship*
 steyen (A. S.) *to arise, mount. † pret. s. steigh, 498, arose*

- stekie (A. S.) 22, *to stick fast*
 stele (A. S.) 412, *a handle*
 stelen (A. S.) *to steal. pret. s.*
 stale, 268. *pl. stolen*, 405
 sterre, *pl. sterne*, 310 (A. S.)
 a star
 † styghtle (A. S.) 469, *to establish,*
 confirm. Explained in the
 glossary appended to the old
 edition by *to stay*
 † styлле (A. S.) 473, *quietly, with*
 a low voice
 † y-stongen (A. S.) 483, *stabbed,*
 pierced
 stinken (A. S.) *to stink. pret. s.*
 stank, 328. † styncand, 489,
 stinking
 stynten (A. S.) 22, 186, *to*
 stop
 stonden, stonde, stande, 354
 (A. S.) *to stand.* he stondeth, it
 stant, 325, he stant, 372, thei
 stonden. *pret. s. stood*, 204,
 247
 stoon (A. S.) 328, *a stone*
 stotte (A. S.) 411, *an ox of three*
 years old
 stounde (A. S.) 155, *a short space*
 of time
 stoupe (A. S.) 204, *to bend, stoop.*
 Chaucer, in the first line of
 the Nonne Preestes Tale,
 speaks of,—“A pore wydow
 somedel stoupe in age.”
 † straken (A. S.) 456, *to proceed*
 directly
 † stre (A. S.) 496, *straw*
 streyte (A. S.) *straitly, narrowly*
 streyves (A. N.) 6, *estreys, beasts*
 which have strayed. a law-
 term
 striken (A. S.) *to strike. pret. s.*
 strook
 struyen (A. N.) 328, *to destroy*
 pret. struyede
 stuwe (A. N.) 121, *a house of ill*
 fame, a stew. † stues, 488,
 stews, brothels
 † sueres (A. S.) 459, *followers*
 suffren (A. N.) *to suffer*
 sulen (A. N.) *to soil.* † *part. pas.*
 y-suled, 495, *soiled*
 suren (A. N.) *to assure*
 surgenrie (A. N.) 336, *surgery*
 surquidous (A. N.) 416, *over-*
 bearing, arrogant, conceited
 suster (A. S.) *pl. sustren, a*
 sister
 suwen, sewe (A. S.) 203, 454,
 to follow. pret. s. and pl.
 suwed, 353, suwede, 380.
 part. p. suwed, 110, *sued*,
 155
 swelte (A. S.) 86, *to die, to perish.*
 pret. s. swelted, 431
 swerd (A. S.) *a sword*
 sweren, swerye, 275 (A. S.) *to*
 swear. pret. s. swoor, 434,
 swor, 269. *part. pas. sworn*,
 328, *swore*
 swetter (A. S.) *sweeter*
 swevene (A. S.) *a dream*
 sweyen (A. S.) *to sound. pret. s.*
 sweyed, 1
 swich (A. S.) 385, *pl. swiche,*
 such
 swynken (A. S.) *to labour. pret.*
 pl. swonken, 2.
 swynk (A. S.) *labour, work*
 swithe (A. S.) *very, immediately,*
 quickly
 swowe (A. S.) 86, *to faint, to*
 swoon

T.

tabard (A. N.) 88, *a short coat or mantle*. "Tabbard, *collobium*." Promp. Parv. One of the stage directions in the Coventry Mysteries (p. 244) is:—

Here xal Annas shewyn hymself in his stage, be seyn after a busshop of the hoold lawe, in a skarlet gowne, and over that a *blew tabbard* furryd with whyte.

tacches (A. N.) 168, *stains, blemishes*

taillé (A. N.) 68, *a tally, notched stick; an account scored on a piece of wood*. See note

tailen (A. N.) *to keep an account by notches on a stick, to give a tally for a thing*. part. a. tailende, 156, part. pas. y-tailed, 102

taken (A. S.) *to take*. pres. s. took, pl. token, toke, 398. part. pas. taken

taken, take (A. S.) *to give*. pret. s. took, 328, pl. toke, token, 383

tale (A. S.) *an account, reckoning*

tale-wis (A. S.) 51, *wise in tales*

tasele (A. S.) 322, *a teasel*.

The burs of this plant are used in the manufacture of cloth

tasten (A. N.) 266, 374, *to feel*. pret. s. tastede, 357

techen (A. S.) *to teach*. pret. s. taughte, 19, taghte, 135. part. pas. taught, 186, y-taught, 436

tellen, telle (A. S.) *to count, tell*, 405. pret. s. tolde. pl. tolden

teme, teeme (A. S.) 118, 125, 138, 411, 412, *a team of horses*

teme (A. N.) 48, 80, 147, 209, *a theme*

tenden (A. N.) *to offer, present, to hold out, stretch forth*. pret. pl. tendeden, 383

tenen, tene (A. S.) 256, 320, *to injure*. pret. s. tened, 432

tene (A. S.) 124, 125, 145, 209, 335, *anger, hurt*

teneful (A. S.) *injurious*

termes (A. N.) 242, *terms, times for their work*

teynten (A. N.) *to die, tint*. part. past, y-teynted, 322

y-termyned (A. N.) 20, *judged, determined*

thanne (A. S.) *then*

thecche (A. S.) 410, *to thatch*

theen (A. S.) *to thrive*. be prosperous. so thee ik! 90, *as I may prosper!*

thef, thief (A. S.) pl. theves, 239, 353, 373, *a thief*. thefliche, 389, *thievishly*

theigh (A. S.) *though*

thenke, thynke (A. S.) 211, 228, *to think*. pres. s. he thenketh, 407

ther (A. S.) *there, where*. thereafter, 90, *in proportion to it*. thermyd, *therewith*

thesternesse (A. S.) 340, *darkness*

thynke (A. S.) 384, *to seem*. pres. sing. I thynke, me thynketh (*it seems to me*). pret. s. thoghte, 1, 205, thoughte, 404

thirlen (A. S.) *to pierce, bore through*

thise (A.S.) *these*
 tho (A.S.) *those, the*
 tho (A.S.) *then, when*
 tholien (A.S.) 70, thole, 392, *to bear, support, suffer. pret. s. tholed, 251, 384, tholed, 377. pl. tholed, 373*
 thonkyng (A.S.) *thanking, thanks*
 thorough (A.S.) *through*
 thow (A.S.) The second personal pronoun is in interrogative clauses generally combined with its verb, as *seest thou; slepestow, sleepest thou, &c.*
 thral (A.S.) *pl. thralles, 398, a bond-man*
 threve (A.S.) 333, *a bundle*
 thridde (A.S.) 413, *third*
 thringen (A.S.) *to crowd, to throng, to press forward. pret. pl. thrungen, 108*
 tyd, tid (A.S.) 265, 334, *quickly, promptly, readily*
 tidy (A.S.) 422, *clever, ready, neat*
 tyen (A.S.) *to tie*
 †ty-tight, 461, *furnished, provided*
 tikes (A.S.) 398, *low people; literally, dogs. The word is still used in Yorkshire*
 til (A.S.) 305, *to*
 tilien, tilie, tilye (A.S.) 131, 138, 375, 410, *to till the earth. †part. pas. tylde, 461*
 tilthe (A.S.) 421, *tilth, the result or produce of tilling or ploughing*
 tymbre (A.S.) 223, *to build. pret. tymbred, 48*
 †tymen (A.S.) 494, *to compel (?)*
 It appears to be the same

word which occurs in the alliterative poem on the Deposition of Richard II, p. 17 :—

Thus lafte they the leder
 That hem wrong ladde,
 And tyled no twynte,
 But tolled her cornes,
 And gaderid the grotus
 With gyle, as I trowe.

tynen, tyne (A.S.) 416, *to lose. part. pas. tynt, 377*
 titeleris (A.S.?) 442, *tattlers*
 tithe (A.S.) *tenth, tithe*
 tixte (A.N.) 348, *text*
 to (A.S.) *too*
 to-, prefixed in composition to verbs of Anglo-Saxon origin, has the same force as the German *zu-*, giving to the word the idea of destruction or deterioration :—
 to-bollen (A.S.) 82, *to over-swell*
 to-breken (A.S.) 156, *to break to pieces, break down. part. pas. to-broke, 139*
 to-cleve (A.S.) 236, *to cleave in pieces, cut open*
 to-drawen (A.S.) *to draw to pieces, or to destruction. pret. to-drowe, 175*
 to-luggen (A.S.) 41, *to lug about, tear*
 to-rende (A.S.) 180, *to be torn or burst to pieces*
 to-shullen (A.S.) *to cut off, destroy. part. pas. to-shullen, 359*
 toft (A.S.) *an open exposed place, a hill*
 to-fore (A.S.) *before. to-forn, 235, before*

to-gidere, to-gidres, to-gideres
(A. S.) *together*

†toylyng (A. S.) 495, *tugging*

tollen (A.S.) 89, *to measure out, count*

tollers (A. S.) *toll-gatherers*

tome (A. S.) 39, *leisure, time*.

This form of the word seems to have been in use in the fourteenth century. It occurs at the commencement of the Seven Sages:—

I sal yow tel, if I have *tome*,
Of the seven ages of Rome.

Its occurrence in Piers Ploughman shows that Weber was not right in supposing it a mere alteration of the word *time* for the sake of rhyme. See also Sir F. Madden's Glossary to Gawayne

tonder (A. S.) 362, *tinder*

†too (A. S.) *pl. ton*, 476, 489, *a toe*

torne (A. N.) 428, *to turn. pret. s. tornede*, 321, *torned*, 266, *turned*

torne, 325, *turne*, 324 (A. S.) *to turn* (intransitive)

toten (A. S.) 331, 459, 461, *to look, observe, to peep. pret. s.*

toted, 471. *pl. toteden*, 476. *part. past, y-toted*, 464

touken (A. S.) *to dye. part. pas. y-touked*, 322

toune, 315, *a tun*. Perhaps it should be printed *tonne*.

tour (A. N.) *a tower*

travaille (A. N.) *to labour*

traversen (A. N.) 245, *to transgress*

treden (A.S.) *to tread. pret. pl.*

troden, 223. †*pret. s. tredede*, 475, *trod*.

tree, 330 (A.S.) *pl. trowes*, 300, *a tree*

tresor (A. N.) *a treasure*

triacle, tryacle (A.N.) *a remedy, a cure*

tricherie (A. N.) *treachery, cunning, trickery*

trie (A. N.) 305, 330, *choice, select. trieste*, 23, *most choice, trieliche, choicely*

†tryfler (A. S.) 479, *a trifler, a deceiver, a good-for-nothing*

†troiflarden (A. S.) 494, *triflers, idlers*

trollen (A. S.) 387, *to draw, to drag*

tronen (A. N.) *to throne*

trowe (A. S.) 358, *to believe, think, suppose. trowestow*, 237, *thinkest thou*

trufle (A. S.) 236, 378, *trefle*, 471, *a silly tale, trifle, good-for-nothing thing or person*

trumpen (A.N.) *to sound a trumpet. pret. s. trumpede*, 395

tulien (A. S.) *to labour, to till. pret. pl. tulieden*, 277. *part. act. tulying*, 277

tweye (A. S.) *two*

twies (A. S.) *twice*

†twynnen (A. S.) 480, *to couple together*

U.

umwhile (A. S.) 97, *once, on a time*

unbuxome (A. S.) *disobedient, inobedient*

underfongen (A. S.) 301, *to un-*

dertake, accept, receive. pret.
s. underfonged, 209
 undernymen (A. S.) 9, *to under-*
take, take possession of. pres.
s. undernymeth, 84. part.
past, under-nome, 263, 428
 under-pight (A. S.) 331, *prop-*
ped up
 unhardy (A. N.) 254, 354, *not*
bold
 un-hiled (A. S.) 367, *uncovered,*
unroofed
 unjoynen (A. N.) 384, *to disjoin,*
separate
 unkynde (A. S.) *unnatural*
 unkouthe (A. S.) 148, *unknown,*
strange, foreign
 unlosen (A. S.) 356, *to unloose*
 unlouken (A. S.) 380, 384, 385,
 388, *to unlock*
 unnethe (A. S.) *scarcely*
 unpynne (A. S.) 385, *to unbolt*
 unsperen (A. S.) 374, 385, *to*
open, undo, unbolt
 †un-teyned (A. S.) 481, *un-*
fastened (?)
 unthende (A. S.) 87, *unserved,*
without sauce
 untidy (A. S.) 432, *slovenly, not*
clever
 until (A. S.) *to*
 unwittily (A. S.) 49, *unwisely,*
unreasonably
 up (A. S.) *upon. up so down,*
 428, *upside down*
 usen (A. N.) *to use*

V.

vaunt-warde (A. N.) 409, *the*
avant-guard, the van
 veille (A. N.) 104, *an old woman*

vendage (A. N.) 391, *vintage,*
harvest
 venymousté (A. N.) 378, *the*
property of being poisonous
or venomous
 venym (A. N.) 326, *poison*
 vernycle (A. N.) 109, “*diminu-*
tive of Veronike. A copy in
miniature of the picture of
Christ, which is supposed to
have been miraculously im-
printed upon a handkerchief,
preserved in the church of
St. Peter at Rome. Du Cange,
in v. Veronica. Madox, Form.
Angl. p. 428. Testam. Joh.
de Nevill, an. 1386. Item
Domino archiepiscopo Ebor.
fratri meo. i. vestimentum
rubeum de velvet cum le Ve-
ronike in granis rosarum de-
super broudata. It was usual
for persons returning from
pilgrimages to bring with
them certain tokens of the
several places which they had
visited; and therefore the
Pardoner [in Chaucer], who
is just arrived from Rome, is
represented with a vernicle
sewed upon his cappe.”—
 TYRWHITT.
 verrey (A. N.) 365. verrey, 405,
true
 verset (A. N.) 239, *a little verse*
 viker (A. N.) 424, *a vicar*
 vicory (A. N.) 420, *a vicar*

W.

waast (A. N.) 10, *a waste, wilder-*
ness

- wafrestere (A. S.) 115, *a maker of wafers for the priests, to be consecrated and administered at the sacrament*
 wage, wagen (A. N.) 171, 440, *to hire, to wage, pay wages, remunerate*
 wage (A. N.) 71, *to be pledge for, to warrant*
 waggen (A. S.) 332, *to shake. pret. s. waggede, 335, 373, 408*
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 waitynges (A. S.) 33, *watchings, lookings*
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 walnote (A. S.) *a wallnut*
 wayven (A. N.) 113, 435, 482, 491, *to waive*
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 wardemotes (A. N.) 6, *meetings of the ward*
 wareyne (A. N.) 10, *a warren*
 warisshen (A. N.) 336, *to cure*
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 warner (A. N.) 96, *a warrener, keeper of a warren*
 warpen (A. S.) *to utter, cast. pret. s. warpe, 82, 99*
 warroken (A. S.) 66, *to girt*
 waselen (A. S.) *to become dirty, dirty one's self. †pret. s. waselede, 476*
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 weder (A. S.) *weather. weder-wise, weather-wise*
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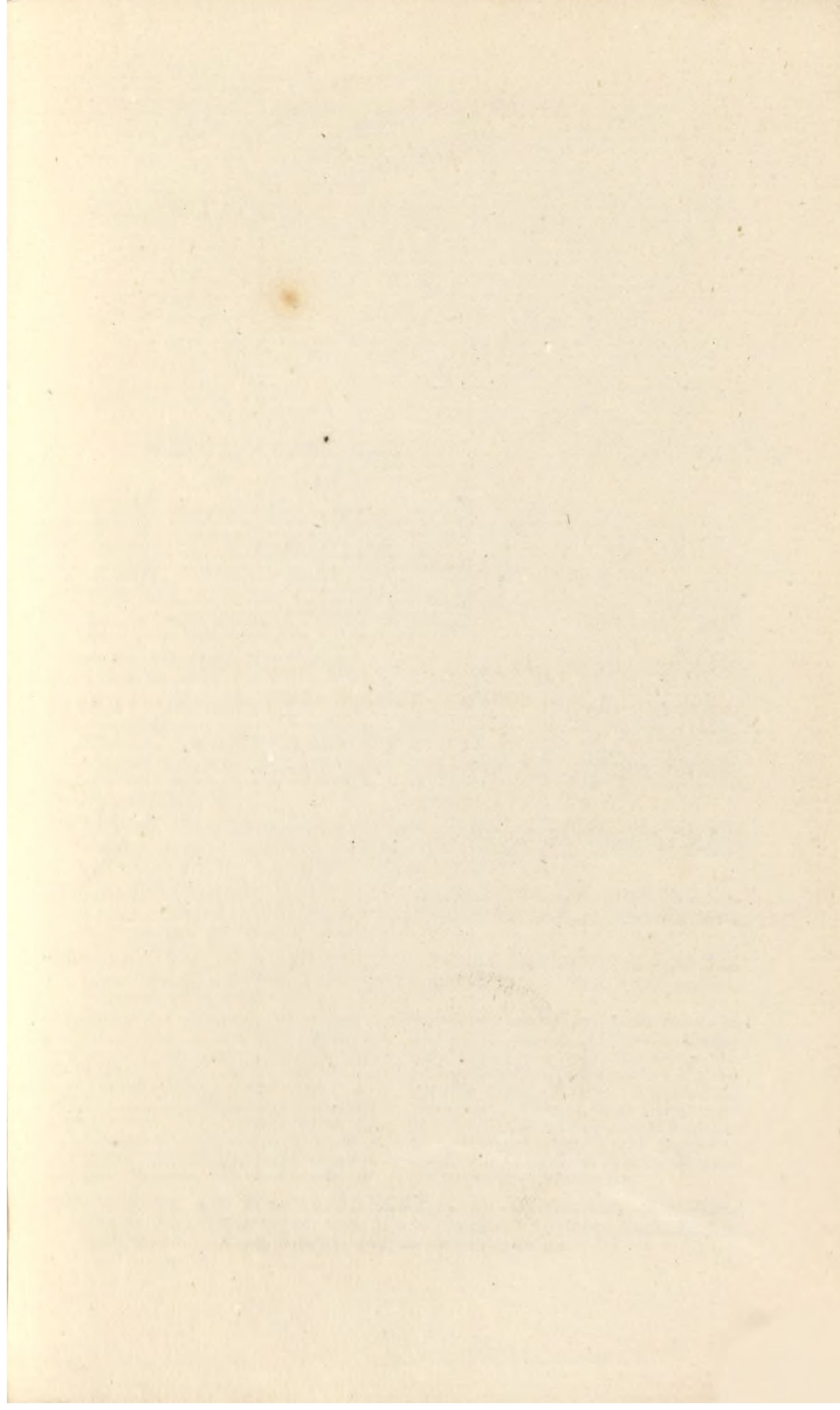
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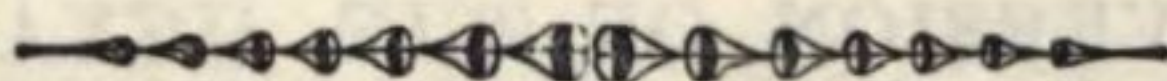
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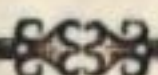
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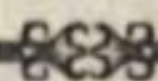
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